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CHARLES LAMB

ESSAYS OF ELIA



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ESSAYS OF ELIA

SECOND SERIES

EDITED WITH NOTES

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PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH LITERATURE, DACCA COLLEGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

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PREFACE.

THE favourable reception accorded to our edition of the First Series of the *Essays of Elia* has induced me to undertake an edition of the Second Series. Circumstances have prevented Mr. S. C. Hill from collaborating with me, as before ; but he has been kind enough to give me his assistance in tracing some of the very numerous quotations and allusions. Canon Ainger's excellent edition of the *Essays* must necessarily leave any subsequent editors under considerable obligations to him. The present editor desires to repeat the acknowledgment of indebtedness made in his former Preface. For the benefit of Indian students the notes are made fuller and more frequent than English students usually require.

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INTRODUCTION.

SECTION I.

CHARLES LAMB was the seventh and youngest child of *Life*. John and Elizabeth Lamb. Of his brothers and sisters only John Lamb, born June 5th, 1763, and Mary Anne Lamb, born December 3rd, 1764, survived childhood. Charles himself was born on the 10th February, 1775, in Crown Office Row, Inner Temple, in the house of Samuel Salt, one of the Benchers. Salt was his father's employer.

As a mere child Lamb appears to have attended, in company with his sister Mary, schools kept by a Mr. Bird and a Mrs. Reynolds, but his school-life really began with his admission to Christ's Hospital. To this school he was presented by one of the Governors, Mr. Timothy Yeates, a friend of Mr. Salt, and was entered, on the 9th October, 1782, as the son of "John Lamb, scrivener, and Elizabeth his wife." He thus passed, as he himself says, "from cloister to cloister," and all his youth was spent under the influence of old associations.

One of his old school-fellows, Charles Valentine Le Grice, has left us the following description of him as

a boy: "An amiable, gentle boy, very sensible and keenly observing, indulged by his school-fellows and by his master on account of his infirmity of speech. His countenance was mild, his complexion clear brown, with an expression which might lead you to think he was of Jewish descent. His eyes were not both of the same colour, one was hazel, the other had specks of grey in the iris, mingled as we see in the red spots of the blood-stone. His step was plantigrade, which made his walk slow and peculiar, adding to the staid appearance of his figure. I never heard his name mentioned without the addition of Charles, although, as there was no other boy of the name of Lamb, the addition was unnecessary, but there was an implied kindness in it, and it was a proof that his gentle manners excited that kindness."

For seven years Lamb remained at Christ's Hospital, and during this period began many of those friendships—notably that with Coleridge—which were to form the chief solace and pleasure of his after-life. He left school in November, 1789, from the lower division of the second class, partly because his infirmity of speech made it impossible for him ever to hope to take orders, as was expected from boys sent on from the school to the University, and partly because the poverty of his family rendered it necessary that he should begin to earn his own living as soon as was possible.

For a short time he was employed in the South-Sea House, in which establishment his brother John held a good appointment, but in April, 1792, he obtained a clerkship in the Accounts Office of the East

India Company, in whose service he continued till the year 1825, his salary gradually rising to about £700 a year.

Living in London, he naturally kept up his school friendships. His chief intimate was James White, author of *Letters of Sir John Falstaff*, to which work he is supposed to have written the preface; but the object of his greatest admiration was Coleridge, to whose influence we must, at least in part, ascribe his earliest attempts at verse. His holidays he spent generally, as in childhood, at Blakesware, in Hertfordshire, where his maternal grandmother, Mrs. Field, was housekeeper to the family of the Plumers, and it was in one of these visits that he fell in love with a young lady, whom in his *Essays* he calls Alice Winterton, though in his *Poems* he refers to her as Anna. Canon Ainger has identified this lady with Ann Simmons, who married subsequently a pawnbroker named Bartram, residing in Prince's Street, Leicester Square. It is probably to Ann Simmons that Lamb refers in a letter to Coleridge, May 27th, 1796: "My head ran on you in my madness, as much almost as on another person, who, I am inclined to think, was the more immediate cause of my frenzy." He had spent six weeks in a madhouse at Hoxton, but we have no information as to whether his madness was the cause or the result of the breaking off of his courtship.

At this time the Lambs were living at 7 Little Queen Street, Holborn.

Shortly after his recovery from madness Lamb made his first appearance in print, four sonnets being introduced by Coleridge, in a volume entitled *Poems on*

Various Subjects, with the remark, "The effusions signed C. L. were written by Mr. Charles Lamb of the India House. Independently of the signature their superior merit would sufficiently have distinguished them."

Lamb's father had now fallen into a state of dotage, his mother was a confirmed invalid, and his brother John, who alone of the family was in comfortable circumstances, lived apart from them. The hardships of such a life, acting upon hereditary weakness, resulted, in the case of Mary Lamb, in a violent outburst of insanity, in which, on the 22nd September, 1796, she killed her mother and wounded her father, the fatal knife being snatched from her hand only when too late by Charles Lamb himself. This terrible shock, instead of destroying his mind, strengthened it. He had no recurrence of his first attack, but his sister's life was poisoned by the constant dread and frequent attacks of madness.

Acquitted by a jury, Mary Lamb was confined for some time in a madhouse, and Lamb's only consolation was in the society of his faithful friends, Le Grice and Lloyd. On his father's death, in 1797, Lamb determined to devote the rest of his life to the care of his sister, and it appears that he entered into a formal engagement to that effect. John Lamb, considering it wiser that Mary should remain in an asylum, strongly disapproved of this arrangement, and, though he did not break off friendly relations, left the whole cost of her support to Charles, who had little beyond his salary and a small annuity possessed by his aunt, his father's sister, who lived with them. This latter they soon lost by his aunt's death, and the

fatigue and anxiety of nursing her in her last illness caused a temporary return of Mary's insanity.

About this time Lamb began that study of the Elizabethan dramatists which was to have so much effect upon his style, and, through his works, upon later English writers and scholars. Coleridge now proposed to Lamb a joint publication of their poems, and a volume was brought out in 1797 by Coleridge, Lloyd, and Lamb, together. This, however, led to some misunderstanding between the three authors, and in the next year Lloyd and Lamb republished their poems separately. To Lamb's circle of friends were now added Wordsworth, of whom he was one of the earliest admirers, and Dyer, an old Christ's Hospital boy, whose learning he admired, but whose absent-mindedness was a constant source of kindly amusement. In 1797 he paid, in company with Lloyd, a visit to Southey.

In 1798 Lamb published his pathetic story of *Rosamond Gray*, which has been, not inaptly, described as "a miniature romance." The *Monthly Review*, which had laughed at his poems, condescended to praise his story most warmly.

Though Lamb cared little for politics, his connection with Coleridge and Southey drew upon him the wrath of the *Anti-Jacobin*, which, however, did not prevent him from making the acquaintance of Godwin, a man, politically, much more objectionable to the Tory party. Another friendship formed at this period was with Manning, who communicated to him the story from which he drew his amusing account of the origin of *Roast Pig*.

In 1800 Lamb and his sister removed to Chapel Street, Pentonville, and, with an introduction from Coleridge to Mr. Daniel Stuart, editor of the *Morning Post*, he began his connection with the Press. The death of an old servant, Hetty, caused a recurrence of Mary's madness. On her recovery they moved to Mitre Court Buildings in the Temple. In the same year Lamb wrote a preface to Godwin's play, *Antonio*. This play was hopelessly "damned," whilst a play of his own, *John Woodvil*, which contains some very fine lines and passages, but is quite unfit for the stage, was refused by Kemble, who was then manager of Drury Lane Theatre. Lamb published *John Woodvil* in 1802, together with his *Fragments of Burton* and some poems by himself and his sister.

In 1803 he wrote a very beautiful little poem on Hester Savory, a Quaker girl whom he met occasionally in his walks at Pentonville. Some suppose that Lamb was actually in love with her, but he never spoke to her during her life, and his sensitiveness to sweetness and goodness in the faces of people he met sufficiently accounts for the warmth of feeling displayed in the poem.

In 1804 he was introduced to Hazlitt, and that great critic, who had not yet entirely given up painting, painted his picture. Lamb frequently refers to Hazlitt in his writings, but, as we see in *Some Sonnets of Sir Philip Sidney*, does not always agree with him in his literary opinions.

In 1806 Lamb's farce, *Mr. H—*, was accepted at Drury Lane. It was unsuccessful, and it is said that Lamb, who was present at its representation, joined

in the hissing. The disappointment, however, caused him to devote himself more seriously to the Press. In 1807, with his sister, he published a series of stories founded on Shakespeare. He always maintained that those written by his sister were by far the best. A change of houses, first to Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, and then to 4 Inner Temple Lane, brought on another attack of Mary's insanity. On her recovery they paid a short visit to Hazlitt, but the excitement was too much for Mary, and they had to return to London. Lamb's next productions were *The Adventures of Ulysses* and *Specimens of Dramatic Poets who lived about the time of Shakespeare*. Both of these were published in 1808. In 1809 he and his sister brought out another joint work entitled *Poetry for Children*.

In 1810 Leigh Hunt started the *Reflector*, and, as was natural, his old school-fellow, Lamb, assisted him with various articles, *e.g.*, the Essays on *Garrick* and *Hogarth* and a few poems, amongst which we may mention his *Farewell to Tobacco*.

In the December number of the *Quarterly* for 1811, Mr. Gifford made an unfortunate reference to some notes of Lamb's as the "ravings of a poor maniac." It appears that, at the time, he was entirely unacquainted with Lamb, and ignorant of his family misfortunes, and Lamb, though deeply hurt, accepted the explanation, and shortly after wrote for the magazine a review of Wordsworth's *Excursion*. The original of this review has, unfortunately, been lost, and the article was so "mangled" by the editor before insertion in the magazine that Lamb requested Wordsworth not to read it.

The next few years of Lamb's life were spent very happily in the Temple. Talfourd, who was introduced to him about this time by Mr. Barron Field, thus describes his appearance: "A light frame, so fragile that it seemed as if a breath would overthrow it, clad in a clerk-like black, was surmounted by a head of form and expression the most noble and sweet. His black hair curled crisply about an expanded forehead; his eyes, softly brown, twinkled with varying expression, though the prevalent feeling was sad; and the nose, slightly curved and delicately carved at the nostril, with the lower outline of the face regularly oval, completed a head which was finely placed on the shoulders, and gave importance and even dignity to a diminutive and shadowy stem." "His personal appearance and manner are not unfitly characterized by what he himself says, in one of his letters to Manning, of Braham—'a compound of the Jew, the gentleman, and the angel.'" Lamb's salary was now quite adequate to his wants, his literary abilities were acknowledged, and he was surrounded by a circle of congenial friends. At his informal receptions on Wednesday evenings might be seen, amongst many others, Hazlitt, Kean, Kemble, Godwin, Coleridge, and sometimes even Wordsworth. The only subjects not discussed at these meetings were those connected with politics.

In 1817 the Lambs removed to Russell Street, Covent Garden. This brought them near the theatres, and Lamb, who already knew Elliston, added to the number of his friends many theatrical personages of importance—Miss Kelly, Miss Burrel, Munden, Mac-

ready, and Ayrton, director of the music at the Italian Opera. Other new friends of this date were Barry Cornwall and Charles Ollier. The latter, a young bookseller, proposed a collected edition of Lamb's works, which was published in 1818. Lamb's visitors were now so numerous that he was forced to take lodgings at Dalston, to which he retreated from time to time for the sake of rest.

In 1820 Lamb began to write for the *London Magazine* under the name of Elia. He gradually wearied of this signature, and in his later essays gave it up.

In 1821 John Lamb died. In spite of his apparent carelessness as to the comfort of his brother and sister, Charles had always retained a strong affection for him. This is most pathetically expressed in *Dream Children*.

Next year the Lambs visited France. The excitement was again too much for Mary, but Charles went on to Paris, where he was introduced to the great actor, Talma. Lamb's acquaintance with French was insufficient to enable him to appreciate his acting. He did not love foreigners. On his return Lamb made the acquaintance of the Quaker poet, Barnard Barton.

In 1823 Messrs. Taylor and Hessey, proprietors of the *London Magazine*, published some of his Essays under the simple title of *Elia—Essays that have appeared under that signature in the London Magazine*. The Lambs now moved to Colebrook Row, Islington.

Southey, writing to the *Quarterly Review* for January, 1823, referred to the *Essays of Elia* as wanting only

“a sounder religious feeling to be as delightful as they are original,” and proceeded to attack the principles of some of Lamb’s friends. This greatly excited Lamb, and he expressed his feelings of resentment in a *Letter of Elia to R—— S——, Esq.*, which appeared in the *London Magazine* for October, 1823. The misunderstanding, however, was but short-lived, and Lamb was overjoyed to be reconciled to a man whom he loved and esteemed most highly. The conclusion of the letter is retained in *The Last Essays*, under the title of *Tombs in the Abbey*.

Whilst living at Islington the Lambs informally adopted Emma Isola, who in 1833 married Mr. Moxon, the publisher. Lamb also at this time formed the acquaintance of Hood, Hone, editor of the *Every-Day Book*, and Harrison Ainsworth, the novelist. In 1824 his friend Munden retired from the theatre, and Lamb’s active interest in theatrical matters came to an end.

A new series of the *London Magazine* was commenced in 1825. Amongst Lamb’s contributions was his *Memoir of Mr. Liston*, of which he writes to Miss Hutchinson, “Of all the lies I ever put off, I value this the most. It is from top to toe, every paragraph, pure invention, and has passed for gospel; has been republished in newspapers and the penny play-bills of the night as an authentic account.” The same year Lamb retired from the India House. Though by no means the indifferent man of business he represents himself to be in *The South-Sea House*, he had long been oppressed by the drudgery of office-work, and he records both his sense of relief and his gratitude for

the handsome pension allowed him in *The Superannuated Man*.

At Islington the Lambs had been living in their own house, but the cares of house-keeping were too much for Mary Lamb, so in 1826 they took lodgings at Enfield. The same year they suffered a great loss in the death of Mr. Randal Norris, "for many years sub-treasurer and librarian of the Inner Temple." The Norrises had long been their neighbours in the Temple, and Mrs. Norris was a native of Widdford, where Mrs. Field, Lamb's grandmother, was buried.

In 1830 Mr. Moxon published a small volume of poems by Lamb, under the title of *Album Verses*. The same year Hazlitt died.

In 1833 the Lambs made their last move—to Edmonton—and Moxon published the second series of the Essays as *Last Essays of Elia*. They were favourably noticed in the *Quarterly*. Coleridge's death, which occurred in this year, affected Lamb very deeply; in fact, he never recovered from the shock, and would constantly, in the midst of conversation, exclaim pathetically, "Coleridge is dead." In December, 1834, he had a slight fall, which brought on erysipelas, and on the 27th of this month he died. His sister was ill at the time, and seems never to have fully realized her loss. She died in 1847. Hazlitt said of her, she was the wisest and most rational woman he had ever known.

In so brief a recapitulation of the chief events of His heroism. Lamb's life it has been impossible to do justice to the heroic determination of his character, but in the

history of our literary men there are recorded few, if any, incidents so noble as that of the poor, struggling clerk, who devoted his whole life with unrepeating cheerfulness to the care of a sister afflicted with a malady so terrible and dangerous that her companionship made marriage impossible for him. Similarly no mention has been made of his weakness for wine. Of this it is sufficient to say that it could never have affected his intellect and constitution in the way he describes in his *Confessions of a Drunkard*, for that essay, written as we know for a definite purpose, precedes by many years much of his most beautiful writing.

His weakness
for wine.

His religion.

It is perhaps hardly fair to judge of Lamb's religious opinions from his writings, and especially from his Essays, for these were artistic productions intended to present a particular view rather than an exhaustive treatment of a subject; yet, taking his works as a whole, we observe resignation rather than hope, an abhorrence of death rather than the Christian anticipation of immortality. This may be accounted for by the morbid taint in his mind, it being well known that the subject of Death, whilst it fascinates such minds, has peculiar horrors for them. Lamb has also been accused of a somewhat irreverent use of Biblical phraseology and allusion. In general it would appear that his use of Biblical expressions is, as with many English writers, almost unconscious, but there are one or two allusions which admit of no excuse. On the other hand, in the practical duties of the Christian life—in his devotion to his sister, his forbearing affection for his brother John, in his steadfast loyalty to his friends and kindly judgment

of them, in his charity to the distressed, and in his love for all classes of humanity—he showed a living example which we should all do well to imitate.

SECTION II.

Born in the Temple, educated at Christ's Hospital, and spending the whole of his life in London, we can well understand Lamb's affection for "the great city." To him the city was the place for a man to *live* in. The whole of his writings are pervaded, as Ollier says, with the feeling of "a city man (not in the commercial sense), of one accustomed to view things from that intellectual and contemplative side which is favoured by the intense concentration of vitality observable in great capitals, and by the facilities for bookish culture which they afford." In fact London was Lamb's country and his university. It happened that he had to make his living as a clerk, but he had a strong dislike for things commercial and for what he calls the "desk's dead wood." His natural bent was towards books and reading, and his want of a university education was a source of constant regret in after life. How pathetic is his account of his vacation visits to Oxford! What pictures would he have given us of university life had his lot been different! But, living in London, he observed in it whatever was old or quaint, and whatever was so interested him. He tells us of the South-Sea House, in which for a short time he had been a clerk, and of the strange men who lived and worked there, who "partook of the genius of

Love for
London.

Dislike of
commerce

Love of
reading.

the place" and whose "importance was from the past." He tells of his old school in which so many distinguished men had been brought up as his school-fellows, and into which the modern taint had not yet entered. He tells us of the play-houses and the actors, of the chimney-sweepers and the beggars, of the tombs in the Abbey, of the mode of life amongst the writers for the Press. "No one," says Hazlitt, "makes the tour of our southern metropolis, or describes the manners of the last age, with such vivid obscurity, with such arch piquancy, such picturesque quaintness, such smiling pathos." "The streets of London are his fairy-land, teeming with wonder—with life and interest to his retrospective glance, as it did to the eager eye of childhood: he has contrived to weave its tritest traditions into a bright and endless romance."

Indifference
to politics.

To one chief feature of city life, Lamb was indifferent. He took no interest in politics. Not only in his Essays, begun only five years after the close of the great Napoleonic wars, but even in his Letters there are hardly any references to politics. Politics were excluded from the subjects of conversation at his Wednesday evening assemblies. Procter supposes that his abstention from subjects connected with the great world was due to modesty, but it was so complete that one can hardly ascribe it to anything but indifference. It was, however, this avoidance of the ephemeral that has given him his continued popularity, for there are but few readers who take much interest in even the best political writers of a by-gone age. Still it is interesting to note that he owes his existence, as it were, to an

ephemeral form of literature, the periodical magazine, which owes its origin so largely to politics. Hazlitt points out that Lamb, "from the peculiarity of his exterior and address as an author, would probably have never made his way by detached and independent efforts," but that, once brought before the public, the beauty of his writing and the nature of his subjects attracted and compelled admiration.

It is curious that at the very moment when Wordsworth was originating a new nature-worship, one of his earliest and warmest admirers should be, so decidedly as Lamb was, a worshipper of the town. Wordsworth called him "a scorner of the fields," and his own words do much to justify the accusation. In a letter to Wordsworth (January 30th, 1801), he writes: "Separate from the pleasure of your company, I don't much care if I never see a mountain in my life. I have passed all my days in London, until I have formed as many and intense local attachments as any of your mountaineers can have done with dead nature"; and, again (January 22nd, 1830), "O, let no native Londoner imagine that health and rest and innocent occupation, interchange of sweet and recreative study, make the country anything better than odious and detestable! A garden was the primitive prison till man, with Promethean felicity and boldness, luckily sinned himself out of it. Thence followed Babylon, Nineveh, Venice, London, haberdashers, goldsmiths, taverns, play-houses, satires, epigrams, puns—these all came in on the town part and the thither side of innocence." While such passages as these contain much and evident exaggeration, they mark very decidedly

His attitude
to the
country.

the direction in which Lamb's preference lay. On the other hand this preference did not prevent his showing a keen and loving appreciation of the beauties of the country. He could enjoy a holiday there, and could truly and sympathetically describe the scenery around him, as we see in *Mackery End*, *Blakesmoor*, and *Dream Children*, for, as regards the places mentioned in these Essays, they had for him the local attachment which is necessary to stimulate genius into expression.

Sense
deficiencies.

Perhaps the fact that Lamb was so thoroughly a lover of the town will explain the absence of all reference in his writings to the beauties of colour and the pleasure afforded by sweet scents, but it seems more probable that, as in the matter of an ear for music, this absence of such reference marks a sense-deficiency. In a letter to Barron Field (October 4th, 1827), he writes: "I am no hand at describing costumes, a great requisite in an account of mannered pictures. I have not the slightest acquaintance with pictorial language. . . . I have no eye for forms and fashions. I substitute analysis and get rid of the phenomenon by slurring in for it its impression." This is the "vivid obscurity" that Hazlitt mentions. What Lamb pictures appears vivid and real to us, but, like the ghost of Creusa, it slips from our grasp when we try to embrace it. An excellent example of this is to be found in *Valentine's Day*. He enumerates, but without actual description, the wonderful forms in the valentine, till it is almost before our eyes, but, when we expect some reference to the colouring, he says simply, "Iris dipt the woof," and shows us the little maiden dancing with delight as she gazes on the beautiful picture.

His "vivid
obscurity."

What Lamb loved most in regard to the town, ^{Love for antiquity.} as opposed to the country, was the appearance of stability which the old and venerable buildings in a town give to human effort. He was born in a family connected by ties of dependence with people socially superior, and his early associations with the Temple and the old school of Christ's Hospital would naturally foster a veneration for antiquity, but Lamb was not exactly an antiquarian. He loved old books, but disliked new readings; he loved old writers, but when a friend brought him leaves from a tree that grew by the tomb of Virgil, he threw them carelessly into the street. It would almost seem that the dead were, in a sense, alive to him, and that he resented anything that interfered with this fancy.

In *The Old Benchers* Lamb narrates a story of his father's chivalrous defence of a young girl insulted by a man of rank, and, knowing as we do that from his father he inherited the terrible taint of insanity, it is pleasing to think that from the same source he drew his tenderness towards women and children. ^{Tenderness to women and children.} There are few things in English literature more persuasive to politeness towards women than the essay entitled *Modern Gallantry*, and few more pathetically tender than the dream of the children that might have been his, had Fate been kinder. The latter is the very counterpart to Matthew's longing for his dead child in Wordsworth's *Two April Mornings*. Our ancestors would have called them the old bachelor's and the father's tragedies. And Lamb loved all children, though he had none by "his lonely hearth." With what delight does he paint the lives of the little chimney-sweeps,

“innocent blacknesses!” Even when they laugh at him, he laughs too, “for the grin of a genuine sweep hath absolutely no malice in it.” With what pleasure does he detail the making of the valentine for the little maiden in *Valentine’s Day*! “It would do her no harm. It would do her good for ever. It is good to love the unknown.” Parents cannot keep to themselves all the pleasure which children give us.

Love for
animals.

Love for the lower animals is so general a feature in English writers that we are disappointed when we miss its traces in their works. That we find hardly any in Lamb’s Essays must be ascribed to his town-life. One so loving to the weak must have loved animals—was not his brother John “the apostle to the brute-kind”?

His
humanity.

A man can have no genuine love for the weaker portions of creation without an affection for men like himself, and so Procter writes of Lamb: “He had originality and delicacy of thinking (carrying the latter into the practice of his life), sincerity without a spot, firmness and kindness of heart; friendship that went beyond words, and toleration for the infirmity of all men,” and again, “Who sympathized with all classes and conditions of men . . . as readily with the sufferings of the tattered beggar and the poor chimney-sweeper’s boy as with the starry contemplations of Hamlet the Dane, or the eagle-flighted madness of Lear”; but it is humanity rather than what is commonly called philanthropy that we must ascribe to him. “Perhaps,” says Talfourd, “he had less sympathy with philanthropic schemers for the improvement of the world than with any class of men.” In other words,

he thought rather of helping those who were in distress than of improving them. The philanthropists, Clarkson and Basil Montagu, were amongst his most honoured friends, but these men were not "philanthropic schemers."

This all-embracing love of Lamb's was due to no sense of duty, but was in his nature, and showed itself in a gentleness and sweetness of look and manner, which, as Le Grice has told us, caused him even as a child to be distinguished by his Christian name. "So Christians should call one another," Lamb writes in *Mackery End*. In later life it drew from Wordsworth the title of "gentle-hearted," which, in spite of Lamb's objection to the epithet, has clung, and must ever cling, to his name. It is unfortunate that we have, in English, no word that will express gentleness without weakness. Lamb was right in objecting, for his was no weak character. He could not refuse money to a begging impostor. "Reader, be not frightened," he writes in *The Decay of Beggars*, "at the harsh words imposition, imposture—give and ask no questions. Cast thy bread upon the waters"—he could not refuse that fatal "last glass" with a friend, he could not hate any man whom he knew, and Jeremy Taylor tells us that to be good we must hate bad men; but he could devote his whole life to a sister who had killed her mother, and might at any time kill him. This he did for the sake of love; but surely it was the love of a strong man. It was a burden of forty years' endurance—an undertaking as truly heroic as any of the great deeds of the Elizabethan age.

Lamb an
Elizabethan.

It was not only in his diction and mode of thinking that Lamb was Elizabethan. He had all the prejudices as well as the greatness of that age. He disliked foreigners and foreign lands, lawyers, and sectaries, but his humanity made him bless the grand old Puritans of Cromwell's time, who insisted on a fortnightly holiday for their hard-worked servants. Even his abhorrence of death finds a parallel in many passages of the Elizabethan writers:

“On pain of death let no man name death to me,
It is a word infinitely terrible.”

—Webster, *The White Devil*, v. 3.

But the men who wrote and felt so were the men who dared the overpowering force of the world-empire of Spain. They abhorred death but did not fear it.

His
melancholy.

Even in the underlying melancholy of his character Lamb resembles many of the Elizabethans, for melancholy is a common accompaniment of habits of deep thought, but in Lamb's case his melancholy was due to a hereditary taint. His father's dotage and his sister's madness have been mentioned already, and, though no actual evidence of madness has been recorded of his brother John, we find Lamb writing on one occasion that he has fears for his mind. Lamb suffered only once from an attack of madness sufficiently serious to necessitate his confinement, but the gloominess noticeable in *New Year's Eve*, in *Witches and other Night Fears*, and in the *Confessions of a Drunkard*, as well as in many scattered passages, is strong proof of the disease latent in his nature. He can seldom

write gaily for any length of time, the darker side of life forces itself upon his attention.

He tells us somewhere that he had read large quantities of "dry divinity" to prevent his mind from dwelling on his misfortunes, but fortunately he found in the old strong writers who most interested him not merely a relief from sad thoughts, but the occasion of healthy thought also. He was no scholar in the modern sense of the word, his classical allusions, his references to the Bible, his quotations are hardly ever correct; but he had a full, intelligent, and loving acquaintance with all the great writers from the time of Spenser to his own; he knew Wordsworth as well as any of his modern worshippers; and, as shown by his quotations, he read nearly all that was of any interest in the light literature and drama of his day. This appreciation of all kinds of books seems to be due partly to the accident of his having had in his childhood free access to the large library of Samuel Salt, partly, possibly, to the accident of town life, which tends to excite in the mind a vivid interest in all classes of our fellow-creatures, and in what we can learn of them.

His fondness for books was combined with a constant habit of observation, and hence, in spite of their light appearance, his works are full of wisdom, and Wordsworth was justified in saying of him that he

"Poured out truth in works by thoughtful love
Inspired—works potent over smiles and tears."

So we meet with sentences like, "Credulity is the man's weakness, but the child's strength"; "Not child-

hood alone but the young man till thirty never feels practically that he is mortal"; "Competence to age is supplementary youth"; or, in an apparently casual manner, we find explained difficult questions like those of our ancestors' belief in witches, the peculiar effect of the schoolmaster's life upon his character, the supposed slyness of Quakers, and so with many other matters dealt with in the *Popular Fallacies*. In treating these questions he shows not a wayward pleasure in taking up a new and fantastic view of things, but that sympathetic insight which is necessary to enable us to see things as they really are, stripped of the colours bestowed upon them by our conventional prejudices.

A great critic.

It was this way of looking at things that made Lamb a great critic, for good criticism depends upon love of truth, contempt for conventionality, and the power of sympathy with the object of criticism. In the *Essays* the greater part of the criticism, as in *The Old Actors*, *The Sanity of True Genius*, *Some Sonnets of Sir Philip Sidney*, and some of the *Popular Fallacies*, is sound, but his criticism on the *Artificial Comedy* has been objected to as paradoxical, and has the appearance of a piece of special pleading. In his *Barrenness of the Imaginative Faculty in the Productions of Modern Art* he is misleading, because he chooses for his comparison only such modern works as show the barrenness he wishes to prove; and possibly in one or two minor instances he fails to take the right point of view. Thus in his criticism of the feast which Satan presents to Christ in the wilderness he has, as De Quincey points out, omitted to notice the poetical beauty of contrast produced by the presentation of

the gorgeous feast in the loneliness of the desert ; and in his criticism of Shakespeare for representing Prospero as submitting so tamely to his expulsion from his dukedom, when in his books of magic he had the means of revenge about him, Lamb seems to forget that one of the lessons of the play is the loss of presence of mind which results from neglect of worldly affairs and duties. In other cases his indignation masters him. People had dared to put Garrick on a level with Shakespeare, and Lamb, in his anger, declared that Shakespeare's plays—and here we must remember that Shakespeare was an actor as well as a play-wright—were quite unfit for scenic representation. These, however, are matters of little importance ; a critic's real work consists not in the defects he finds but in the beauties, and it was Lamb who, while the whole literary world held that, with the exception of Chaucer, Spenser, and Shakespeare, no really great writer had lived before the Restoration, discovered the great band of the Elizabethans, "maintained them against all impugnors, and established them in the Temple of Fame." Of these we may mention two, the dramatist Webster, to whom he was attracted by a kindred gloom of thought, and Sir Thomas Browne, of whose *Urn Burial* he writes, "Coleridge will hardly maintain he knows more of that treatise than I do, who introduced it to him, and was indeed the first (of the moderns) to discover its beauties." Lamb boasts of one discovery, but he might have boasted of many.

Besides books Lamb loved pictures and prints. He constantly refers to them in his Essays. It is evident ^{Love of pictures.}

that he was a good judge of them, and that the taste for them was a family one is shown by his reference in *My Relations* to his brother John's collection.

Poet and
dramatist.

Besides his prose Lamb wrote many poems and a few dramatic works, but neither in Poetry nor in the Drama did he rise above the ordinary level. On the other hand the practice of versification gave him a wonderful command of prose, and the undeveloped dramatic instinct accounts for the vividness of characterisation which distinguishes the personages whose acts and sayings form the ground-work of most of the *Essays*.

SECTION III.

The Essay. "The History of Essay-writing," says Henry Morley, "in modern literature begins with Montaigne and then passes to Bacon. Each used the word Essay in its true sense, as an assay or analysis of some subject of thought. Bacon's assay was of life, generally in many forms, with full attention to its outward circumstances. Montaigne's assay was of the inner life of man as it was to be found in the one man's life that he knew." The Essay Proper, or Literary Essay, is not merely a short analysis of a subject, not a mere epitome, but rather a picture of the writer's mind as affected for the moment by the subject with which he is dealing. Its most distinctive feature is the egotistical element.

Egotistical
element of
the Essay.

Montaigne tells us he chose himself for his subject because he was the only person whom he knew thoroughly, and therefore the only person he could

truly describe to the world. This is an egotism devoid of self-assertion, except in so far as it claims that the character of the writer is worth knowing, a claim quite consistent with modesty. Bacon's egotism shows itself at times, as in his treatment of *Friendship*, in a curious incapacity to take any view not based on his own experience. In Sir Thomas Browne egotism becomes as it were impersonal, he is to himself the type of the human race. It is an egotism of this kind which we find in Lamb, though mixed with a sweetness all his own. As Cowper thinks every trifling incident in his life will be interesting to his friend Unwin because of Unwin's love for him, so Lamb assumes the friendship of his reader, takes him into his confidence on all his private affairs, jokes with him, and mystifies him, exactly in the same way as he treated his actual friends. Like Montaigne, he might have said, "I speak unto paper as unto the first man I meet." At the same time he supposes the interest of his readers to be a healthy one, and not the result of a prying curiosity. They are to take his characters as ideal—"Reader, what if I have been playing with thee all this while—peradventure the very names which I have summoned up before thee are fantastic, insubstantial, like Henry Pimpernel and old John Naps of Greece"; and they are to judge him fairly, not to take in earnest what may have been written in jest—"Reader, if you wrest my words beyond their fair construction it is you, not I, that are the April Fool." With these warnings carefully remembered we may read his Essays as a kind of autobiography; in one he describes his childhood in the Temple, in

another his school-days at Christ's Hospital, in others Blakesware in Hertfordshire where he spent his boyish holidays, in others his early poverty, his first literary beginnings, his Bohemian life in connection with the Press, his holiday trips to the sea-side with his sister Mary, his recovery from a serious illness, the drudgery of his office-work, and his relief when he finally retires from his official duties ; and everywhere we come across numberless details about his friends. They all appear in his Essays, and he jokes and takes liberties with them there as he did in real life ; but even when laughing at them, as in the case of Dyer, he has a curious art which makes us doubt the reality of the stories he tells us, and, when he says anything that might appear to be unkind, he immediately adds some pleasant trait of character to prevent our forming a wrong opinion. Of his relations he gives us full and living pictures—his brother John is the James Elia of *My Relations* ; his sister Mary, never absent from his mind in life, is present throughout the Essays as Bridget Elia, and is most lovingly described in *Mackery End* ; his father is the Lovel of the *Old Benchers* ; his aunt is referred to in *My Relations* ; his grandmother in *Dream Children*. Then coming to matters more personal he describes in various places his want of skill in figuring, his dread of novelty, his dislike of death, his imperfection of speech, his incapacity for music, his want of personal beauty, his short stature and unmilitary appearance, his ignorance of things generally known, his love of good cheer, his weakness for wine and tobacco. There is only one subject he is silent upon, and that is insanity. In *New Year's Eve*

he has occasion to refer to melancholy madness, and to do so inserts a long quotation from Burton.

Montaigne had very little but himself to write about, few books and hardly any society. Bacon was occupied with serious matters: he lived in a time when life was serious as well as vigorous. Steele and Addison in a purely literary age wrote for polite society: their satire was conventional, their subjects generally trifling. Lamb, Hazlitt, and Hunt had a wider range of subjects—the one essential being that the subject must be one of public interest—and they wrote for a large, educated, and thoughtful reading public. In Lamb's writings, as in Montaigne's, the subject is the writer himself—not, however, the mere individual Lamb, but Lamb as he was connected with his numerous friends, and as his sympathy identified him with the inhabitants of the great city in which he lived.

When we study the Essay, that is the Literary Essay, we notice a number of peculiarities which differentiate it from other branches of literature:

(a) The Essay is a short composition, one which can be easily read through in any interval of leisure, and retained easily in the mind as a whole.

(b) It should be rather an assemblage of details carefully grouped than a system or theory worked out; it should suggest rather than prove, for in so short a work there must necessarily be much left undealt with. It is a picture, not a narrative or a thesis.

(c) It must be an artistic whole, that is the development of a single idea, and not an aimless or casual

Subject of
the Essay.

Method of the
Essay.

(a) The Essay
a short
composition.

(b) The
subjects should
be pictured,
not reasoned.

(c) The Essay
must be an
artistic whole.

wandering of the mind from one subject to another. Here some think that Lamb is defective. For instance, in the Essay on *Oxford in the Vacation* the greater part is concerned with Lamb's friend Dyer, and in *Old China* with a description of the early poverty of Lamb and his sister. In the former it would appear that the title of the Essay misleads us, the real subject being the influence of University life upon the characters of men studiously inclined, which he illustrates by a description of its effect upon himself in his short visits, and upon his friend Dyer, who has had the advantages which he himself had missed. In *Old China*, on the other hand, the fantastic reasoning with which Mary maintains the advantages of comparative poverty shows the same absence of perspective as the pictures of the Chinese artist. In all cases it is the human interest that appeals to Lamb; he describes not so much things as their effect upon, or illustration in, human character. The artistic completeness of his treatment is perhaps best seen in *The Old and New Schoolmaster*, where every detail bears upon the subject suggested by the title.

(d) The
treatment
must be light.

(d) The subject must be lightly handled; not frivolously, but without any appearance of wishing to force the writer's opinion upon the reader. It must appeal, like a poem, to the emotions and the heart rather than to the intellect. There need be no lack of wisdom in it, but this must be imparted by persuasion and not by argument; and here the egotism of the Essay justifies itself, for the writer's personal experience is always a ready example and illustration. Bacon effects this by his constant use of poetic imagery and simile;

for the simile is not a statement of fact, but a picture of the impression made by a fact upon the mind of the writer. Still the simile is not so effective for this purpose as the direct "I" of Lamb. This is well seen in the opening paragraphs of *Witches and other Night Fears*, where Lamb defends the wisdom of our ancestors, presenting his arguments as his personal feelings on the subject: "I have sometimes thought that I could not have existed in the days of received witchcraft; that I could not have slept in a village where one of those reputed hags dwelt. Our ancestors were bolder or more obtuse."

(e) Lastly, the Essay must appear to be written, not without thought, but freely and openly without any after-consideration. This is what Montaigne means, when he says, "I speak unto paper as unto the first man I meet." The same quality gives their charm to Addison's Essays; and Lamb, talking of the Essays of Elia, says: "Crude they are, I grant you—a sort of unlicked, incondite things." It is not every man who can enjoy good company if he be poor, or sensible company if he be rich; and the attractiveness of the Essay is largely due to the fact that it provides company both good and sensible for the reader in his moments of leisure, at times when he thinks rather of relaxing his mind than of its improvement. When we remember how often many of Lamb's Essays were re-written, or, if not re-written, at least altered in many parts, we are surprised to observe the constant freshness which they retain. This is greatly due to his truthfulness. He might re-write or modify a passage for reasons of taste, but the opinions he expressed

(e) The Essay must have the appearance of impromptu.

were always really his, at any rate at the time of writing, and hence there is less alteration than one would expect to find. Again, the nature of his subjects—his constant reference to things never known by or forgotten by his readers, and yet connected with the town they lived in, or the nation they belonged to—produces the same effect as novelty. Then again he tells an old story, but with some slight modifications that quite change its effect. At other times an old idea running in his mind serves as the groundwork of a joke or pun; and lastly, in literary points, allusions, quotations, references, there is an amount of inaccuracy which we can hardly imagine to be possible in a carefully revised piece of writing.

SECTION IV.

We have now to consider certain peculiarities which characterise Lamb's writing, as illustrated in the Essays. These may be dealt with under the following headings: (1) *Style*, (2) *Dramatic characterisation*, (3) *Extensive use of quotation*, (4) *Humour*, (5) *Pathos*.

- (1) *Style*. (1) There are many points in which Lamb imitates the Elizabethan writers: *e.g.*, in his love for word-coining, his fondness for alliteration, his use of compound words, his formation of adjectives from proper names, his frequent use of Latinisms. Then again he introduces many words now obsolete, and only to be found in Elizabethan writers, the result being a language which, like that of Spenser, could never have

been spoken at any time ; but, besides this, he is so well acquainted with the Elizabethan writers that when he follows their veins of thought he seems insensibly to adopt their style and the very cadence of their writing. When reflective, as in *New Year's Eve* and the *Popular Fallacies*, his style resembles that of Sir Thomas Browne ; when fantastic, as in the *Chapter on Ears*, that of Burton ; when witty, as in *Poor Relations*, that of Fuller. The result of this is a kind of mannerism, which is not so much an affectation, though he calls it "a self-pleasing quaintness," as the natural effect of his preference for the ancient authors. His mind was so saturated with what he read that he could not avoid the use of their phraseology any more than a child brought up amongst his elders can avoid using what we call old-fashioned expressions. On rare occasions (Canon Ainger mentions *All Fools' Day*) he used this antique style where the subject was not capable of that deep thought and fine observation with which we are accustomed to associate it. On these occasions even his powerful fancy is unable to make it pleasing. But, generally speaking, he shows great skill in adapting his style to his subject. In dealing with matters purely modern, as in *Newspapers Thirty-five Years Ago*, his style is purely modern also ; in his rural descriptions his tone is almost Wordsworthian. But whatever his style may be, his thoughts are his own, fresh and original, and his honest admiration of what was great in the past has done much, at least in literary circles, to check that conceit of the present, which is so common in a rapidly-advancing civilisation.

(2) Dramatic characterisation.

(2) Procter writes : "Some of his phantasms—the people of the Old South-Sea House, Mrs. Battle, the Benchers of the Middle Temple, . . . might be grouped into Comedies. His sketches are always (to quote his own eulogy of Marvell) 'full of a witty delicacy,' and if properly brought out and marshalled would do honour to the stage." This remark is true of almost all the characters in the Essays ; and it is somewhat surprising that, with this power of characterisation, his two direct attempts at the drama, *John Woodvil* and *Mr. H*——, should have been such failures. It seems that he could harmonize a scene, but not arrange or work out a plot. But besides this power of characterisation, a certain dramatic effect is produced by the flexibility of his descriptive style, as may be seen in its rapid changes as he describes the different clerks in the South-Sea House.

(3) Use of quotation.

(3) As a rule, Landor rightly remarks, the use of quotation only marks the weakness of the writer, and in fact it is only justifiable when the quotation adapts itself to the context, and does not strike the reader with any sense of incongruity. There is no reason why a writer should avoid using an idea, or the form in which a previous writer expressed that idea, if he can make its setting correspond to it. This is the justification of Milton in his adaptation of passages from the Greek and Latin writers, and it is the justification of Lamb, who makes perhaps a more free use of quotation than does any other of our modern prose writers. Further, a careful perusal of his works will show that the quotations which he uses occur so repeatedly that they must have been constantly in his

mind, and not raked up for the occasion. Amongst others the student should note the following kinds of quotations :

(a) Pretended quotations, as

“Which mortals *caudle* call below.”—*The Child Angel*.

(b) Quotations from his own works, as

“Through the green plains of pleasant Hertfordshire.”
—*My Relations*.

(c) Random quotations, or half-recollections, as

“those little airy tokens,”—*Popular Fallacies*,
from
“bracelets of hair, rings, gawds, conceits,
Knacks, trifles, nose-gays, sweetmeats,” etc.
—*Midsummer Night's Dream*, I. 1.

(d) Transformed quotations, as

“The note of the cuckoo, a phantom of a voice,”
—*My First Play*,
from
“O, cuckoo ! shall I call thee bird,
Or but a wandering voice ?”—Wordsworth.

(e) Condensed quotations, as

“dart through rank and file traverse,”
—*The Imaginative Faculty*,
from
“He through the armed files
Darts his experienc't eye, and soon traverse
The whole battalion views.”—*Paradise Lost*, I. 567.

(f) Combined quotations, as

“the last retreat and recess,”—*Ellistoniana*,
from
“my late, my last retreat,”—Swift, *Dean Smedley's Petition*,
and
“the temple's last recess.”—Pope, *Dunciad*.

(g) Adapted quotations, as

“Prose hath her cadences,”—*Popular Fallacies*,
from

“Peace hath her victories.”—Milton, *Sonnet to Cromwell*.

(h) Parodies, as that beginning

“Up thither like aerial vapours fly,”—*Shade of Elliston*,
from Milton, *Paradise Lost*, III. 445.

(i) Single-word quotations, where a single word is marked with inverted commas, as “eterne” in *Detached Thoughts*, where the context shows a reference to Lady Macbeth’s words :

“But in them Nature’s copy’s not eterne.”

So “betossed” and “whereabout” in *The Sanity of True Genius* are to be referred, respectively, to *Romeo and Juliet*, v. 3, 776 :

“My betossed soul did not attend him,”
and to *Macbeth*, II. 1, 58 :

“For fear
Thy very stones prate of my whereabout.”

(4) Humour.

(4) The terms Wit, Humour, and Fun are often confused, but they are really different in meaning. The first is based on intellect, the second on insight and sympathy, the third on vigour and freshness of mind and body. Lamb’s writings show all the three qualities, but what most distinguishes him is Humour, for his sympathy is ever strong and active. In *Poor Relations* the opening is sheer Wit, but we are more inclined to cry than to laugh when we read the story of Favel’s flight from the University. “I do not know how,” says Lamb, “upon a subject which I began with treating half seriously, I should have fallen upon a recital

so eminently painful"; but this is Lamb's way, he cannot even laugh at people without presently putting himself in their place and taking their view of the matter. Humour might be defined as extreme sensitiveness to the true proportion of things. We are so accustomed to exaggerate one or other side of a fact that the true proportion, when seen, strikes us with a sense of incongruity, and so excites laughter; but the laughter is really at our own previous misconceptions, and therefore borders on the painful. Wit, on the other hand, is an intellectual triumph, bringing things into connection that before appeared totally different. The laughter it causes is that of self-satisfaction, and may even be accompanied by cruel feelings towards others. Fun is, as Ollier says, the "creation of animal spirits and health"; it depends on the possession of sufficient vigour to forget ourselves for the moment and to look upon everything around us as formed for our amusement. We see this Fun in *All Fools' Day*, which is largely composed of mere pleasant nonsense like the idle talk when the wine is going round after dinner; and in *Roast Pig*, which is full of sheer absurdities. This same love of Fun is Punning seen in Lamb's fondness for punning, which he indulged more freely in his conversation than in his writing. It may be remembered that punning was a characteristic of the Elizabethan writers. So, also, he Absurd details. frequently inserts absurd details. He has been long striving to learn "God save the King," but without much success, "Yet hath the loyalty of Elia never been impeached." Bigod has borrowed from every one he knows, "It has been calculated that he laid a tythe

- part of the inhabitants (of England) under contri-
bution." Sometimes his details are mere inventions,
as the discussion at St. Omer's, when he was a student
there, of the lawfulness of beating pigs to death, and
the story of the little chimney-sweep found sleeping on
the state bed in Arundel Castle. So, also, the thorough-
paced liar in *The Old Margate Hoy* can hardly have
been any one but Lamb himself. Then, again, he takes
the liberty of improving upon fact. In *Amicus Redi-
vivi* he tells us that he drew his friend Dyer from the
New River, whereas he was away from home at the
time and arrived only after Dyer had been rescued and
put to bed. Sometimes he indulges in perverse in-
terpretations. When his friend hears some one play-
ing upon the piano and knows it cannot be the maid,
(because, of course, she would not dare to take such a
liberty), he pretends it was because of some subtle
superiority in his own strumming, due to the fact that
he is an educated man. Another form taken by his
Fun is the constant mystification to which he treats
his readers. After speaking of real persons in the *South-
Sea House* he pretends they have no existence, "I have
fooled the reader to the top of his bent." In *Christ's
Hospital* he begins in the character of Coleridge, but
towards the end he speaks as himself. His *Memoir of
Liston*, as has been mentioned before, was an absolute
fiction, and he prides himself on the success of his im-
position.
- There is a mixture of Fun and Wit in his meta-
phors and comparisons. The clerks of the South-Sea
House remind him of the animals in a Noah's Ark;
the sage who invented a less expensive way of roasting

pigs than that which necessitated the burning down of a house he compares to "our Locke." The cook in *The Old Margate Hoy* reminds him of Ariel.

His Fun passes into Humour when there is an ad- Irony.
mixture of reflection. He is fond of a kind of reversed irony. He makes a statement or uses a phrase which at first is displeasing, but becomes pleasing when we consider it more carefully. For instance, he writes of "the rational antipathies of the great English and French nations." He says of himself and his sister, "We are generally in harmony, with occasional bickerings, as it should be among near relations," and describes the coast-guard men as carrying on "a legitimated civil war in the deplorable absence of a foreign one."

The Essays are full of little hits at himself and others. Little hits
He tells us that when at Oxford he is often mistaken for one of the Dons, but the mistake is made only by the dim-eyed vergers. Coleridge claims that the title to property in a book is in "exact ratio to the claimant's power of understanding and appreciating the same. Should he go on acting upon this theory, which of our shelves is safe?" He tells us he must touch gently upon the foibles of his sister, "for Bridget does not like to be told of her faults." He wishes his friend's wife, a Frenchwoman, had carried away from his library not the works of Margaret of Newcastle but "*Zimmerman on Solitude!*"

Everywhere in the Essays we find scattered little Humorous touches.
humorous touches. Mrs. Battle loses her rubber because she cannot bring herself to utter the common phrase, "Two for his heels." When Bobo is discovered

eating the roast pigs by his father, and finds time to attend to his remonstrances and blows, he seizes a fresh pig and tears it into two parts, but it is the "lesser half" which he thrusts into the "fists" of his father.

Paradox and
Oxymoron.

All our reflective writers have been fond of Paradox, and Lamb not less than others, so we observe many passages, such as, "Awoke into sleep and found the vision true," "Whom single blessedness had soured to the world," "The sophisticating medium of moral uses." Now and then we notice instances of Oxymoron, as "Fortunate piece of ill-fortune."

(5) Pathos.

(5) Humour is very nearly allied to Pathos. Our smiles and our tears are alike limited by our powers of insight and sympathy. Lamb's Humour was largely the effect of a sane and healthy protest against the overwhelming melancholy induced by the morbid taint in his mind. He laughed to save himself from weeping, but as has been mentioned above, he could not prevent his mind from passing at times to the sadder aspects of life. In *Rosamond Gray*, the description of his dead brother in *Dream Children*, the flight of Favel from the University in *Poor Relations*, the story of the sick boy who "had no friends," in the *Old Margate Hoy*, and in many other instances we have examples of true Pathos. In *New Year's Eve*, in *Witches and other Night Fears*, and the *Confessions of a Drunkard*, the feeling is so intense as to inspire rather terror than pity.

The object of the last three sections of this introduction is merely to indicate to the student what he may expect to find in his perusal of Lamb's Essays. No

attempt has been made to compare the value of Lamb's work with that of other writers, or even to weigh his faults against his beauties. Such discussion is generally idle and unprofitable; and one, if not the most important, lesson to be drawn from Lamb's own example is, that it is the duty of the student to look for beauties and not for defects. It was through following the contrary rule that our ancestors so long failed to appreciate the grandeur of our Elizabethan writers.

PREFACE TO THE LAST ESSAYS.

BY A FRIEND OF THE LATE ELIA.

THIS poor gentleman, who for some months past had been in a declining way, hath at length paid his final tribute to nature.

To say truth, it is time he were gone. The humour of the thing, if there ever was much in it, was pretty well exhausted; and a two years' and a half existence has been a tolerable duration for a phantom.

I am now at liberty to confess, that much which I have heard objected to my late friend's writings was well founded. Crude they are, I grant you—a sort of unlicked, 10 incondite things—villainously pranked in an affected array of antique modes and phrases. They had not been *his*, if they had been other than such; and better it is, that a writer should be natural in a self-pleasing quaintness, than to affect a naturalness (so called) that should be strange to him. Egotistical they have been pronounced by some who did not know, that what he tells us, as of himself, was often true only (historically) of another; as in a former Essay (to save many instances)—where under the *first person* (his favourite figure) he shadows forth the forlorn estate of a 20 country-boy placed at a London school, far from his friends and connections—in direct opposition to his own early history. If it be egotism to imply and twine with his own identity the griefs and affections of another—making

himself many, or reducing many unto himself—then is the skilful novelist, who all along brings in his hero or heroine, speaking of themselves, the greatest egotist of all ; who yet has never, therefore, been accused of that narrowness. And how shall the intenser dramatist escape being faulty, who doubtless, under cover of passion uttered by another, oftentimes gives blameless vent to his most inward feelings, and expresses his own story modestly.

- My late friend was in many respects a singular character.
- 10 Those who did not like him, hated him ; and some, who once liked him, afterwards became his bitterest haters. The truth is, he gave himself too little concern what he uttered, and in whose presence. He observed neither time nor place, and would e'en out with what came uppermost. With the severe religionist he would pass for a free-thinker ; while the other faction set him down for a bigot, or persuaded themselves that he belied his sentiments. Few understood him ; and I am not certain that at all times he quite understood himself. He too much affected that dangerous figure—
- 20 irony. He sowed doubtful speeches, and reaped plain, unequivocal hatred.—He would interrupt the gravest discussion with some light jest ; and yet, perhaps, not quite irrelevant in ears that could understand it. Your long and much talkers hated him. The informal habit of his mind, joined to an inveterate impediment of speech, forbade him to be an orator ; and he seemed determined that no one else should play that part when he was present. He was *petit* and ordinary in his person and appearance. I have seen him sometimes in what is called good company, but where he has
- 30 been a stranger, sit silent, and be suspected for an odd fellow ; till some unlucky occasion provoking it, he would stutter out some senseless pun (not altogether senseless perhaps, if rightly taken), which has stamped his character for the evening. It was hit or miss with him ; but nine times out of ten, he contrived by this device to send away a whole company his enemies. His conceptions rose kindlier

than his utterance, and his happiest *impromptus* had the appearance of effort. He has been accused of trying to be witty, when in truth he was but struggling to give his poor thoughts articulation. He chose his companions for some individuality of character which they manifested.—Hence, not many persons of science, and few professed *literati*, were of his councils. They were, for the most part, persons of an uncertain fortune ; and, as to such people commonly nothing is more obnoxious than a gentleman of settled (though moderate) income, he passed with most of them for a great miser. To my knowledge this was a mistake. His *intimados*, to confess the truth, were in the world's eye a ragged regiment. He found them floating on the surface of society ; and the colour, or something else in the weed, pleased him. The burrs stuck to him—but they were good and loving burrs for all that. He never greatly cared for the society of what are called good people. If any of these were scandalised (and offences were sure to arise), he could not help it. When he had been remonstrated with for not making more concessions to the feelings of good people, he would retort by asking, what one point did these good people ever concede to him ? He was temperate in his meals and diversions, but always kept a little on this side of abstemiousness. Only in the use of the Indian weed he might be thought a little excessive. He took it, he would say, as a solvent of speech. Marry—as the friendly vapour ascended, how his prattle would curl up sometimes with it ! the ligaments which tongue-tied him were loosened, and the stammerer proceeded a statish !

I do not know whether I ought to bemoan or rejoice that my old friend is departed. His jests were beginning to grow obsolete, and his stories to be found out. He felt the approaches of age ; and while he pretended to cling to life, you saw how slender were the ties left to bind him. Discoursing with him latterly on this subject, he expressed himself with a pettishness, which I thought unworthy of

him. In our walks about his suburban retreat (as he called it) at Shacklewell, some children belonging to a school of industry had met us, and bowed and curtseyed, as he thought, in an especial manner to *him*. "They take me for a visiting governor," he muttered earnestly. He had a horror, which he carried to a foible, of looking like anything important and parochial. He thought that he approached nearer to that stamp daily. He had a general aversion from being treated like a grave or respectable character, and
10 kept a wary eye upon the advances of age that should so entitle him. He herded always, while it was possible, with people younger than himself. He did not conform to the march of time, but was dragged along in the procession. His manners lagged behind his years. He was too much of the boy-man. The *toga virilis* never sate gracefully on his shoulders. The impressions of infancy had burnt into him, and he resented the impertinence of manhood. These were weaknesses; but such as they were, they are a key to explicate some of his writings.

LAST ESSAYS OF ELIA.

BLAKESMOOR IN H—SHIRE.

I DO not know a pleasure more affecting than to range at will over the deserted apartments of some fine old family mansion. The traces of extinct grandeur admit of a better passion than envy: and contemplations on the great and good, whom we fancy in succession to have been its inhabitants, weave for us illusions, incompatible with the bustle of modern occupancy, and vanities of foolish present aristocracy. The same difference of feeling, I think, attends us between entering an empty and a crowded church. In the latter it is chance but some present human frailty—an act of inattention 10 on the part of some of the auditory—or a trait of affectation, or worse, vain-glory, on that of the preacher—puts us by our best thoughts, disharmonising the place and the occasion. But wouldst thou know the beauty of holiness?—go alone on some week-day, borrowing the keys of good Master Sexton, traverse the cool aisles of some country church: think of the piety that has kneeled there—the congregations, old and young, that have found consolation there—the meek pastor—the docile parishioner. With no disturbing emotions, no cross conflicting comparisons, drink in the tranquillity of the 20 place, till thou thyself become as fixed and motionless as the marble effigies that kneel and weep around thee.

Journeying northward lately, I could not resist going some few miles out of my road to look upon the remains of an old

great house with which I had been impressed in this way in infancy. I was apprised that the owner of it had lately pulled it down ; still I had a vague notion that it could not all have perished, that so much solidity with magnificence could not have been crushed all at once into the mere dust and rubbish which I found it.

The work of ruin had proceeded with a swift hand indeed, and the demolition of a few weeks had reduced it to—an antiquity.

- 10 I was astonished at the indistinction of everything. Where had stood the great gates ? What bounded the courtyard ? Whereabout did the out-houses commence ? a few bricks only lay as representatives of that which was so stately and so spacious.

Death does not shrink up his human victim at this rate. The burnt ashes of a man weigh more in their proportion.

- Had I seen these brick-and-mortar knaves at their process of destruction, at the plucking of every panel I should have felt the varlets at my heart. I should have cried out to
20 them to spare a plank at least out of the cheerful store-room, in whose hot window-seat I used to sit and read Cowley, with the grass-plot before, and the hum and flappings of that one solitary wasp that ever haunted it about me—it is in mine ears now, as oft as summer returns ; or a panel of the yellow room.

- Why, every plank and panel of that house for me had magic in it. The tapestried bedrooms—tapestry so much better than painting—not adorning merely, but peopling the wainscots—at which childhood ever and anon would steal a
30 look, shifting its coverlid (replaced as quickly) to exercise its tender courage in a momentary eye-encounter with those stern bright visages, staring reciprocally—all Ovid on the walls, in colours vivider than his descriptions. Actæon in mid sprout, with the unappeasable prudery of Diana ; and the still more provoking, and almost culinary coolness of Dan Phœbus, eel-fashion, deliberately divesting of Marsyas.

Then that haunted room—in which old Mrs. Battle died—whereinto I have crept, but always in the day-time, with a passion of fear ; and a sneaking curiosity, terror-tainted, to hold communication with the past:—*How shall they build it up again?*

It was an old deserted place, yet not so long deserted but that traces of the splendour of past inmates were everywhere apparent. Its furniture was still standing—even to the tarnished gilt leather battledores, and crumbling feathers of shuttlecocks in the nursery, which told that children had 10 once played there. But I was a lonely child, and had the range at will of every apartment, knew every nook and corner, wondered and worshipped everywhere.

The solitude of childhood is not so much the mother of thought, as it is the feeder of love, and silence, and admiration. So strange a passion for the place possessed me in those years, that, though there lay—I shame to say how few roods distant from the mansion—half hid by trees, what I judged some romantic lake, such was the spell which bound me to the house, and such my carefulness not to pass its 20 strict and proper precincts, that the idle waters lay unexplored for me ; and not till late in life, curiosity prevailing over elder devotion, I found, to my astonishment, a pretty brawling brook had been the *Lacus Incognitus* of my infancy. Variegated views, extensive prospect—and those at no great distance from the house—I was told of such—what were they to me, being out of the boundaries of my Eden?—So far from a wish to roam, I would have drawn, methought, still closer the fences of my chosen prison ; and have been hemmed in by a yet securer cincture of those ex- 30 cluding garden walls. I could have exclaimed with the garden-loving poet—

Bind me, ye woodbines, in your twines ;
Curl me about, ye gadding vines ;
And oh, so close your circles lace,
That I may never leave this place ;

But, lest your fetters prove too weak,
 Ere I your silken bondage break,
 Do you, O brambles, chain me too,
 And, courteous briars, nail me through.

I was here as in a lonely temple. Snug firesides—the low-built roof—parlours ten feet by ten—frugal boards, and all the homeliness of home—these were the condition of my birth—the wholesome soil which I was planted in. Yet, without impeachment to their tenderest lessons, I am not
 10 sorry to have had glances of something beyond ; and to have taken, if but a peep, in childhood, at the contrasting accidents of a great fortune.

To have the feeling of gentility, it is not necessary to have been born gentle. The pride of ancestry may be had on cheaper terms than to be obliged to an importunate race of ancestors ; and the coatless antiquary in his unemblazoned cell, revolving the long line of a Mowbray's or De Clifford's pedigree, at those sounding names may warm himself into as
 20 gay a vanity as those who do inherit them. The claims of birth are ideal merely, and what herald shall go about to strip me of an idea ? Is it trenchant to their swords ? can it be hacked off as a spur can ? or torn away like a tarnished garter ?

What, else, were the families of the great to us ? what pleasure should we take in their tedious genealogies, or their capitulatory brass monuments ? What to us the uninterrupted current of their bloods, if our own did not answer within us to a cognate and corresponding elevation ?

Or wherefore else, O tattered and diminished 'Scutcheon that hung upon the time-worn walls of thy princely stairs,
 30 BLAKESMOOR ! have I in childhood so oft stood poring upon the mystic characters—thy emblematic supporters, with their prophetic "Resurgam"—till, every dreg of peasantry purging off, I received into myself Very Gentility ? Thou wert first in my morning eyes ; and of nights, hast detained my steps from bedward, till it was but a step from gazing at thee to dreaming on thee,

This is the only true gentry by adoption ; the veritable change of blood, and not, as empirics have fabled, by transfusion.

Who it was by dying that had earned the splendid trophy, I know not, I inquired not ; but its fading rags, and colours cobweb-stained, told that its subject was of two centuries back.

And what if my ancestor at that date was some Damocetas—feeding flocks, not his own, upon the hills of Lincoln—did I in less earnest vindicate to myself the family trappings of 10 this once proud Ægon?—repaying by a backward triumph the insults he might possibly have heaped in his lifetime upon my poor pastoral progenitor.

If it were presumption so to speculate, the present owners of the mansion had least reason to complain. They had long forsaken the old house of their fathers for a newer trifle ; and I was left to appropriate to myself what images I could pick up, to raise my fancy, or to soothe my vanity.

I was the true descendant of those old W—s ; and not the present family of that name, who had fled the old waste 20 places.

Mine was that gallery of good old family portraits, which as I have gone over, giving them in fancy my own family name, one—and then another—would seem to smile—reaching forward from the canvas, to recognise the new relationship ; while the rest looked grave, as it seemed, at the vacancy in their dwelling, and thoughts of fled posterity.

That Beauty with the cool blue pastoral drapery, and a lamb—that hung next the great bay window—with the bright yellow H—shire hair, and eye of watchet hue—so 30 like my Alice !—I am persuaded she was a true Elia—Mildred Elia, I take it.

Mine too, BLAKESMOOR, was thy noble Marble Hall, with its mosaic pavements, and its twelve Cæsars—stately busts in marble—ranged round : of whose countenances, young reader of faces as I was, the frowning beauty of Nero, I remember


had most of my wonder ; but the mild Galba had my love. There they stood in the coldness of death, yet freshness of immortality.

Mine too, thy lofty Justice Hall, with its one chair of authority, high-backed and wickered, once the terror of luckless poacher, or self-forgetful maiden—so common since, that bats have roosted in it.

Mine too—whose else ?—thy costly fruit-garden, with its sun-baked southern wall ; the ampler pleasure-garden, rising
10 backwards from the house in triple terraces, with flower-pots now of palest lead, save that a speck here and there, saved from the elements, bespake their pristine state to have been gilt and glittering ; the verdant quarters backwarder still ; and, stretching still beyond, in old formality, thy firry wilderness, the haunt of the squirrel, and the day-long murmuring wood-pigeon, with that antique image in the centre, God or Goddess I wist not ; but child of Athens or old Rome paid never a sincerer worship to Pan or to Sylvanus in their native groves, than I to that fragmental mystery.

20 Was it for this, that I kissed my childish hands too fervently in your idol worship, walks and windings of BLAKESMOOR ! for this, or what sin of mine, has the plough passed over your pleasant places ? I sometimes think that as men, when they die, do not die all, so of their extinguished habitations there may be a hope—a germ to be revived.

POOR RELATIONS.

A Poor Relation—is the most irrelevant thing in nature,—a piece of impertinent correspondency,—an odious approximation,—a haunting conscience,—a preposterous shadow, lengthening in the noontide of our prosperity,—an unwelcome remembrancer,—a perpetually recurring mortification,—
30 drain on your purse,—a more intolerable dun upon your

pride,—a drawback upon success,—a rebuke to your rising,—a stain in your blood,—a blot on your 'scutcheon,—a rent in your garment,—a death's head at your 'banquet,—Agathocles' pot,—a Mordecai in your gate,—a Lazarus at your door,—a lion in your path,—a frog in your chamber,—a fly in your ointment,—a mote in your eye,—a triumph to your enemy, an apology to your friends,—the one thing not needful,—the hail in harvest,—the ounce of sour in a pound of sweet.

He is known by his knock. Your heart telleth you "That 10 is Mr. ——" A rap, between familiarity and respect; that demands, and, at the same time, seems to despair of, entertainment. He entereth smiling and—embarrassed. He holdeth out his hand to you to shake, and—draweth it back again. He casually looketh in about dinner-time—when the table is full. He offereth to go away, seeing you have company, but is induced to stay. He filleth a chair, and your visitor's two children are accommodated at a side table. He never cometh upon open days, when your wife says with some complacency, "My dear, perhaps Mr. — will drop in to-day." He remembereth birth-days—and professeth he is fortunate to have stumbled upon one. He declareth against fish, the turbot being small—yet suffereth himself to be importuned into a slice against his first resolution. He sticketh by the port—yet will be prevailed upon to empty the remainder glass of claret, if a stranger press it upon him. He is a puzzle to the servants, who are fearful of being too obsequious, or not civil enough to him. The guests think "they have seen him before." Every one speculateth upon his condition; and the most part take him to be—a tide waiter. 30 He calleth you by your Christian name, to imply that his other is the same with your own. He is too familiar by half, yet you wish you had less diffidence. With half the familiarity he might pass for a casual dependent; with more boldness he would be in no danger of being taken for what he is. He is too humble for a friend, yet taketh on him more

state than befits a client. He is a worse guest than a country tenant, inasmuch as he bringeth up no rent—yet 'tis odds, from his garb and demeanour, that your guests take him for one. He is asked to make one at the whist table ; refuseth on the score of poverty, and—resents being left out. When the company break up, he proffereth to go for a coach—and lets the servant go. He recollects your grandfather ; and will thrust in some mean and quite unimportant anecdote of—the family. He knew it when it was not quite so flourishing
 10 as “he is blest in seeing it now.” He reviveth past situations to institute what he calleth—favourable comparisons. With a reflecting sort of congratulation, he will inquire the price of your furniture : and insults you with a special commendation of your window-curtains. He is of opinion that the urn is the more elegant shape, but, after all, there was something more comfortable about the old tea-kettle—which you must remember. He dare say you must find a great convenience in having a carriage of your own, and appealeth to your lady if it is not so. Inquireth if you have had your arms done on
 20 vellum yet ; and did not know, till lately, that such-and-such had been the crest of the family. His memory is unseasonable ; his compliments perverse ; his talk a trouble ; his stay pertinacious ; and when he goeth away, you dismiss his chair into a corner, as precipitately as possible, and feel fairly rid of two nuisances.

There is a worse evil under the sun, and that is—a female Poor Relation. You may do something with the other ; you may pass him off tolerably well ; but your indigent she-relative is hopeless. “He is an old humorist,” you may say,
 30 “and affects to go threadbare. His circumstances are better than folks would take them to be. You are fond of having a Character at your table, and truly he is one.” But in the indications of female poverty there can be no disguise. No woman dresses below herself from caprice. The truth must out without shuffling. “She is plainly related to the L——s ; or what does she at their house ?” She is, in all

probability, your wife's cousin. Nine times out of ten, at least, this is the case. Her garb is something between a gentlewoman and a beggar, yet the former evidently predominates. She is most provokingly humble, and ostentatiously sensible to her inferiority. He may require to be repressed sometimes—*aliquando sufflaminandus erat*—but there is no raising her. You send her soup at dinner, and she begs to be helped—after the gentlemen. Mr. — requests the honour of taking wine with her; she hesitates between Port and Madeira, and choseth the former—because 10 he does. She calls the servant *Sir*; and insists on not troubling him to hold her plate. The housekeeper patronises her. The children's governess takes upon her to correct her, when she has mistaken the piano for harpsichord.

Richard Amlet, Esq., in the play, is a noticeable instance of the disadvantages to which this chimerical notion of *affinity constituting a claim to an acquaintance* may subject the spirit of a gentleman. A little foolish blood is all that is betwixt him and a lady with a great estate. His stars are perpetually crossed by the malignant maternity of an old 20 woman, who persists in calling him "her son Dick." But she has wherewithal in the end to recompense his indignities, and float him again upon the brilliant surface, under which it had been her seeming business and pleasure all along to sink him. All men, besides, are not of Dick's temperament. I knew an Amlet in real life, who, wanting Dick's buoyancy, sank indeed. Poor W—— was of my own standing at Christ's, a fine classic, and a youth of promise. If he had a blemish, it was too much pride; but its quality was inoffensive; it was not of that sort which hardens the heart, 30 and serves to keep inferiors at a distance; it only sought to ward off derogation from itself. It was the principle of self-respect carried as far as it could go, without infringing upon that respect which he would have every one else equally maintain for himself. He would have you to think alike with him on this topic. Many a

quarrel have I had with him, when we were rather older boys, and our tallness made us more obnoxious to observation in the blue clothes, because I would not thread the alleys and blind ways of the town with him to elude notice, when we have been out together on a holiday in the streets of this sneering and prying metropolis. W—— went, sore with these notions, to Oxford, where the dignity and sweetness of a scholar's life, meeting with the alloy of a humble introduction, wrought in him a passionate devotion to the place, with
10 a profound aversion to the society. The servitor's gown (worse than his school array) clung to him with Nessian venom. He thought himself ridiculous in a garb, under which Latimer must have walked erect; and in which Hooker, in his young days, possibly flaunted in a vein of no discommendable vanity. In the depth of college shades, or in his lonely chamber, the poor student shrank from observation. He found shelter among books, which insult not; and studies, that ask no questions of a youth's finances. He was lord of his library, and seldom cared for looking out
20 beyond his domains. The healing influence of studious pursuits was upon him, to soothe and to abstract. He was almost a healthy man; when the waywardness of his fate broke out against him with a second and worse malignity. The father of W—— had hitherto exercised the humble profession of house-painter at N——, near Oxford. A supposed interest with some of the heads of colleges had now induced him to take up his abode in that city, with the hope of being employed upon some public works which were talked of. From that moment I read in the countenance of
30 the young man, the determination which at length tore him from academical pursuits for ever. To a person unacquainted with our Universities, the distance between the gownsmen and the townsmen, as they are called—the trading part of the latter especially—is carried to an excess that would appear harsh and incredible. The temperament of W——'s father was diametrically the reverse of his own. Old W——

was a little, busy, cringing tradesman, who, with his son upon his arm, would stand bowing and scraping, cap in hand, to anything that wore the semblance of a gown—insensible to the winks and opener remonstrances of the young man, to whose chamber-fellow, or equal in standing, perhaps, he was thus obsequiously and gratuitously ducking. Such a state of things could not last. W—— must change the air of Oxford or be suffocated. He chose the former; and let the sturdy moralist, who strains the point of the filial duties as high as they can bear, censure the dereliction; 10 he cannot estimate the struggle. I stood with W——, the last afternoon I ever saw him, under the eaves of his paternal dwelling. It was in the fine lane leading from the High Street to the back of *** college, where W—— kept his rooms. He seemed thoughtful, and more reconciled. I ventured to rally him—finding him in a better mood—upon a representation of the Artist Evangelist, which the old man, whose affairs were beginning to flourish, had caused to be set up in a splendid sort of frame over his really handsome shop, either as a token of prosperity, or 20 badge of gratitude to his saint. W—— looked up at the Luke, and, like Satan, “knew his mounted sign—and fled.” A letter on his father’s table the next morning, announced that he had accepted a commission in a regiment about to embark for Portugal. He was among the first who perished before the walls of St. Sebastian.

I do not know how, upon a subject which I began with treating half seriously, I should have fallen upon a recital so eminently painful; but this theme of poor relationship is replete with so much matter for tragic as well as comic 30 associations, that it is difficult to keep the account distinct without blending. The earliest impressions which I received on this matter are certainly not attended with anything painful, or very humiliating, in the recalling. At my father’s table (no very splendid one) was to be found, every Saturday, the mysterious figure of an aged gentleman, clothed in neat

black, of a sad yet comely appearance. His deportment was of the essence of gravity ; his words few or none ; and I was not to make a noise in his presence. I had little inclination to have done so—for my cue was to admire in silence. A particular elbow chair was appropriated to him, which was in no case to be violated. A peculiar sort of sweet pudding, which appeared on no other occasion, distinguished the days of his coming. I used to think him a prodigiously rich man. All I could make out of him was, that he and my father had
10 been schoolfellows a world ago at Lincoln, and that he came from the Mint. The Mint I knew to be a place where all the money was coined—and I thought he was the owner of all that money. Awful ideas of the Tower twined themselves about his presence. He seemed above human infirmities and passions. A sort of melancholy grandeur invested him. From some inexplicable doom I fancied him obliged to go about in an eternal suit of mourning ; a captive—a stately being, let out of the Tower on Saturdays. Often have I wondered at the temerity of my father, who,
20 in spite of an habitual general respect which we all in common manifested towards him, would venture now and then to stand up against him in some argument, touching their youthful days. The houses of the ancient city of Lincoln are divided (as most of my readers know) between the dwellers on the hill and in the valley. This marked distinction formed an obvious division between the boys who lived above (however brought together in a common school) and the boys whose paternal residence was on the plain ; a sufficient cause of hostility in the code of these
30 young Grotiuses. My father had been a leading Mountaineer ; and would still maintain the general superiority, in skill and hardihood, of the *Above Boys* (his own faction) over the *Below Boys* (so were they called), of which party his contemporary had been a chieftain. Many and hot were the skirmishes on this topic—the only one upon which the old gentleman was ever brought out—and bad blood bred ; even

sometimes almost to the recommencement (so I expected) of actual hostilities. But my father, who scorned to insist upon advantages, generally contrived to turn the conversation upon some adroit by-commendation of the old Minster; in the general preference of which, before all other cathedrals in the island, the dweller on the hill, and the plain-born, could meet on a conciliating level, and lay down their less important differences. Once only I saw the old gentleman really ruffled, and I remember with anguish the thought that came over me: "Perhaps he will never come here 10 again." He had been pressed to take another plate of the viand, which I have already mentioned as the indispensable concomitant of his visits. He had refused with a resistance amounting to rigour—when my aunt, an old Lincolnian, but who had something of this in common with my cousin Bridget, that she would sometimes press civility out of season—uttered the following memorable application—"Do take another slice, Mr. Billet, for you do not get pudding every day." The old gentleman said nothing at the time—but he took occasion in the course of the evening, when some 20 argument had intervened between them, to utter with an emphasis which chilled the company, and which chills me now as I write it—"Woman, you are superannuated." John Billet did not survive long after the digesting of this affront; but he survived long enough to assure me that peace was actually restored! and, if I remember aright, another pudding was discreetly substituted in the place of that which had occasioned the offence. He died at the Mint (anno 1771), where he had long held what he accounted a comfortable independence; and with five pounds, fourteen shillings, and 30 a penny, which were found in his escritoire after his decease, left the world, blessing God that he had enough to bury him, and that he had never been obliged to any man for a sixpence. This was—a Poor Relation.

STAGE ILLUSION.

A PLAY is said to be well or ill acted in proportion to the scenical illusion produced. Whether such illusion can in any case be perfect, is not the question. The nearest approach to it, we are told, is, when the actor appears wholly unconscious of the presence of spectators. In tragedy—in all which is to affect the feelings—this undivided attention to his stage business seems indispensable. Yet it is, in fact, dispensed with every day by our cleverest tragedians ; and while these references to an audience, in the shape of rant or
10 sentiment, are not too frequent or palpable, a sufficient quantity of illusion for the purposes of dramatic interest may be said to be produced in spite of them. But, tragedy apart, it may be inquired whether, in certain characters in comedy, especially those which are a little extravagant, or which involve some notion repugnant to the moral sense, it is not a proof of the highest skill in the comedian when, without absolutely appealing to an audience, he keeps up a tacit understanding with them ; and makes them, unconsciously to themselves, a party in the scene. The utmost nicety is
20 required in the mode of doing this ; but we speak only of the great artists in the profession.

The most mortifying infirmity in human nature, to feel in ourselves, or to contemplate in another, is, perhaps, cowardice. To see a coward *done to the life* upon a stage would produce anything but mirth. Yet we most of us remember Jack Bannister's cowards. Could anything be more agreeable, more pleasant ? We loved the rogues. How was this effected but by the exquisite art of the actor in a perpetual sub-insinuation to us, the spectators, even in the extremity
30 of the shaking fit, that he was not half such a coward as we took him for ? We saw all the common symptoms of the malady upon him ; the quivering lip, the cowering knees, the teeth chattering ; and could have sworn "that man was

frightened." But we forgot all the while—or kept it almost a secret to ourselves—that he never once lost his self-possession; that he let out by a thousand droll looks and gestures—meant to *us*, and not at all supposed to be visible to his fellows in the scene, that his confidence in his own resources had never once deserted him. Was this a genuine picture of a coward? or not rather a likeness, which the clever artist contrived to palm upon us instead of an original; while we secretly connived at the delusion for the purpose of greater pleasure, than a more genuine counterfeiting of the 10 imbecility, helplessness, and utter self-desertion, which we know to be concomitants of cowardice in real life, could have given us?

Why are misers so hateful in the world, and so endurable on the stage, but because the skilful actor, by a sort of sub-reference, rather than direct appeal to us, disarms the character of a great deal of its odiousness, by seeming to engage *our* compassion for the insecure tenure by which he holds his money-bags and parchments? By this subtle vent half of the hatefulness of the character—the self-closeness 20 with which in real life it coils itself up from the sympathies of men—evaporates. The miser becomes sympathetic; *i.e.*, is no genuine miser. Here again a diverting likeness is substituted for a very disagreeable reality.

Spleen, irritability—the pitiable infirmities of old men, which produce only pain to behold in the realities, counterfeited upon a stage, divert not altogether for the comic appendages to them, but in part from an inner conviction that they are *being acted* before us; that a likeness only is going on, and not the thing itself. They please by being 30 done under the life, or beside it; not *to the life*. When Gatty acts an old man, is he angry indeed? or only a pleasant counterfeit, just enough of a likeness to recognise, without pressing upon us the uneasy sense of a reality.

Comedians, paradoxical as it may seem, may be too natural. It was the case with a late actor. Nothing could

be more earnest or true than the manner of Mr. Emery ; this told excellently in his Tyke, and characters of a tragic cast. But when he carried the same rigid exclusiveness of attention to the stage business, and wilful blindness and oblivion of everything before the curtain into his comedy, it produced a harsh and dissonant effect. He was out of keeping with the rest of the *Personæ Dramatis*. There was as little link between him and them as betwixt himself and the audience. He was a third estate, dry, repulsive, and unsocial to all.

- 10 Individually considered, his execution was masterly. But comedy is not this unbending thing ; for this reason, that the same degree of credibility is not required of it as to serious scenes. The degrees of credibility demanded to the two things may be illustrated by the different sort of truth which we expect when a man tells us a mournful or a merry story. If we suspect the former of falsehood in any one tittle, we reject it altogether. Our tears refuse to flow at a suspected imposition. But the teller of a mirthful tale has latitude allowed him. We are content with less than absolute truth.
- 20 'Tis the same with dramatic illusion. We confess we love in comedy to see an audience naturalised behind the scenes, taken into the interest of the drama, welcomed as bystanders, however. There is something ungracious in a comic actor holding himself aloof from all participation or concern with those who are come to be diverted by him. Macbeth must see the dagger, and no ear but his own be told of it ; but an old fool in farce may think he *sees something*, and by conscious words and looks express it, as plainly as he can speak, to pit, box, and gallery. When an impertinent in
- 30 tragedy, an Osric, for instance, breaks in upon the serious passions of the scene, we approve of the contempt with which he is treated. But when the pleasant impertinent of comedy, in a piece purely meant to give delight, and raise mirth out of whimsical perplexities, worries the studious man with taking up his leisure, or making his house his home, the same sort of contempt expressed (however *natural*) would

destroy the balance of delight in the spectators. To make the intrusion comic, the actor who plays the annoyed man must a little desert nature ; he must, in short, be thinking of the audience, and express only so much dissatisfaction and peevishness as is consistent with the pleasure of comedy. In other words, his perplexity must seem half put on. If he repel the intruder with the sober set face of a man in earnest, and more especially if he deliver his expostulations in a tone which in the world must necessarily provoke a duel ; his real-life manner will destroy the whimsical and 10 purely dramatic existence of the other character (which to render it comic demands an antagonist comicality on the part of the character opposed to it), and convert what was meant for mirth, rather than belief, into a downright piece of impertinence indeed, which would raise no diversion in us, but rather stir pain, to see inflicted in earnest upon any unworthy person. A very judicious actor (in most of his parts) seems to have fallen into an error of this sort in his playing with Mr. Wrench in the farce of *Free and Easy*.

Many instances would be tedious ; these may suffice to 20 show that comic acting at least does not always demand from the performer that strict abstraction from all reference to an audience which is exacted of it ; but that in some cases a sort of compromise may take place, and all the purposes of dramatic delight be attained by a judicious understanding, not too openly announced, between the ladies and gentlemen—on both sides of the curtain.

TO THE SHADE OF ELLISTON.

JOYOUSEST of once embodied spirits, whither at length hast thou flown ? To what genial region are we permitted to conjecture that thou hast flitted ?

30

Art thou sowing thy WILD OATS yet (the harvest time was still to come with thee) upon casual sands of Avernus ? or

art thou enacting ROVER (as we would gladlier think) by wandering Elysian streams?

This mortal frame, while thou didst play thy brief antics amongst us, was in truth anything but a prison to thee, as the vain Platonist dreams of this *body* to be no better than a county gaol, forsooth, or some house of durance vile, whereof the five senses are the fetters. Thou knewest better than to be in a hurry to cast off those gyves; and had notice to quit, I fear, before thou wert quite ready to abandon this fleshy
10 tenement. It was thy Pleasure-House, thy Palace of Dainty Devices; thy Louvre, or thy White-Hall.

What new mysterious lodgings dost thou tenant now? or when may we expect thy ærial house-warming?

Tartarus we know, and we have read of the Blessed Shades; now cannot I intelligibly fancy thee in either.

It is too much to hazard a conjecture, that (as the schoolmen admitted a receptacle apart for Patriarchs and unchrisom Babes) there may exist—not far perchance from that storehouse of all vanities, which Milton saw in visions—a
20 LIMBO somewhere for PLAYERS? and that

Up thither like ærial vapours fly
Both all Stage things, and all that in Stage things
Built their fond hopes of glory, or lasting fame?
All the unaccomplish'd works of Authors' hands,
Abortive, monstrous, or unkindly mix'd,
Damn'd upon earth, fleet thither—
Play, Opera, Farce, with all their trumpery.—

There, by the neighbouring moon (by some not improperly supposed thy Regent Planet upon earth) mayst thou not still
30 be acting thy managerial pranks, great disembodied Lessee? but Lessee still, and still a Manager.

In Green Rooms, impervious to mortal eye, the muse beholds thee wielding posthumous empire.

Thin ghosts of Figurantes (never plump on earth) circle thee in endlessly, and still their song is *Fie on sinful Phantasy*.

Magnificent were thy capriccios on this globe of earth,

ROBERT WILLIAM ELLISTON ! for as yet we know not thy new name in heaven.

It irks me to think, that, stript of thy regalities, thou shouldst ferry over, a poor forked shade, in crazy Stygian wherry. Methinks I hear the old boatman, paddling by the weedy wharf, with raucid voice, bawling "SCULLS, SCULLS : " to which, with waving hand, and majestic action, thou deignest no reply, other than in two curt monosyllables, "NO : OARS."

But the laws of Pluto's kingdom know small difference 10 between king and cobbler, manager and call-boy ; and if haply your dates of life were conterminant, you are quietly taking your passage, cheek by cheek (O ignoble levelling of Death) with the shade of some recently departed candle-snuffer.

But mercy ! what strippings, what tearing off of histrionic robes and private vanities ! what denudations to the bone, before the surly Ferryman will admit you to set a foot within his battered lighter.

Crowns, sceptres ; shield, sword and truncheon ; thy own 20 coronation robes (for thou hast brought the whole property man's wardrobe with thee, enough to sink a navy) ; the judge's ermine ; the coxcomb's wig ; the snuff-box *à la Foppington*—all must overboard, he positively swears—and that Ancient Mariner brooks no denial ; for, since the tiresome monodrame of the old Thracian Harper, Charon, it is to be believed, hath shown small taste for theatricals.

Ay, now 'tis done. You are just boat weight ; *pura et puta anima*.

But bless me, how *little* you look !

30

So shall we all look—kings and keysars—stript for the last voyage.

But the murky rogue pushes off. Adieu, pleasant, and thrice pleasant shade ! with my parting thanks for many a heavy hour of life lightened by thy harmless extravaganzas, public or domestic.

Rhadamanthus, who tries the lighter causes below, leaving to his two brethren the heavy calendars—honest Rhadamanth, always partial to players, weighing their parti-coloured existence here upon earth,—making account of the few foibles, that may have shaded thy *real life*, as we call it (though, substantially, scarcely less a vapour than thy idlest vagaries upon the boards of Drury), as but of so many echoes, natural repercussions, and results to be expected from the assumed extravagancies of thy *secondary* or *mock life*, nightly upon a
 10 stage—after a lenient castigation, with rods lighter than of those Medusean ringlets, but just enough to “whip the offending Adam out of thee,” shall courteously dismiss thee at the right hand gate—the O. P. side of Hades—that conducts to masques, and merry-makings, in the Theatre Royal of Proserpine.

PLAUDITO, ET VALETO.

ELLISTONIANA.

My acquaintance with the pleasant creature, whose loss we all deplore, was but slight. My first introduction to E., which afterwards ripened into an acquaintance a little on
 20 this side of intimacy, was over a counter in the Leamington Spa Library, then newly entered upon by a branch of his family. E., whom nothing misbecame—to auspicate, I suppose, the filial concern, and set it a-going with a lustre—was serving in person two damsels fair, who had come into the shop ostensibly to inquire for some new publication, but in reality to have a sight of the illustrious shopman, hoping some conference. With what an air did he reach down the volume, dispassionately giving his opinion of the worth of the work in question, and launching out into a dissertation
 30 on its comparative merits with those of certain publications of a similar stamp, its rivals ! his enchanted customers fairly

hanging on his lips, subdued to their authoritative sentence. So have I seen a gentleman in comedy *acting* the shopman. So Lovelace sold his gloves in King Street. I admired the histrionic art, by which he contrived to carry clean away every notion of disgrace, from the occupation he had so generously submitted to ; and from that hour I judged him, with no after repentance, to be a person with whom it would be a felicity to be more acquainted.

To descant upon his merits as a Comedian would be superfluous. With his blended private and professional 10 habits alone I have to do ; that harmonious fusion of the manners of the player into those of every-day life, which brought the stage boards into streets, and dining-parlours, and kept up the play when the play was ended.—“I like Wrench,” a friend was saying to him one day, “because he is the same natural, easy creature, on the stage, that he is *off*.” “My case exactly,” retorted Elliston—with a charming forgetfulness, that the converse of a proposition does not always lead to the same conclusion—“I am the same person 20 *off* the stage that I am *on*.” The inference, at first sight, seems identical ; but examine it a little, and it confesses only, that the one performer was never, and the other always, *acting*.

And in truth this was the charm of Elliston’s private deportment. You had spirited performance always going on before your eyes, with nothing to pay. As where a monarch takes up his casual abode for a night, the poorest hovel which he honours by his sleeping in it, becomes *ipso facto* for that time a palace ; so wherever Elliston walked, sate, or stood still, there was the theatre. He carried about 30 with him his pit, boxes, and galleries, and set up his portable playhouse at corners of streets, and in the market places. Upon flintiest pavements he trod the boards still ; and if his theme chanced to be passionate, the green baize carpet of tragedy spontaneously rose beneath his feet. Now this was hearty and showed a love for his art. So Apelles *always*

- painted—in thought. So G. D. *always* poetises. I hate a lukewarm artist. I have known actors—and some of them of Elliston's own stamp—who shall have agreeably been amusing you in the part of a rake or a coxcomb, through the two or three hours of their dramatic existence; but no sooner does the curtain fall with its leaden clatter, but a spirit of lead seems to seize on all their faculties. They emerge sour, morose persons, intolerable to their families, servants, &c. Another shall have been expanding your heart
 10 with generous deeds and sentiments, till it even beats with yearnings of universal sympathy; you absolutely long to go home, and do some good action. The play seems tedious, till you can get fairly out of the house, and realize your laudable intentions. At length the final bell rings, and this cordial representative of all that is amiable in human breasts steps forth—a miser. Elliston was more of a piece. Did he *play* Ranger? and did Ranger fill the general bosom of the town with satisfaction? why should *he* not be Ranger, and diffuse the same cordial satisfaction among his private circles?
 20 with *his* temperament, *his* animal spirits, *his* good nature, *his* follies perchance, could he do better than identify himself with his impersonation? Are we to like a pleasant rake, or coxcomb, on the stage, and give ourselves airs of aversion for the identical character, presented to us in actual life? or what would the performer have gained by divesting himself of the impersonation? Could the man Elliston have been essentially different from his part, even if he had avoided to reflect to us studiously, in private circles, the airy briskness, the forwardness, and scape-goat trickeries of his prototype?
 30 “But there is something not natural in this everlasting *acting*; we want the real man.”

Are you quite sure that it is not the man himself, whom you cannot, or will not see, under some adventitious trappings, which, nevertheless, sit not at all inconsistently upon him? What if it is the nature of some men to be highly artificial? The fault is least reprehensible in *players*.

Cibber was his own Foppington, with almost as much wit as Vanbrugh could add to it.

"My conceit of his person,"—it is Ben Jonson speaking of Lord Bacon,—“was never increased towards him by his *place* or *honours*, but I have, and do reverence him for the *greatness*, that was only proper to himself ; in that he seemed to me ever one of the *greatest* men, that had been in many ages. In his adversity I ever prayed that Heaven would give him strength ; for *greatness* he could not want.”

The quality here commended was scarcely less conspicuous 10 in the subject of these idle reminiscences than in my Lord Verulam. Those who have imagined that an unexpected elevation to the direction of a great London Theatre, affected the consequence of Elliston, or at all changed his nature, knew not the essential *greatness* of the man whom they disparage. It was my fortune to encounter him near 'St. Dunstan's Church (which, with its punctual giants, is now no more than dust and a shadow), on the morning of his election to that high office. Grasping my hand with a look of significance, he only uttered,—“Have you heard the news?”—then 20 with another look following up the blow, he subjoined, “I am the future Manager of Drury Lane Theatre.”—Breathless as he saw me, he stayed not for congratulation or reply, but mutely stalked away, leaving me to chew upon his new-blown dignities at leisure. In fact, nothing could be said to it. Expressive silence alone could muse his praise. This was in his *great* style.

But was he less *great* (be witness, O ye Powers of Equanimity, that supported in the ruins of Carthage the consular exile, and more recently transmuted for a more illustrious 30 exile the barren constableness of Elba into an image of Imperial France), when, in melancholy after-years, again, much near the same spot, I met him, when that sceptre had been wrested from his hand, and his dominion was curtailed to the petty managership, and part proprietorship, of the small Olympic, *his Elba*? He still played nightly upon the

boards of Drury, but in parts alas! allotted to him, not magnificently distributed by him. Waiving his great loss as nothing, and magnificently sinking the sense of fallen *material* grandeur in the more liberal resentment of depreciations done to his more lofty *intellectual* pretensions. "Have you heard" (his customary exordium)—"have you heard," said he, "how they treat me? they put me in *comedy*." Thought I—but his finger on his lips forbade any verbal interruption—"where could they have put you better?" Then, after a
 10 pause—"Where I formerly played Romeo, I now play Mercutio,"—and so again he stalked away, neither staying, nor caring for, responses.

O, it was a rich scene,—but Sir A—— C——, the best of story-tellers and surgeons, who mends a lame narrative almost as well as he sets a fracture, alone could do justice to it,—that I was a witness to, in the tarnished room (that had once been green) of that same little Olympic. There, after his deposition from Imperial Drury, he substituted a throne. That Olympic Hill was his "highest heaven"; himself "Jove
 20 in his chair." There he sat in state, while before him, on complaint of prompter, was brought for judgment—how shall I describe her?—one of those little tawdry things that flirt at the tails of choruses—a probationer for the town, in either of its senses—the pertest little drab—a dirty fringe and appendage of the lamps' smoke—who, it seems, on some disapprobation expressed by a "highly respectable" audience,—had precipitately quitted her station on the boards, and withdrawn her small talents in disgust.

"And how dare you," said her manager,—assuming a
 30 censorial severity, which would have crushed the confidence of a Vestris, and disarmed that beautiful Rebel herself of her professional caprices—I verily believe, he thought *her* standing before him—"how dare you, Madam, withdraw yourself, without a notice, from your theatrical duties?" "I was hissed, Sir." "And you have the presumption to decide upon the taste of the town?" "I don't know that, Sir,

but I will never stand to be hissed," was the subjoinder of young Confidence—when, gathering up his features into one significant mass of wonder, pity, and expostulatory indignation—in a lesson never to have been lost upon a creature less forward than she who stood before him—his words were these: "They have hissed *me*."

'Twas the identical argument *a fortiori*, which the son of Peleus uses to Lycaon trembling under his lance, to persuade him to take his destiny with a good grace. "I too am mortal." And it is to be believed that in both cases the 10 rhetoric missed of its application, for want of a proper understanding with the faculties of the respective recipients.

"Quite an Opera pit," he said to me, as he was courteously conducting me over the benches of his Surrey Theatre, the last retreat, and recess, of his every-day waning grandeur.

Those who knew Elliston, will know the *manner* in which he pronounced the latter sentence of the few words I am about to record. One proud day to me he took his roast mutton with us in the Temple, to which I had superadded a preliminary haddock. After a rather plentiful partaking of 20 the meagre banquet, not unrefreshed with the humbler sort of liquors, I made a sort of apology for the humility of the fare, observing that for my own part I never ate but one dish at dinner. "I too never eat but one thing at dinner,"—was his reply—then after a pause—"reckoning fish as nothing." The manner was all. It was as if by one peremptory sentence he had decreed the annihilation of all the savoury esculents, which the pleasant and nutritious food-giving Ocean pours forth upon poor humans from her watery bosom. This was *greatness*, tempered with considerate 30 *tenderness* to the feelings of his scanty but welcoming entertainer.

Great wert thou in thy life, Robert William Elliston! and *not lessened* in thy death, if report speak truly, which says that thou didst direct that thy mortal remains should repose under no inscription but one of pure *Latinity*. Classical was

thy bringing up ! and beautiful was the feeling on thy last bed, which connecting the man with the boy, took thee back to thy latest exercise of imagination, to the days when, undreaming of Theatres and Managements, thou wert a scholar, and an early ripe one, under the roofs builded by the munificent and pious Colet. For thee the Pauline Muses weep. In elegies, that shall silence this crude prose, they shall celebrate thy praise.

DETACHED THOUGHTS ON BOOKS AND READING.

To mind the inside of a book is to entertain one's self with the forced product of another man's brain. Now I think a man of quality and breeding may be much amused with the natural sprouts of his own.—*Lord Foppington in the Relapse.*

AN ingenious acquaintance of my own was so much struck with this bright sally of his Lordship, that he has left off reading altogether, to the great improvement of his originality. At the hazard of losing some credit on this head, I must confess that I dedicate no inconsiderable portion of my time to other people's thoughts. I dream away my life in others' speculations. I love to lose myself in other men's minds. When I am not walking, I am reading ; I cannot sit and think. Books think for me.

I have no repugnances. Shaftesbury is not too genteel for me, nor Jonathan Wild too low. I can read anything which I call a *book*. There are things in that shape which I cannot allow for such.

In this catalogue of *books which are no books—biblia a-biblia*—I reckon Court Calendars, Directories, Pocket Books, Draught Boards, bound and lettered on the back, Scientific Treatises, Almanacks, Statutes at Large ; the works of Hume, Gibbon, Robertson, Beattie, Soame Jenyns, and, generally, all those volumes which “ no gentleman's library

should be without": the Histories of Flavius Josephus (that learned Jew), and Paley's Moral Philosophy. With these exceptions, I can read almost anything. I bless my stars for a taste so catholic, so unexcluding.

I confess that it moves my spleen to see these *things in books' clothing* perched upon shelves, like false saints, usurpers of true shrines, intruders into the sanctuary, thrusting out the legitimate occupants. To reach down a well-bound semblance of a volume, and hope it some kind-hearted play-book, then opening what "seem its leaves," to come bolt 10 upon a withering Population Essay. To expect a Steele, or a Farquhar, and find—Adam Smith. To view a well-arranged assortment of blockheaded Encyclopædias (Anglicanas or Metropolitanas) set out in an array of russia, or morocco, when a tithe of that good leather would comfortably reclothe my shivering folios; would renovate Paracelsus himself, and enable old Raymund Lully to look like himself again in the world. I never see these impostors, but I long to strip them, to warm my ragged veterans in their spoils.

To be strong-backed and neat-bound is the desideratum of 20 a volume. Magnificence comes after. This, when it can be afforded, is not to be lavished upon all kinds of books indiscriminately. I would not dress a set of Magazines, for instance, in full suit. The dishabille, or half-binding (with russia backs ever) is *our* costume. A Shakspeare or a Milton (unless the first editions), it were mere foppery to trick out in gay apparel. The possession of them confers no distinction. The exterior of them (the things themselves being so common), strange to say, raises no sweet emotions, no tickling sense of property in the owner. Thomson's Seasons, again, looks best 30 (I maintain it) a little torn, and dog's-eared. How beautiful to a genuine lover of reading are the sullied leaves, and worn-out appearance, nay, the very odour (beyond russia), if we would not forget kind feelings in fastidiousness, of an old "Circulating Library," Tom Jones, or Vicar of Wakefield! How they speak of the thousand thumbs, that have turned

over their pages with delight !—of the lone sempstress, whom they may have cheered (milliner, or hard-working mantua-maker) after her long day's needle-toil, running far into midnight, when she has snatched an hour, ill-spared from sleep, to steep her cares, as in some Lethean cup, in spelling out their enchanting contents ! Who would have them a whit less soiled ? What better condition could we desire to see them in ?

In some respects the better a book is, the less it demands
10 from binding. Fielding, Smollett, Sterne, and all that class of perpetually self-reproductive volumes—Great Nature's Stereotypes—we see them individually perish with less regret, because we know the copies of them to be “*eternæ*.” But where a book is at once both good and rare—where the individual is almost the species, and when *that* perishes,

We know not where is that Promethean torch
That can its lights relumine -

such a book, for instance, as the Life of the Duke of New-
castle, by his Duchess—no casket is rich enough, no casing
20 sufficiently durable, to honour and keep safe such a jewel.

Not only rare volumes of this description, which seem hopeless ever to be reprinted ; but old editions of writers, such as Sir Philip Sydney, Bishop Taylor, Milton in his prose-works, Fuller—of whom we *have* reprints, yet the books themselves, though they go about, and are talked of here and there, we know, have not endenized themselves (nor possibly
ever will) in the national heart, so as to become stock books—it is good to possess these in durable and costly covers. I do not care for a First Folio of Shakspeare. I rather prefer
30 the common editions of Rowe and Tonson, without notes, and with *plates*, which, being so execrably bad, serve as maps, or modest remembrancers, to the text ; and without pretending to any supposable emulation with it, are so much better than the Shakspeare gallery *engravings*, which *did*. I have a community of feeling with my countrymen about his Plays,

and I like those editions of him best, which have been oftenest tumbled about and handled.—On the contrary, I cannot read Beaumont and Fletcher but in Folio. The Octavo editions are painful to look at. I have no sympathy with them. If they were as much read as the current editions of the other poet, I should prefer them in that shape to the older one. I do not know a more heartless sight than the reprint of the Anatomy of Melancholy. What need was there of unearthing the bones of that fantastic old great man, to expose them in a winding-sheet of the newest fashion to 10 modern censure? what hapless stationer could dream of Burton ever becoming popular?—The wretched Malone could not do worse, when he bribed the sexton of Stratford church to let him whitewash the painted effigy of old Shakspeare, which stood there, in rude but lively fashion depicted, to the very colour of the cheek, the eye, the eye-brow, hair, the very dress he used to wear—the only authentic testimony we had, however imperfect, of these curious parts and parcels of him. They covered him over with a coat of white paint. By —, if I had been a justice of peace for Warwick- 20 shire, I would have clapt both commentator and sexton fast in the stocks, for a pair of meddling sacrilegious varlets.

I think I see them at their work—these sapient trouble-tombs.

Shall I be thought fantastical, if I confess, that the names of some of our poets sound sweeter, and have a finer relish to the ear—to mine, at least—than that of Milton or of Shakspeare? It may be, that the latter are more staled and rung upon in common discourse. The sweetest names, and which carry a perfume in the mention, are, Kit Marlowe, Drayton, 30 Drummond of Hawthornden, and Cowley.

Much depends upon *when* and *where* you read a book. In the five or six impatient minutes, before the dinner is quite ready, who would think of taking up the Fairy Queen for a stop-gap, or a volume of Bishop Andrewes' sermons?

Milton almost requires a solemn service of music to be

played before you enter upon him. But he brings his music, to which, who listens, had need bring docile thoughts, and purged ears.

Winter evenings—the world shut out—with less of ceremony the gentle Shakspeare enters. At such a season, the *Tempest*, or his own *Winter's Tale*—

These two poets you cannot avoid reading aloud—to yourself, or (as it chances) to some single person listening. More than one—and it degenerates into an audience.

- 10 Books of quick interest, that hurry on for incidents, are for the eye to glide over only. It will not do to read them out. I could never listen to even the better kind of modern novels without extreme irksomeness.

- A newspaper, read out, is intolerable. In some of the Bank offices it is the custom (to save so much individual time) for one of the clerks—who is the best scholar—to commence upon the *Times*, or the *Chronicle*, and recite its entire contents aloud *pro bono publico*. With every advantage of lungs and elocution, the effect is singularly rapid. In
20 barber's shops and public-houses a fellow will get up, and spell out a paragraph which he communicates as some discovery. Another follows with *his* selection. So the entire journal transpires at length by piece-meal. Seldom-readers are slow readers, and without this expedient no one in the company would probably ever travel through the contents of a whole paper.

Newspapers always excite curiosity. No one ever lays one down without a feeling of disappointment.

- What an eternal time that gentleman in black, at Nando's,
30 keeps the paper! I am sick of hearing the waiter bawling out incessantly, "the *Chronicle* is in hand, Sir."

Coming in to an inn at night—having ordered your supper - what can be more delightful than to find lying in the window-seat, left there time out of mind by the carelessness of some former guest—two or three numbers of the old *Town and Country Magazine*, with its amusing *tête-à-tête* pictures—

"The Royal Lover and Lady G —"; "The Melting Platonic and the Old Beau,"—and such-like, antiquated scandal? Would you exchange it—at that time, and in that place—for a better book?

Poor Tobin, who latterly fell blind, did not regret it so much for the weightier kinds of reading—the *Paradise Lost*, or *Comus*, he could have *read* to him—but he missed the pleasure of skimming over with his own eye a magazine, or a light pamphlet.

I should not care to be caught in the serious avenues of 10 some cathedral alone and reading *Candide*.

I do not remember a more whimsical surprise than having been once detected—by a familiar damsel—reclining at my ease upon the grass, on Primrose Hill (her *Cythera*), reading —*Pamela*. There was nothing in the book to make a man seriously ashamed at the exposure; but as she seated herself down by me, and seemed determined to read in company, I could have wished it had been—any other book. We read on very sociably for a few pages; and, not finding the author much to her taste, she got up, and—went away. Gentle 20 casuist, I leave it to thee to conjecture, whether the blush (for there was one between us) was the property of the nymph or the swain in this dilemma. From me you shall never get the secret.

I am not much a friend to out-of-doors reading. I cannot settle my spirits to it. I knew a Unitarian minister, who was generally to be seen upon Snow Hill (as yet Skinner's Street *was not*), between the hours of ten and eleven in the morning, studying a volume of Lardner. I own this to have been a strain of abstraction beyond my reach. I used to 30 admire how he sidled along, keeping clear of secular contacts. An illiterate encounter with a porter's knot, or a bread basket, would have quickly put to flight all the theology I am master of, and have left me worse than indifferent to the five points.

There is a class of street-readers, whom I can never con-

template without affection—the poor gentry who, not having wherewithal to buy or hire a book, filch a little learning at the open stalls—the owner, with his hard eye, casting envious looks at them all the while, and thinking when they will have done. Venturing tenderly, page after page, expecting every moment when he shall interpose his interdict, and yet unable to deny themselves the gratification, they “snatch a fearful joy.” Martin B——, in this way, by daily fragments, got through two volumes of *Clarissa*, when
 10 the stall-keeper damped his laudable ambition, by asking him (it was in his younger days) whether he meant to purchase the work. M. declares, that under no circumstances in his life did he ever peruse a book with half the satisfaction which he took in those uneasy snatches. A quaint poetess of our day has moralised upon this subject in two very touching but homely stanzas.

20 I saw a boy with eager eye,
 Open a book upon a stall,
 And read, as he'd devour it all ;
 Which when the stall-man did espy,
 Soon to the boy I heard him call,
 “You, Sir, you never buy a book,
 Therefore in one you shall not look.”
 The boy pass'd slowly on, and with a sigh
 He wish'd he never had been taught to read,
 Then of the old churl's books he should have had no need.

30 Of sufferings the poor have many,
 Which never can the rich annoy :
 I soon perceiv'd another boy,
 Who look'd as if he had not any
 Food, for that day at least—enjoy
 The sight of cold meat in a tavern larder.
 This boy's case, then thought I, is surely harder,
 Thus hungry, longing, thus without a penny,
 Beholding choice of dainty-dressed meat :
 No wonder if he wish he ne'er had learn'd to eat.

THE OLD MARGATE HOY.

I AM fond of passing my vacation (I believe I have said so before) at one or other of the Universities. Next to these my choice would fix me at some woody spot, such as the neighbourhood of Henley affords in abundance, on the banks of my beloved Thames. But somehow or other my cousin contrives to wheedle me once in three or four seasons to a watering-place. Old attachments cling to her in spite of experience. We have been dull at Worthing one summer, duller at Brighton another, duller at Eastbourne a third, and are at this moment doing dreary penance at—Hastings! 10—and all because we were happy many years ago for a brief week at Margate. That was our first seaside experiment, and many circumstances combined to make it the most agreeable holiday of my life. We had neither of us seen the sea, and we had never been from home so long together in company.

Can I forget thee, thou old Margate Hoy, with thy weather-beaten, sun-burnt captain, and his rough accommodations—ill-exchanged for the foppery and fresh-water niceness of the modern steam packet? To the winds and 20 waves thou committedst thy goodly freightage, and didst ask no aid of magic fumes, and spells, and boiling cauldrons. With the gales of heaven thou wentest swimmingly; or, when it was their pleasure, stoodest still with sailor-like patience. Thy course was natural, not forced, as in a hot-bed; nor didst thou go poisoning the breath of ocean with sulphureous smoke—a great sea-chimæra, chimneying and furnacing the deep; or liker to that fire-god parching up Scamander.

Can I forget thy honest, yet slender crew, with their coy, 30 reluctant responses (yet to the suppression of anything like contempt) to the raw questions, which we of the great city would be ever and anon putting to them, as to the uses of

this or that strange naval implement? 'Specially can I forget thee, thou happy medium, thou shade of refuge between us and them, conciliating interpreter of their skill to our simplicity, comfortable ambassador between sea and land!—whose sailor-trousers did not more convincingly assure thee to be an adopted denizen of the former, than thy white cap and whiter apron over them, with thy neat-fingered practice in thy culinary vocation, bespoke thee to have been of inland nurture heretofore—a master cook of Eastcheap? How
10 busily didst thou ply thy multifarious occupation, cook, mariner, attendant, chamberlain: here, there, like another Ariel, flaming at once about all parts of the deck, yet with kindlier ministrations—not to assist the tempest, but, as if touched with a kindred sense of our infirmities, to soothe the qualms which that untried motion might haply raise in our crude land-fancies. And when the o'er-washing billows drove us below deck (for it was far gone in October, and we had stiff and blowing weather) how did thy officious ministerings, still catering for our comfort, with cards, and
20 cordials, and thy more cordial conversation, alleviate the closeness and the confinement of thy else (truth to say) not very savoury, nor very inviting, little cabin!

With these additaments to boot, we had on board a fellow-passenger, whose discourse in verity might have beguiled a longer voyage than we meditated, and have made mirth and wonder abound as far as the Azores. He was a dark, Spanish-complexioned young man, remarkably handsome, with an officer-like assurance, and an insuppressible volubility of assertion. He was, in fact, the greatest liar I had
30 met with then, or since. He was none of your hesitating, half story-tellers (a most painful description of mortals) who go on sounding your belief, and only giving you as much as they see you can swallow at a time—the nibbling pickpockets of your patience—but one who committed downright, daylight depredations upon his neighbour's faith. He did not stand shivering upon the brink, but was a hearty, thorough-

paced liar, and plunged at once into the depths of your credulity. I partly believe, he made pretty sure of his company. Not many rich, not many wise, or learned, composed at that time the common stowage of a Margate packet. We were, I am afraid, a set of as unseasoned Londoners (let our enemies give it a worse name) as Aldermanbury, or Watling Street, at that time of day could have supplied. There might be an exception or two among us, but I scorn to make any invidious distinctions among such a jolly, companionable ship's company, as those were whom I sailed with. Some- 10 thing too must be conceded to the *Genius Loci*. Had the confident fellow told us half the legends on land, which he favoured us with on the other element, I flatter myself the good sense of most of us would have revolted. But we were in a new world, with everything unfamiliar about us, and the time and place disposed us to the reception of any prodigious marvel whatsoever. Time has obliterated from my memory much of his wild fablings; and the rest would appear but dull, as written, and to be read on shore. He had been Aide-de-camp (among other rare accidents and fortunes) 20 to a Persian prince, and at one blow had stricken off the head of the King of Carimania on horseback. He, of course, married the Prince's daughter. I forget what unlucky turn in the politics of that court, combining with the loss of his consort, was the reason of his quitting Persia; but with the rapidity of a magician, he transported himself, along with his hearers, back to England, where we still found him in the confidence of great ladies. There was some story of a Princess—Elizabeth, if I remember—having entrusted to his care an extraordinary casket of jewels, upon some extra- 30 ordinary occasion—but, as I am not certain of the name or circumstance at this distance of time, I must leave it to the Royal daughters of England to settle the honour among themselves in private. I cannot call to mind half his pleasant wonders; but I perfectly remember, that in the course of his travels he had seen a phoenix; and he obligingly undeceived

us of the vulgar error, that there is but one of that species at a time, assuring us that they were not uncommon in some parts of Upper Egypt. Hitherto he had found the most implicit listeners. His dreaming fancies had transported us beyond the "ignorant present." But when (still hardying more and more in his triumphs over our simplicity) he went on to affirm that he had actually sailed through the legs of the Colossus at Rhodes, it really became necessary to make a stand. And here I must do justice to the good sense and
10 intrepidity of one of our party, a youth, that had hitherto been one of his most deferential auditors, who, from his recent reading, made bold to assure the gentlemen, that there must be some mistake, as "the Colossus in question had been destroyed long since"; to whose opinion, delivered with all modesty, our hero was obliging enough to concede this much, "the figure was indeed a little damaged." This was the only opposition he met with, and it did not at all seem to stagger him, for he proceeded with his fables, which the same youth appeared to swallow with still more complacency than ever,—
20 confirmed, as it were, by the extreme candour of that concession. With these prodigies he wheedled us on till we came in sight of the Reculvers, which one of our own company (having been the voyage before) immediately recognising, and pointing out to us, was considered by us as no ordinary seaman.

All this time sat upon the edge of the deck quite a different character. It was a lad, apparently very poor, very infirm, and very patient. His eye was ever on the sea, with a smile; and if he caught now and then some snatches of these wild
30 legends, it was by accident, and they seemed not to concern him. The waves to him whispered more pleasant stories. He was as one, being with us, but not of us. He heard the bell of dinner ring without stirring; and when some of us pulled out our private stores—our cold meat and our salads—he produced none, and seemed to want none. Only a solitary biscuit he had laid in; provision for the one or

two days and nights, to which these vessels then were oftentimes obliged to prolong their voyage. Upon a nearer acquaintance with him, which he seemed neither to court nor decline, we learned that he was going to Margate, with the hope of being admitted into the Infirmary there for sea-bathing. His disease was a scrofula, which appeared to have eaten all over him. He expressed great hopes of a cure; and when we asked him, whether he had any friends where he was going, he replied, "he *had* no friends."

These pleasant, and some mournful passages, with the first 10 sight of the sea, co-operating with youth, and a sense of holydays, and out-of-door adventure, to me that had been pent up in populous cities for many months before,—have left upon my mind the fragrance as of summer days gone by, bequeathing nothing but their remembrance for cold and wintry hours to chew upon.

Will it be thought a digression (it may spare some unwelcome comparisons), if I endeavour to account for the *dissatisfaction* which I have heard so many persons confess to have felt (as I did myself feel in part on this occasion) *at the sight* 20 *of the sea for the first time*? I think the reason usually given—referring to the incapacity of actual objects for satisfying our preconceptions of them—scarcely goes deep enough into the question. Let the same person see a lion, an elephant, a mountain, for the first time in his life, and he shall perhaps feel himself a little mortified. The things do not fill up that space, which the idea of them seemed to take up in his mind.

But they have still a correspondency to his first notion, and in time grow up to it, so as to produce a very similar impression: enlarging themselves (if I may say so) upon 30 familiarity. But the sea remains a disappointment.—Is it not, that in *the latter* we had expected to behold (absurdly, I grant, but, I am afraid, by the law of imagination unavoidably) not a definite object, as those wild beasts, or that mountain compassable by the eye, but *all the sea at once*, THE COMMENSURATE ANTAGONIST OF THE EARTH? I do not say we

tell ourselves so much, but the craving of the mind is to be satisfied with nothing less. I will suppose the case of a young person of fifteen (as I then was) knowing nothing of the sea, but from description. He comes to it for the first time—all that he has been reading of it all his life, and *that* the most enthusiastic part of life,—all he has gathered from narratives of wandering seamen ; what he has gained from true voyages, and what he cherishes as credulously from romance and poetry ; crowding their images, and exacting
 10 strange tributes from expectation.—He thinks of the great deep, and of those who go down unto it ; of its thousand isles, and of the vast continents it washes ; of its receiving the mighty Plate, or Orellana, into its bosom, without disturbance, or sense of augmentation ; of Biscay swells, and the mariner

Seasons For many a day, and many a dreadful night,

Incessant labouring round the stormy Cape ;

of fatal rocks, and the “still-vexed Bermoothes” ; *the Tempest* of great whirlpools, and the water-spout ; of sunken ships, and sumless
 20 treasures swallowed up in the unrestoring depths : of fishes and quaint monsters, to which all that is terrible on earth—

Be but as buggs to frighten babes withal,

Compared with the creatures in the sea’s entral ;

Fairy Queen of naked savages, and Juan Fernandez ; of pearls, and shells ; of coral beds, and of enchanted isles ; of mermaids’ grotts—

I do not assert that in sober earnest he expects to be shown all these wonders at once, but he is under the tyranny of a mighty faculty, which haunts him with confused hints and shadows of all these ; and when the actual object opens first
 30 upon him, seen (in tame weather too most likely) from our unromantic coasts—a speck, a slip of sea-water, as it shows to him—what can it prove but a very unsatisfying and even diminutive entertainment ? Or if he has come to it from the mouth of a river, was it much more than the river widening ? and, even out of sight of land, what had he but a flat watery

horizon about him, nothing comparable to the vast o'er-curtaining sky, his familiar object, seen daily without dread or amazement?—Who, in similar circumstances, has not been tempted to exclaim with Charoba, in the poem of Gebir,

Is this the mighty ocean? is this *all*?

I love town, or country; but this detestable Cinque Port is neither. I hate these scrubbed shoots, thrusting out their starved foliage from between the horrid fissures of dusty innutritious rocks; which the amateur calls “verdure to the edge of the sea.” I require woods, and they show me 10 stunted coppices. I cry out for the water-brooks, and pant for fresh streams, and inland murmurs. I cannot stand all day on the naked beach, watching the capricious hues of the sea, shifting like the colours of a dying mullet. I am tired of looking out of the windows of this island-prison. I would fain retire into the interior of my cage. While I gaze upon the sea, I want to be on it, over it, across it. It binds me with chains, as of iron. My thoughts are abroad. I should not so feel in Staffordshire. There is no home for me here. There is no sense of home at Hastings. It is a place of 20 fugitive resort, an heterogeneous assemblage of sea-mews and stock-brokers, Amphitrites ^{sea Gorgons} of the town, and misses that coquet with the Ocean. If it were what it was in its primitive shape, and what it ought to have remained, a fair honest fishing-town, and no more, it were something—with a few straggling fishermen’s huts scattered about, artless as its cliffs, and with their materials filched from them, it were something. I could abide to dwell with Meschech; to assort with fisher-swains, and smugglers. There are, or I dream there are, many of this latter occupation here. Their faces 30 become the place. I like a smuggler. He is the only honest thief. He robs nothing but the revenue,—an abstraction I never greatly cared about. I could go out with them in their mackerel boats, or about their less ostensible business, with some satisfaction. I can even tolerate those poor

victims to monotony, who from day to day pace along the beach, in endless progress and recurrence, to watch their illicit countrymen—townsfolk or brethren perchance—whistling to the sheathing and unsheathing of their cutlasses (their only solace), who under the mild name of preventive service, keep up a legitimated civil warfare in the deplorable absence of a foreign one, to show their detestation of run hollands and zeal for old England. But it is the visitants from town, that come here to *say* that they have been here, 10 with no more relish of the sea than a pond perch, or a dace might be supposed to have, that are my aversion. I feel like a foolish dace in these regions, and have as little toleration for myself here, as for them. What can they want here? if they had a true relish of the ocean, why have they brought all this land luggage with them? or why pitch their civilised tents in the desert? What mean these scanty book-rooms—marine libraries as they entitle them—if the sea were, as they would have us believe, a book “to read strange matter in?” what are their foolish concert-rooms, if 20 they come, as they would fain be thought to do, to listen to the music of the waves? All is false and hollow pretension. They come, because it is the fashion, and to spoil the nature of the place. They are mostly, as I have said, stock-brokers; but I have watched the better sort of them—now and then, an honest citizen (of the old stamp), in the simplicity of his heart, shall bring down his wife and daughters, to taste the sea breezes. I always know the date of their arrival. It is easy to see it in their countenance. A day or two they go wandering on the shingles, picking up cockle-shells, and 30 thinking them great things; but, in a poor week, imagination slackens: they begin to discover that cockles produce no pearls, and then—O then!—if I could interpret for the pretty creatures (I know they have not the courage to confess it themselves) how gladly would they exchange their seaside ramble for a Sunday walk on the green-sward of their accustomed Twickenham meadows!

I would ask of one of these sea-charmed emigrants, who think they truly love the sea, with its wild usages, what would their feelings be, if some of the unsophisticated aborigines of this place, encouraged by their courteous questionings here, should venture, on the face of such assured sympathy between them to return the visit, and came up to see London. I must imagine them with their fishing-tackle on their back, as we carry our town necessities. What a sensation would it cause in Lothbury? What vehement laughter would it not excite among

10

The daughters of Cheapside and wives of Lombard Street.

I am sure that no town-bred, or inland-born subjects, can feel their true and natural nourishment at these sea-places. Nature, where she does not mean us for mariners and vagabonds, bids us stay at home. The salt foam seems to nourish a spleen. I am not half so good-natured as by the milder waters of my natural river. I would exchange these sea-gulls for swans, and scud a swallow for ever about the banks of Thamesis.

THE CONVALESCENT.

A PRETTY severe fit of indisposition which, under the name of 20 a nervous fever, has made a prisoner of me for some weeks past, and is but slowly leaving me, has reduced me to an incapacity of reflecting upon any topic foreign to itself. Expect no healthy conclusions from me this month, reader; I can offer you only sick men's dreams.

And truly the whole state of sickness is such; for what else is it but a magnificent dream for a man to lie a-bed, and draw daylight curtains about him; and, shutting out the sun, to induce a total oblivion of all the works which are going on under it? To become insensible to all the operations of life, 30 except the beatings of one feeble pulse?

If there be a regal solitude, it is a sick bed. How the

patient lords it there ; what caprices he acts without control ! how king-like he sways his pillow—tumbling, and tossing, and shifting, and lowering, and thumping, and flattening, and moulding it, to the ever-varying requisitions of his throbbing temples.

He changes *sides* oftener than a politician. Now he lies full-length, then half-length, obliquely, transversely, head and feet quite across the bed ; and none accuses him of tergiversation. Within the four curtains he is absolute. They are his *Mare Clausum*.

How sickness enlarges the dimensions of a man's self to himself ! he is his own exclusive object. Supreme selfishness is inculcated upon him as his only duty. 'Tis the Two Tables of the Law to him. He has nothing to think of but how to get well. What passes out of doors, or within them, so he hear not the jarring of them, affects him not.

A little while ago he was greatly concerned in the event of a law-suit, which was to be the making or the marring of his dearest friend. He was to be seen trudging about upon this 20 man's errand to fifty quarters of the town at once, jogging this witness, refreshing that solicitor. The cause was to come on yesterday. He is absolutely as indifferent to the decision, as if it were a question to be tried at Peking. Peradventure from some whispering, going on about the house, not intended for his hearing, he picks up enough to make him understand, that things went cross-grained in the Court yesterday, and his friend is ruined. But the word "friend," and the word "ruin," disturb him no more than so much jargon. He is not to think of anything but how to get better.

30 What a world of foreign cares are merged in that absorbing consideration !

He has put on his strong armour of sickness, he is wrapped in the callous hide of suffering, he keeps his sympathy, like some curious vintage, under trusty lock and key, for his own use only.

He lies pitying himself, honing and moaning to himself ;

be yearneth over himself ; his bowels are even melted within him, to think what he suffers ; he is not ashamed to weep over himself.

He is for ever plotting how to do some good to himself ; studying little stratagems and artificial alleviations.

He makes the most of himself ; dividing himself, by an allowable fiction, into as many distinct individuals, as he hath sore and sorrowing members. Sometimes he meditates—as of a thing apart from him—upon his poor aching head, and that dull pain which, dozing or waking, lay in it all the past 10 night like a log, or palpable substance of pain, not to be removed without opening the very skull, as it seemed, to take it thence. Or he pities his long, clammy, attenuated fingers. He compassionates himself all over ; and his bed is a very discipline of humanity, and tender heart.

He is his own sympathiser ; and instinctively feels that none can so well perform that office for him. He cares for few spectators to his tragedy. Only that punctual face of the old nurse pleases him, that announces his broths, and his cordials. He likes it because it is so unmoved, and because 20 he can pour forth his feverish ejaculations before it as unreservedly as to his bed-post.

To the world's business he is dead. He understands not what the callings and occupations of mortals are ; only he has a glimmering conceit of some such thing, when the doctor makes his daily call ; and even in the lines on that busy face he reads no multiplicity of patients, but solely conceives of himself as *the sick man*. To what other uneasy couch the good man is hastening, when he slips out of his chamber, folding up his thin *douceur* so carefully for fear of rustling—is no 30 speculation which he can at present entertain. He thinks only of the regular return of the same phenomenon at the same hour to-morrow.

Household rumours touch him not. Some faint murmur, indicative of life going on within the house, soothes him, while he knows not distinctly what it is. He is not to know

anything, not to think of anything. Servants gliding up or down the distant staircase, treading as upon velvet, gently keep his ear awake, so long as he troubles not himself further than with some feeble guess at their errands. Exacter knowledge would be a burthen to him : he can just endure the pressure of conjecture. He opens his eye faintly at the dull stroke of the muffled knocker, and closes it again without asking "Who was it?" He is flattered by a general notion that inquiries are making after him, but he cares not
 10 to know the name of the inquirer. In the general stillness, and awful hush of the house, he lies in state, and feels his sovereignty.

To be sick is to enjoy monarchal prerogatives. Compare the silent tread, and quiet ministry, almost by the eye only, with which he is served—with the careless demeanour, the unceremonious goings in and out (slapping of doors, or leaving them open) of the very same attendants, when he is getting a little better—and you will confess, that from the bed of sickness (throne let me rather call it) to the elbow chair of
 20 convalescence, is a fall from dignity, amounting to a deposition.

How convalescence shrinks a man back to his pristine stature! where is now the space, which he occupied so lately, in his own, in the family's eye?

The scene of his regalities, his sick room, which was his presence-chamber, where he lay and acted his despotic fancies—how is it reduced to a common bed-room! The trimness of the very bed has something petty and unmeaning about it. It is *made* every day. How unlike to that wavy,
 30 many-furrowed, oceanic surface, which it presented so short a time since, when to *make* it was a service not to be thought of at oftener than three or four day revolutions, when the patient was with pain and grief to be lifted for a little while out of it, to submit to the encroachments of unwelcome neatness, and decencies which his shaken frame deprecated; then to be lifted into it again, for another three or four days'

respite, to flounder it out of shape again, while every fresh furrow was a historical record of some shifting posture, some uneasy turning, some seeking for a little ease; and the shrunken skin scarce told a truer story than the crumpled coverlid.

Hushed are those mysterious sighs—those groans—so much more awful, while we knew not from what caverns of vast hidden suffering they proceeded. The Lernean pangs are quenched. The riddle of sickness is solved; and Philoctetes is become an ordinary personage.

Perhaps some relic of the sick man's dream of greatness survives in the still lingering visitations of the medical attendant. But how is he too changed with everything else! Can this be he—this man of news—of chat—of anecdote—of everything but physic—can this be he, who so lately came between the patient and his cruel enemy, as on some solemn embassy from Nature, erecting herself into a high mediating party?—Pshaw! 'tis some old woman.

Farewell with him all that made sickness pompous—the spell that hushed the household—the desert-like stillness, felt throughout its inmost chambers—the mute attendance—the inquiry by looks—the still softer delicacies of self-attention—the sole and single eye of distemper alone fixed upon itself—world-thoughts excluded—the man a world unto himself—his own theatre—

What a speck is he dwindled into!

In this flat swamp of convalescence, left by the ebb of sickness, yet far enough from the terra firma of established health, your note, dear Editor, reached me, requesting—an article. In Articulo Mortis, thought I; but it is something hard—and the quibble, wretched as it was, relieved me. The summons, unseasonable as it appeared, seemed to link me on again to the petty businesses of life, which I had lost sight of; a gentle call to activity, however trivial; a wholesome weaning from that preposterous dream of self-absorption—the puffy

state of sickness—in which I confess to have lain so long, insensible to the magazines and monarchies of the world alike; to its laws and to its literature. The hypochondriac flatus is subsiding; the acres, which in imagination I had spread over—for the sick man swells in the sole contemplation of his single sufferings, till he becomes a Tityus to himself—are wasting to a span; and for the giant of self-importance, which I was so lately, you have me once again in my natural pretensions—the lean and meagre figure of your insignificant
10 Essayist.

Very much
SANITY OF TRUE GENIUS. *Criticisms*

So far from the position holding true, that great wit (or genius, in our modern way of speaking) has a necessary alliance with insanity, the greatest wits, on the contrary, will ever be found to be the sanest writers. It is impossible for the mind to conceive a mad Shakspeare. The greatness of wit, by which the poetic talent is here chiefly to be understood, manifests itself in the admirable balance of all the faculties. Madness is the disproportionate straining or excess of any one of them. “So strong a wit,” says Cowley
20 speaking of a poetical friend,

“—did Nature to him frame,
As all things but his judgment overcame;
His judgment like the heavenly moon did show,
Tempering that mighty sea below,”

The ground of the mistake is, that men, finding in the raptures of the higher poetry a condition of exaltation, to which they have no parallel in their own experience, besides the spurious resemblance of it in dreams and fevers, impute a state of dreaminess and fever to the poet. But the true
30 poet dreams being awake. He is not possessed by his subject, but has dominion over it. In the groves of Eden he walks familiar as in his native paths. He ascends the empyrean

blazing
0 1

heaven, and is not intoxicated. He treads the burning marl without dismay; he wins his flight without self-loss through realms "of chaos and old night." Or if, abandoning himself to that severer chaos of a "human mind untuned," he is content awhile to be mad with Lear, or to hate mankind (a sort of madness) with Timon, neither is that madness, nor this misanthropy, so unchecked, but that,—never letting the reins of reason wholly go, while most he seems to do so,—he has his better genius still whispering at his ear, with the good servant Kent suggesting saner counsels, or with the 10 honest steward Flavius recommending kindlier resolutions. Where he seems most to recede from humanity, he will be found the truest to it. From beyond the scope of Nature if he summon possible existences, he subjugates them to the law of her consistency. He is beautifully loyal to that sovereign directress, even when he appears most to betray and desert her. His ideal tribes submit to policy; his very monsters are tamed to his hand, even as that wild sea-brood, shepherded by Proteus. He tames and he clothes them with attributes of flesh and blood, till they wonder at themselves, 20 like Indian Islanders forced to submit to European vesture. Caliban, the Witches, are as true to the laws of their own nature (ours with a difference), as Othello, Hamlet, and Macbeth. Herein the great and the little wits are differenced; that if the latter wander ever so little from nature or actual existence, they lose themselves, and their readers. Their phantoms are lawless; their visions nightmares. They do not create, which implies shaping and consistency. Their imaginations are not active—for to be active is to call something into act and form—but passive, as men in sick 30 dreams. For the super-natural, or something superadded to what we know of nature, they give you the plainly non-natural. And if this were all, and that these mental hallucinations were discoverable only in the treatment of subjects out of nature, or transcending it, the judgment might with some plea be pardoned if it ran riot, and a little

wantonized : but even in the describing of real and every-day life, that which is before their eyes, one of these lesser wits shall more deviate from nature—show more of that inconsequence, which has a natural alliance with frenzy,—than a great genius in his “maddest fits,” as Wither somewhere calls them. We appeal to any one that is acquainted with the common run of Lane’s novels,—as they existed some twenty or thirty years back,—those scanty intellectual viands of the whole female reading public, till a happier

10 genius arose, and expelled for ever the innutritious phantoms,—whether he has not found his brain more “betossed,” his memory more puzzled, his sense of when and where more confounded, among the improbable events, the incoherent incidents, the inconsistent characters, or no-characters, of some third-rate love intrigue—where the persons shall be a Lord Glendamour and a Miss Rivers, and the scene only alternate between Bath and Bond Street—a more bewildering dreaminess induced upon him, than he has felt wandering over all the fairy grounds of Spenser. In the productions

20 we refer to, nothing but names and places is familiar ; the persons are neither of this world nor of any other conceivable one ; an endless string of activities without purpose, or purposes destitute of motive :—we meet phantoms in our known walks ; *fantasques* only christened. In the poet we have names which announce fiction ; and we have absolutely no place at all, for the things and persons of the Fairy Queen prate not of their “whereabout.” But in their inner nature, and the law of their speech and actions, we are at home and upon acquainted ground. The one turns life into a dream ;

30 the other to the wildest dreams gives the sobrieties of everyday occurrences. By what subtle art of tracing the mental processes it is effected, we are not philosophers enough to explain, but in that wonderful episode of the cave of Mammon, in which the Money God appears first in the lowest form of a miser, is then a worker of metals, and becomes the god of all the treasures of the world : and has a

daughter, Ambition, before whom all the world kneels for favours—with the Hesperian fruit, the waters of Tantalus, with Pilate washing his hands vainly, but not impertinently, in the same stream—that we should be at one moment in the cave of an old hoarder of treasures, at the next at the forge of the Cyclops, in a palace and yet in hell, all at once, with the shifting mutations of the most rambling dream, and our judgment yet all the time awake, and neither able nor willing to detect the fallacy,—is a proof of that hidden sanity which still guides the poet in the widest seeming- 10 aberrations.

It is not enough to say that the whole episode is a copy of the mind's conceptions in sleep ; it is, in some sort—but what a copy ! Let the most romantic of us, that has been entertained all night with the spectacle of some wild and magnificent vision, recombine it in the morning, and try it by his waking judgment. That which appeared so shifting, and yet so coherent, while that faculty was passive, when it comes under cool examination, shall appear so reasonless and so unlinked, that we are ashamed to have been so deluded ; and 20 to have taken, though but in sleep, a monster for a god. But the transitions in this episode are every whit as violent as in the most extravagant dream, and yet the waking judgment ratifies them.

CAPTAIN JACKSON.

AMONG the deaths in our obituary for this month, I observe with concern, "At his cottage on the Bath road, Captain Jackson." The name and attribution are common enough ; but a feeling like reproach persuades me, that this could have been no other in fact than my dear old friend, who some five-and-twenty years ago rented a tenement, which he was 30 pleased to dignify with the appellation here used, about a mile from Westbourn Green. Alack, how good men, and the good turns they do us, slide out of memory, and are

recalled but by the surprise of some such sad memento as that which now lies before us !

He whom I mean was a retired half-pay officer, with a wife and two grown-up daughters, whom he maintained with the port and notions of gentlewomen upon that slender professional allowance. Comely girls they were too.

And was I in danger of forgetting this man ?—his cheerful suppers—the noble tone of hospitality, when first you set your foot in *the cottage*—the anxious ministerings about you, 10 where little or nothing (God knows) was to be ministered.—Althea's horn in a poor platter—the power of self-entertainment, by which, in his magnificent wishes to entertain you, he multiplied his means to bounties.

You saw with your bodily eyes indeed what seemed a bare scrag—cold savings from the foregone meal—remnant hardly sufficient to send a mendicant from the door contented. But in the copious will—the revelling imagination of your host—the “mind, the mind, Master Shallow,” whole beeves were spread before you—hecatombs—no end appeared to the pro- 20 fusion.

It was the widow's cruse—the loaves and fishes ; carving could not lessen nor helping diminish it—the stamina were left—the elemental bone still flourished, divested of its accidents.

“Let us live while we can,” methinks I hear the open-handed creature exclaim ; “while we have, let us not want” ; “here is plenty left” ; “want for nothing”—with many more such hospitable sayings, the spurs of appetite, and old concomitants of smoking boards, and feast-oppressed 30 chargers. Then sliding a slender ratio of Single Gloucester upon his wife's plate, or the daughters', he would convey the remnant rind into his own, with a merry quirk of “the nearer the bone,” etc., and declaring that he universally preferred the outside. For we had our table distinctions, you are to know, and some of us in a manner sate above the salt. None but his guest or guests dreamed of tasting flesh

luxuries at night, the fragments were *verè hospitibus sacra*. But of one thing or another there was always enough, and leavings: only he would sometimes finish the remainder crust, to show that he wished no savings.

Wine we had none; nor, except on very rare occasions, spirits; but the sensation of wine was there. Some thin kind of ale I remember—"British beverage," he would say. "Push about, my boys;" "Drink to your sweethearts, girls." At every meagre draught a toast must ensue, or a song. All the forms of good liquor were there, with none of the effects 10 wanting. Shut your eyes, and you would swear a capacious bowl of punch was foaming in the centre, with beams of generous Port or Madeira radiating to it from each of the table corners. You got flustered without knowing whence; tipsy upon words; and reeled under the potency of his unperforming Bacchanalian encouragements.

We had our songs—"Why, Soldiers, Why"—and the "British Grenadiers"—in which last we were all obliged to bear chorus. Both the daughters sang. Their proficiency was a nightly theme—the masters he had given them—the 20 "no-expense" which he spared to accomplish them in a science "so necessary to young women." But then—they could not sing "without the instrument."

Sacred, and, by me, never-to-be-violated, Secrets of Poverty! Should I disclose your honest aims at grandeur, your make-shift efforts of magnificence? Sleep, sleep, with all thy broken keys, if one of the bunch be extant; thrummed by a thousand ancestral thumbs; dear, cracked spinnet of dearer Louisa! Without mention of mine, be dumb, thou thin accompanier of her thinner warble! A veil be spread over 30 the dear delighted face of the well-deluded father, who now haply listening to cherubic notes, scarce feels sincerer pleasure than when she awakened thy time-shaken chords responsive to the twitterings of that slender image of a voice.

We were not without our literary talk either. It did not

extend far, but as far as it went, it was good. It was bottomed well; had good grounds to go upon. In *the cottage* was a room, which tradition authenticated to have been the same in which Glover, in his occasional retirements, had penned the greater part of his *Leonidas*. This circumstance was nightly quoted, though none of the present inmates, that I could discover, appeared ever to have met with the poem in question. But that was no matter. Glover had written there, and the anecdote was pressed into the
10 account of the family importance. It diffused a learned air through the apartment, the little side casement of which (the poet's study window), opening upon a superb view as far as the pretty spire of Harrow, over domains and patrimonial acres, not a rood nor square yard whereof our host could call his own, yet gave occasion to an immoderate expansion of—vanity shall I call it?—in his bosom, as he showed them in a glowing summer evening. It was all his, he took it all in, and communicated rich portions of it to his guests. It was a part of his largess, his hospitality; it was
20 going over his grounds; he was lord for the time of showing them, and you the implicit lookers-up to his magnificence.

He was a juggler, who threw mists before your eyes—you had no time to detect his fallacies. He would say, “Hand me the *silver* sugar tongs;” and before you could discover that it was a single spoon, and that *plated*, he would disturb and captivate your imagination by a misnomer of “the urn” for a tea-kettle; or by calling a homely bench a sofa. Rich men direct you to their furniture, poor ones divert you from it; he neither did one nor the other, but by simply assuming
30 that everything was handsome about him, you were positively at a demur what you did, or did not see, at *the cottage*. With nothing to live on, he seemed to live on everything. He had a stock of wealth in his mind; not that which is properly termed *Content*, for in truth he was not to be *contained* at all, but overflowed all bounds by the force of a magnificent self-delusion.

Enthusiasm is catching ; and even his wife, a sober native of North Britain, who generally saw things more as they were, was not proof against the continual collision of his credulity. Her daughters were rational and discreet young women ; in the main, perhaps, not insensible to their true circumstances. I have seen them assume a thoughtful air at times. But such was the preponderating opulence of his fancy, that I am persuaded, not for any half-hour together did they ever look their own prospects fairly in the face. There was no resisting the vortex of his temperament. His 10 riotous imagination conjured up handsome settlements before their eyes, which kept them up in the eye of the world too, and seem at last to have realised themselves ; for they both have married since, I am told, more than respectably.

It is long since, and my memory waxes dim on some subjects, or I should wish to convey some notion of the manner in which the pleasant creature described the circumstances of his own wedding-day. I faintly remember something of a chaise and four, in which he made his entry into Glasgow on that morning to fetch the bride home, or carry her 20 thither, I forget which. It so completely made out the stanza of the old ballad—

When we came down through Glasgow town,
 We were a comely sight to see ;
 My love was clad in black velvet,
 And I myself in cramasie. PALGRAVE, p. 124.

I suppose it was the only occasion upon which his own actual splendour at all corresponded with the world's notions on that subject. In homely cart, or travelling caravan, by whatever humble vehicle they chanced to be transported in 30 less prosperous days, the ride through Glasgow came back upon his fancy, not as a humiliating contrast, but as a fair occasion for reverting to that one day's state. It seemed an "equipage etern" from which no power of fate or fortune, once mounted, had power thereafter to dislodge him.

There is some merit in putting a handsome face upon indigent circumstances. To bully and swagger away the sense of them before strangers, may not be always commendable. Tibbs, and Bobadil, even when detected, have more of our admiration than contempt. But for a man to put the cheat upon himself; to play the Bobadil at home; and, steeped in poverty up to the lips, to fancy himself all the while chin-deep in riches, is a strain of constitutional philosophy, and a mastery over fortune, which was reserved
10 for my old friend Captain Jackson.

THE SUPERANNUATED MAN.

Sera tamen respexit

Libertas.

VIRGIL.

A Clerk I was in London gay.

O'KEEFE.

IF peradventure, Reader, it has been thy lot to waste the golden years of thy life—thy shining youth—in the irksome confinement of an office; to have thy prison days prolonged through middle age down to decrepitude and silver hairs, without hope of release or respite; to have lived to forget that there are such things as holydays, or to remember them
20 but as the prerogatives of childhood; then, and then only, will you be able to appreciate my deliverance.

It is now six-and-thirty years since I took my seat at the desk in Mincing Lane. Melancholy was the transition at fourteen from the abundant playtime, and the frequently-intervening vacations of school-days, to the eight, nine, and sometimes ten hours a day attendance at a counting-house. But time partially reconciles us to anything. I gradually became content—doggedly content, as wild animals in cages.

It is true I had my Sundays to myself; but Sundays,
30 admirable as the institution of them is for purposes of worship, are for that very reason the very worst adapted for days of unbending and recreation. In particular, there is a

gloom for me attendant upon a city Sunday, a weight in the air. I miss the cheerful cries of London, the music, and the ballad-singers—the buzz and stirring murmur of the streets. Those eternal bells depress me. The closed shops repel me. Prints, pictures, all the glittering and endless succession of knacks and gewgaws, and ostentatiously displayed wares of tradesmen, which make a week-day saunter through the less busy parts of the metropolis so delightful—are shut out. No book-stalls deliciously to idle over—no busy faces to recreate the idle man who contemplates them ever passing 10 by—the very face of business a charm by contrast to his temporary relaxation from it. Nothing to be seen but unhappy countenances—or half-happy at best—of emancipated 'prentices and little trades-folks, with here and there a servant-maid that has got leave to go out, who, slaving all the week, with the habit has lost almost the capacity of enjoying a free hour; and livelily expressing the hollowness of a day's pleasuring. The very strollers in the fields on that day looked anything but comfortable.

But besides Sundays I had a day at Easter, and a day at 20 Christmas, with a full week in the summer to go and air myself in my native fields of Hertfordshire. This last was a great indulgence; and the prospect of its recurrence, I believe, alone kept me up through the year, and made my durance tolerable. But when the week came round, did the glittering phantom of the distance keep touch with me? or rather was it not a series of seven uneasy days, spent in restless pursuit of pleasure, and a wearisome anxiety to find out how to make the most of them? Where was the quiet, where the promised rest? Before I had a taste of it, it was 30 vanished. I was at the desk again, counting upon the fifty-one tedious weeks that must intervene before such another snatch would come. Still the prospect of its coming threw something of an illumination upon the darker side of my captivity. Without it, as I have said, I could scarcely have sustained my thralldom.

Independently of the rigours of attendance, I have ever been haunted with a sense (perhaps a mere caprice) of incapacity for business. This, during my latter years, had increased to such a degree, that it was visible in all the lines of my countenance. My health and my good spirits flagged. I had perpetually a dread of some crisis, to which I should be found unequal. Besides my daylight servitude, I served over again all night in my sleep, and would awake with terrors of imaginary false entries, errors in my accounts, and
10 the like. I was fifty years of age, and no prospect of emancipation presented itself. I had grown to my desk, as it were; and the wood had entered into my soul.

My fellows in the office would sometimes rally me upon the trouble legible in my countenance; but I did not know that it had raised the suspicions of any of my employers, when on the fifth of last month, a day ever to be remembered by me, L——, the junior partner in the firm, calling me on one side, directly taxed me with my bad looks, and frankly inquired the cause of them. So taxed, I honestly made con-
20 fession of my infirmity, and added that I was afraid I should eventually be obliged to resign his service. He spoke some words of course to hearten me, and there the matter rested. A whole week I remained labouring under the impression that I had acted imprudently in my disclosure; that I had foolishly given a handle against myself, and had been anticipating my own dismissal. A week passed in this manner, the most anxious one, I verily believe, in my whole life, when on the evening of the 12th of April, just as I was about quitting my desk to go home (it might be about eight o'clock), I
30 received an awful summons to attend the presence of the whole assembled firm in the formidable back parlour. I thought now my time is surely come, I have done for myself, I am going to be told that they have no longer occasion for me. L——, I could see, smiled at the terror I was in, which was a little relief to me,—when to my utter astonishment B——, the eldest partner, began a formal harangue to me on

the length of my services, my very meritorious conduct during the whole of the time (the deuce, thought I, how did he find out that? I protest I never had the confidence to think as much). He went on to descant on the expediency of retiring at a certain time of life (how my heart panted!), and asking me a few questions as to the amount of my own property, of which I have a little, ended with a proposal, to which his three partners nodded a grave assent, that I should accept from the house, which I had served so well, a pension for life to the amount of two-thirds of my accustomed salary 10—a magnificent offer! I do not know what I answered between surprise and gratitude, but it was understood that I accepted their proposal, and I was told that I was free from that hour to leave their service. I stammered out a bow, and at just ten minutes after eight I went home—forever. This noble benefit—gratitude forbids me to conceal their names—I owe to the kindness of the most munificent firm in the world—the house of Boldero, Merryweather, Bosanquet, and Lacy.

Esto perpetua!

20

For the first day or two I felt stunned, overwhelmed. I could only apprehend my felicity; I was too confused to taste it sincerely. I wandered about, thinking I was happy, and knowing that I was not. I was in the condition of a prisoner in the old Bastille, suddenly let loose after a forty years' confinement. I could scarce trust myself with myself. It was like passing out of Time into Eternity—for it is a sort of Eternity for a man to have his Time all to himself. It seemed to me that I had more time on my hands than I could ever manage. From a poor man, poor in Time, I was sud- 30-
denly lifted up into a vast revenue; I could see no end of my possessions; I wanted some steward, or judicious bailiff, to manage my estates in Time for me. And here let me caution persons grown old in active business, not lightly, nor without weighing their own resources, to forego their cus-

tomary employment all at once, for there may be danger in it. I feel it by myself, but I know that my resources are sufficient ; and now that those first giddy raptures have subsided, I have a quiet home-feeling of the blessedness of my condition. I am in no hurry. Having all holidays, I am as though I had none. If Time hung heavy upon me, I could walk it away ; but I do *not* walk all day long, as I used to do in those old transient holidays, thirty miles a day, to make the most of them. If Time were troublesome, I could
 10 read it away, but I do *not* read in that violent measure with which, having no Time my own but candlelight Time, I used to weary out my head and eyesight in bygone winters. I walk, read, or scribble (as now) just when the fit seizes me. I no longer hunt after pleasure ; I let it come to me. I am like the man

—that's born, and has his years come to him,
 In some green desert.

“Years,” you will say ; “what is this superannuated simpleton calculating upon ? He has already told us he is
 20 past fifty.”

I have indeed lived nominally fifty years, but deduct out of them the hours which I have lived to other people, and not to myself, and you will find me still a young fellow. For *that* is the only true Time, which a man can properly call his own, that which he has all to himself ; the rest, though in some sense he may be said to live it, is other people's time, not his. The remnant of my poor days, long or short, is at least multiplied for me threefold. My ten next years, if I stretch so far, will be as long as any preceding
 30 thirty. 'Tis a fair rule-of-three sum.

Among the strange fantasies which beset me at the commencement of my freedom, and of which all traces are not yet gone, one was, that a vast tract of time had intervened since I quitted the Counting House. I could not conceive of it as an affair of yesterday. The partners, and the clerks, with whom I had for so many years, and for so many hours

in each day of the year, been so closely associated—being suddenly removed from them—they seemed as dead to me. There is a fine passage, which may serve to illustrate this fancy, in a Tragedy by Sir Robert Howard, speaking of a friend's death :—

—'Twas but just now he went away ;
I have not since had time to shed a tear ;
And yet the distance does the same appear
As if he had been a thousand years from me.
Time takes no measure in Eternity.

10

To dissipate this awkward feeling, I have been fain to go among them once or twice since : to visit my old desk-fellows—my co-brethren of the quill—that I had left below in the state militant. Not all the kindness with which they received me could quite restore to me that pleasant familiarity, which I had heretofore enjoyed among them. We cracked some of our old jokes, but methought they went off but faintly. My old desk ; the peg where I hung my hat, were appropriated to another. I knew it must be, but I could not take it kindly. D——I take me, if I did not feel some 20 remorse—beast, if I had not,—at quitting my old compeers, the faithful partners of my toils for six-and-thirty years, that smoothed for me with their jokes and conundrums the ruggedness of my professional road. Had it been so rugged then after all? or was I a coward simply? Well, it is too late to repent ; and I also know, that these suggestions are a common fallacy of the mind on such occasions. But my heart smote me. I had violently broken the bands betwixt us. It was at least not courteous. I shall be some time before I get quite reconciled to the separation. Farewell, 30 old cronies, yet not for long, for again and again I will come among ye, if I shall have your leave. Farewell Ch——, dry, sarcastic, and friendly ! Do——, mild, slow to move, and gentlemanly ! Pl——, officious to do, and to volunteer, good services !—and thou, thou dreary pile, fit mansion for a Gresham or a Whittington of old, stately House of Merchants ;

with thy labyrinthine passages, and light-excluding, pent-up offices, where candles for one half the year supplied the place of the sun's light ; unhealthy contributor to my weal, stern fosterer of my living, farewell ! In thee remain, and not in the obscure collection of some wandering bookseller, my "works !" There let them rest, as I do from my labours, piled on thy massy shelves, more MSS. in folio than ever Aquinas left, and full as useful ! My mantle I bequeath among ye.

- 10 A fortnight has passed since the date of my first communication. At that period I was approaching to tranquillity, but had not reached it. I boasted of a calm indeed, but it was comparative only. Something of the first flutter was left ; an unsettling sense of novelty ; the dazzle to weak eyes of unaccustomed light. I missed my old chains, forsooth, as if they had been some necessary part of my apparel. I was a poor Carthusian, from strict cellular discipline suddenly by some revolution returned upon the world. I am now as if I had never been other than my own master. It is natural to
- 20 me to go where I please, to do what I please. I find myself at eleven o'clock in the day in Bond Street, and it seems to me that I have been sauntering there at that very hour for years past. I digress into Soho, to explore a book-stall. Methinks I have been thirty years a collector. There is nothing strange nor new in it. I find myself before a fine picture in the morning. Was it ever otherwise ? What has become of Fish Street Hill ? Where is Fenchurch Street ? Stones of old Mincing Lane which I have worn with my daily pilgrimage for six-and-thirty years, to the footsteps of
- 30 what toil-worn clerk are your everlasting flints now vocal ? I indent the gayer flags of Pall Mall. It is 'Change time, and I am strangely among the Elgin marbles. It was no hyperbole when I ventured to compare the change in my condition to a passing into another world. Time stands still in a manner to me. I have lost all distinction of season. I do not know the day of the week, or of the month. Each

day used to be individually felt by me in its reference to the foreign post days ; in its distance from, or propinquity to, the next Sunday. I had my Wednesday feelings, my Saturday nights' sensations. The genius of each day was upon me distinctly during the whole of it, affecting my appetite, spirits, etc. The phantom of the next day, with the dreary five to follow, sate as a load upon my poor Sabbath recreations. What charm has washed the Ethiop white ? What is gone of Black Monday ? All days are the same. Sunday itself—that unfortunate failure of a holiday as it too often proved, 10 what with my sense of its fugitiveness, and over-care to get the greatest quantity of pleasure out of it—is melted down into a week-day. I can spare to go to church now, without grudging the huge cantle which it used to seem to cut out of the holiday. I have Time for everything. I can visit a sick friend. I can interrupt the man of much occupation, when he is busiest. I can insult over him with an invitation to take a day's pleasure with me to Windsor this fine May-morning. It is Lucretian pleasure to behold the poor drudges, whom I have left behind in the world, carking and 20 caring ; like horses in a mill, drudging on in the same eternal round—and what is it all for ? A man can never have too much Time to himself, nor too little to do. Had I a little son, I would christen him NOTHING-TO-DO ; he should do nothing. Man, I verily believe, is out of his element as long as he is operative. I am altogether for the life contemplative. Will no kindly earthquake come and swallow up those accursed cotton-mills ? Take me that lumber of a desk there, and bowl it down

As low as to the fiends.

30

I am no longer * * *, clerk to the Firm of, &c. I am Retired Leisure. I am to be met with in trim gardens. I am already come to be known by my vacant face and careless gesture, perambulating at no fixed pace nor with any settled purpose. I walk about ; not to and from. They tell me, a

certain *cum dignitate* air, that has been buried so long with my other good parts, has begun to shoot forth in my person. I grow into gentility perceptibly. When I take up a newspaper, it is to read the state of the opera. *Opus operatum est.* I have done all that I came into this world to do. I have worked task-work, and have the rest of the day to myself.

THE GENTEEL STYLE IN WRITING.

- It is an ordinary criticism, that my Lord Shaftesbury, and Sir William Temple, are models of the genteel style in writing. We should prefer saying—of the lordly, and the gentle-
- 10 manly. Nothing can be more unlike than the inflated finical rhapsodies of Shaftesbury and the plain natural chit-chat of Temple. The man of rank is discernible in both writers; but in the one it is only insinuated gracefully, in the other it stands out offensively. The peer seems to have written with his coronet on, and his Earl's mantle before him; the commoner in his elbow chair and undress. What can be more pleasant than the way in which the retired statesman peeps out in his essays, penned by the latter in his delightful retreat at Shene? They scent of Nimeguen, and the Hague.
- 20 Scarce an authority is quoted under an ambassador. Don Francisco de Melo, a "Portugal Envoy in England," tells him it was frequent in his country for men, spent with age and other decays, so as they could not hope for above a year or two of life, to ship themselves away in a Brazil fleet, and after their arrival there to go on a great length, sometimes of twenty or thirty years, or more, by the force of that vigour they recovered with that remove. "Whether such an effect (Temple beautifully adds) might grow from the air, or the fruits of that climate, or by approaching nearer the sun,
- 30 which is the fountain of light and heat, when their natural heat was so far decayed: or whether the piecing out of an old man's life were worth the pains, I cannot tell: perhaps

the play is not worth the candle.”—Monsieur Pompone, “French ambassador in his (Sir William’s) time at the Hague,” certifies him, that in his life he had never heard of any man in France that arrived at a hundred years of age ; a limitation of life which the old gentleman imputes to the excellence of their climate, giving them such a liveliness of temper and humour, as disposes them to more pleasures of all kinds than in other countries ; and moralises upon the matter very sensibly. The late “Robert, Earl of Leicester” furnishes him with a story of a Countess of Desmond, married 10 out of England in Edward the Fourth’s time, and who lived far in King James’s reign. The “same noble person” gives him an account, how such a year, in the same reign, there went about the country a set of morrice-dancers, composed of ten men who danced, a Maid Marian, and a tabor and pipe ; and how these twelve, one with another, made up twelve hundred years. “It was not so much (says Temple) that so many in one small county (Hertfordshire) should live to that age, as that they should be in vigour and in humour to travel and to dance.” Monsieur Zulichem, one of his “colleagues at 20 the Hague,” informs him of a cure for the gout ; which is confirmed by another “Envoy,” Monsieur Serinchamps, in that town, who had tried it.—Old Prince Maurice of Nassau recommends to him the use of hammocks in that complaint ; having been allured to sleep, while suffering under it himself, by “the constant motion or swinging of those airy beds.” Count Egmont, and the Rhinegrave who “was killed last summer before Maestricht,” impart to him their experiences.

But the rank of the writer is never more innocently disclosed, than where he takes for granted the compliments 30 paid by foreigners to his fruit trees. For the taste and perfection of what we esteem the best, he can truly say, that the French, who have eaten his peaches and grapes at Shene in no very ill year, have generally concluded that the last are as good as any they have eaten in France on this side Fontainebleau ; and the first as good as any they have eat in

Gascony. Italians have agreed his white figs to be as good as any of that sort in Italy, which is the earlier kind of white fig there; for in the later kind and the blue, we cannot come near the warm climates, no more than in the Frontignac or Muscat grape. His orange-trees, too, are as large as any he saw when he was young in France, except those in Fontainebleau; or what he has seen since in the Low Countries, except some very old ones of the Prince of Orange's. Of grapes he had the honour of bringing over four sorts into
10 England, which he enumerates, and supposes that they are all by this time pretty common among some gardeners in his neighbourhood, as well as several persons of quality; for he ever thought all things of this kind "the commoner they are made the better." The garden pedantry with which he asserts that 'tis to little purpose to plant any of the best fruits, as peaches or grapes, hardly, he doubts, beyond Northamptonshire at the furthest northwards; and praises the "Bishop of Munster at Cosevelt," for attempting nothing beyond cherries in that cold climate; is equally pleasant and
20 in character. "I may perhaps" (he thus ends his sweet Garden Essay with a passage worthy of Cowley) "be allowed to know something of this trade, since I have so long allowed myself to be good for nothing else, which few men will do, or enjoy their gardens, without often looking abroad to see how other matters play, what motions in the state, and what invitations they may hope for into other scenes. For my own part, as the country life, and this part of it more particularly, were the inclination of my youth itself, so they are the pleasure of my age; and I can truly say that, among many great
30 employments that have fallen to my share, I have never asked or sought for any of them, but have often endeavoured to escape from them, into the ease and freedom of a private scene, where a man may go his own way and his own pace, in the common paths and circles of life. The measure of choosing well is whether a man likes what he has chosen, which I thank God has befallen me; and though among the follies of

my life, building and planting have not been the least, and have cost me more than I have the confidence to own ; yet they have been fully recompensed by the sweetness and satisfaction of this retreat, where, since my resolution taken of never entering again into any public employments, I have passed five years without ever once going to town, though I am almost in sight of it, and have a house there always ready to receive me. Nor has this been any sort of affectation, as some have thought it, but a mere want of desire or humour to make so small a remove ; for when I am in this corner, I 10 can truly say with Horace, *Me quoties reficit, &c.*

Me, when the cold Digentian stream revives,
 What does my friend believe I think or ask ?
 Let me yet less possess, so I may live,
 Whate'er of life remains, unto myself.
 May I have books enough ; and one year's store,
 Not to depend upon each doubtful hour :
 This is enough of mighty Jove to pray,
 Who, as he pleases, gives and takes away.

The writings of Temple are, in general after this easy 20 copy. On one occasion, indeed, his wit, which was mostly subordinate to nature and tenderness, has seduced him into a string of felicitous antitheses : which, it is obvious to remark, have been a model to Addison and succeeding essayists. "Who would not be covetous, and with reason," he says, "if health could be purchased with gold ? who not ambitious, if it were at the command of power, or restored by honour ? but, alas ! a white staff will not help gouty feet to walk better than a common cane ; nor a blue riband bind up a wound so well as a fillet. The glitter of gold, or of diamonds, 30 will but hurt sore eyes instead of curing them ; and an aching head will be no more eased by wearing a crown, than a common nightcap." In a far better style, and more accordant with his own humour of plainness, are the concluding sentences of his "Discourse upon Poetry." Temple took a part in the controversy about the ancient and the

modern learning ; and with that partiality so natural and so graceful in an old man, whose state engagements had left him little leisure to look into modern productions, while his retirement gave him occasion to look back upon the classic studies of his youth—decided in favour of the latter. “Certain it is,” he says, “that, whether the fierceness of the Gothic humours, or noise of their perpetual wars, frightened it away, or that the unequal mixture of the modern languages would not bear it—the great heights and excellency both of poetry
10 and music fell with the Roman learning and empire, and have never since recovered the admiration and applauses that before attended them. Yet, such as they are amongst us, they must be confessed to be the softest and the sweetest, the most general and most innocent amusements of common time and life. They still find room in the courts of princes, and the cottages of shepherds. They serve to revive and animate the dead calm of poor and idle lives, and to allay or divert the violent passions and perturbations of the greatest and the busiest men. And both these effects are of equal use
20 to human life ; for the mind of man is like the sea, which is neither agreeable to the beholder nor the voyager, in a calm or in a storm, but is so to both when a little agitated by gentle gales ; and so the mind, when moved by soft and easy passions or affections. I know very well that many who pretend to be wise by the forms of being grave, are apt to despise both poetry and music, as toys and trifles too light for the use or entertainment of serious men. But whoever find themselves wholly insensible to their charms, would, I think, do well to keep their own counsel, for fear of re-
30 proaching their own temper, and bringing the goodness of their natures, if not of their understandings, into question. While this world lasts, I doubt not but the pleasure and request of these two entertainments will do so too ; and happy those that content themselves with these, or any other so easy and so innocent, and do not trouble the world or other men, because they cannot be quiet themselves, though

nobody hurts them." "When all is done (he concludes), human life is at the greatest and the best but like a froward child, that must be played with, and humoured a little, to keep it quiet till it falls asleep, and then the care is over."

BARBARA S—.

✓ ON the noon of the 14th of November, 1743 or 4, I forget which it was, just as the clock had struck one, Barbara S—, with her accustomed punctuality, ascended the long rambling staircase, with awkward interposed landing-places, which led to the office, or rather a sort of box with a desk in it, whereat sat the then Treasurer of (what few of our readers 10 may remember) the Old Bath Theatre. All over the island it was the custom, and remains so I believe to this day, for the players to receive their weekly stipend on the Saturday. It was not much that Barbara had to claim.

This little maid had just entered her eleventh year; but her important station at the theatre, as it seemed to her, with the benefits which she felt to accrue from her pious application of her small earnings, had given an air of womanhood to her steps and to her behaviour. You would have taken her to have been at least five years older. 20

Till latterly she had merely been employed in choruses, or where children were wanted to fill up the scene. But the manager, observing a diligence and adroitness in her above her age, had for some few months past intrusted to her the performance of whole parts. You may guess the self-consequence of the promoted Barbara. She had already drawn tears in young Arthur; had rallied Richard with infantine petulance in the Duke of York; and in her turn had rebuked that petulance when she was Prince of Wales. She would have done the elder child in Morton's pathetic 30 after-piece to the life; but as yet the "Children in the Wood" was not.

Long after this little girl was grown an aged woman, I have seen some of these small parts, each making two or three pages at most, copied out in the rudest hand of the then prompter, who doubtless transcribed a little more carefully and fairly for the grown-up tragedy ladies of the establishment. But such as they were, blotted and scrawled, as for a child's use, she kept them all ; and in the zenith of her after-reputation it was a delightful sight to behold them bound up in costliest Morocco, each single—each small part making
10 a *book*—with fine clasps, gilt-splashed, etc. She had conscientiously kept them as they had been delivered to her ; not a blot had been effaced or tampered with. They were precious to her for their affecting remembrancings. They were her principia, her rudiments ; the elementary atoms ; the little steps by which she pressed forward to perfection. “What,” she would say, “could India-rubber, or a pumice stone, have done for these darlings ?”

I am in no hurry to begin my story—indeed I have little or none to tell—so I will just mention an observation of hers
20 connected with that interesting time.

Not long before she died I had been discoursing with her on the quantity of real present emotion which a great tragic performer experiences during acting. I ventured to think that though in the first instance such players must have possessed the feelings which they so powerfully called up in others, yet by frequent repetition those feelings must become deadened in great measure, and the performer trust to the memory of past emotion, rather than express a present one. She indignantly repelled the notion, that with a truly great
30 tragedian the operation, by which such effects were produced upon an audience, could ever degrade itself into what was purely mechanical. With much delicacy, avoiding to instance in her *self* experience, she told me, that so long ago as when she used to play the part of the Little Son to Mrs. Porter's Isabella (I think it was), when that impressive actress has been bending over her in some heartrending colloquy, she

has felt real hot tears come trickling from her, which (to use her powerful expression) have perfectly scalded her back.

I am not quite so sure that it was Mrs. Porter ; but it was some great actress of that day. The name is indifferent ; but the fact of the scalding tears I most distinctly remember.

I was always fond of the society of players, and am not sure that an impediment in my speech (which certainly kept me out of the pulpit) even more than certain personal disqualifications, which are often got over in that profession, 10 did not prevent me at one time of life from adopting it. I havè had the honour (I must ever call it) once to have been admitted to the tea-table of Miss Kelly. I have played at serious whist with Mr. Liston. I have chatted with ever good-humoured Mrs. Charles Kemble. I have conversed as friend to friend with her accomplished husband. I have been indulged with a classical conference with Macready ; and with a sight of the Player-picture gallery, at Mr. Matthews's, when the kind owner, to remunerate me for my love of the 20 old actors (whom he loves so much), went over it with me, supplying to his capital collection, what alone the artist could not give them—voice ; and their living motion. Old tones, half-faded, of Dodd, and Parsons, and Baddeley, have lived again for me at his bidding. Only Edwin he could not restore to me. I have supped with—— ; but I am growing a coxcomb.

As I was about to say—at the desk of the then treasurer of the Old Bath Theatre—not Diamond's—presented herself the little Barbara S—.

The parents of Barbara had been in reputable circum- 30 stances. The father had practised, I believe, as an apothecary in the town. But his practice, from causes which I feel my own infirmity too sensibly that way to arraign—or perhaps from that pure infelicity which accompanies some people in their walk through life, and which it is impossible to lay at the door of imprudence—was now reduced to nothing. They

were, in fact, in the very teeth of starvation, when the manager, who knew and respected them in better days, took the little Barbara into his company.

At the period I commenced with, her slender earnings were the sole support of the family, including two younger sisters. I must throw a veil over some mortifying circumstances. Enough to say, that her Saturday's pittance was the only chance of a Sunday's (generally their only) meal of meat.

- 10 One thing I will only mention, that in some child's part, where in her theatrical character she was to sup off a roast fowl (O joy to Barbara!) some comic actor, who was for the night caterer for this dainty—in the misguided humour of his part, threw over the dish such a quantity of salt (O grief and pain of heart to Barbara!) that when she crammed a portion of it into her mouth, she was obliged sputteringly to reject it; and what with shame of her ill-acted part, and pain of real appetite at missing such a dainty, her little heart sobbed almost to breaking, till a flood of tears, which the
20 well-fed spectators were totally unable to comprehend, mercifully relieved her.

This was the little starved, meritorious maid, who stood before old Ravenscroft, the treasurer, for her Saturday's payment.

- Ravenscroft was a man, I have heard many old theatrical people beside herself say, of all men least calculated for a treasurer. He had no head for accounts, paid away at random, kept scarce any books, and summing up at the week's end, if he found himself a pound or so deficient,
30 blest himself that it was no worse.

Now Barbara's weekly stipend was a bare half guinea.—By mistake he popped into her hand—a whole one.

Barbara tripped away.

She was entirely unconscious at first of the mistake: God knows Ravenscroft would never have discovered it.

But when she got down to the first of those uncouth land-

ing-places, she became sensible of an unusual weight of metal pressing her little hand.

Now mark the dilemma.

She was by nature a good child. From her parents and those about her she had imbibed no contrary influence. But then they had taught her nothing. Poor men's smoky cabins are not always porticoes of moral philosophy. This little maid had no instinct to evil, but then she might be said to have no fixed principle. She had heard honesty commended, but never dreamed of its application to herself. She thought 10 of it as something which concerned grown-up people, men and women. She had never known temptation, or thought of preparing resistance against it.

Her first impulse was to go back to the old treasurer, and explain to him his blunder. He was already so confused with age, besides a natural want of punctuality, that she would have had some difficulty in making him understand it. She saw *that* in an instant. And then it was such a bit of money! and then the image of a larger allowance of butcher's meat on their table next day came across her, till her little 20 eyes glistened, and her mouth moistened. But then Mr. Ravenscroft had always been so good-natured, had stood her friend behind the scenes, and even recommended her promotion to some of her little parts. But again the old man was reputed to be worth a world of money. He was supposed to have fifty pounds a year clear of the theatre. And then came staring upon her the figures of her little stockingless and shoeless sisters. And when she looked at her own neat white cotton stockings, which her situation at the theatre had made it indispensable for her mother to pro- 30 vide for her, with hard straining and pinching from the family stock, and thought how glad she should be to cover their poor feet with the same—and how then they could accompany her to rehearsals, which they had hitherto been precluded from doing, by reason of their unfashionable attire,—in these thoughts she reached the second landing-

place—the second, I mean from the top—for there was still another left to traverse.

Now virtue support Barbara !

And that never-failing friend did step in—for at that moment a strength not her own, I have heard her say, was revealed to her—a reason above reasoning—and without her own agency, as it seemed (for she never felt her feet to move), she found herself transported back to the individual desk she had just quitted, and her hand in the old hand of
10 Ravenscroft, who in silence took back the refunded treasure, and who had been sitting (good man) insensible to the lapse of minutes, which to her were anxious ages ; and from that moment a deep peace fell upon her heart, and she knew the quality of honesty.

A year or two's unrepining application to her profession brightened up the feet, and the prospects, of her little sisters, set the whole family upon their legs again, and released her from the difficulty of discussing moral dogmas upon a landing-place.

20 I have heard her say, that it was a surprise, not much short of mortification to her, to see the coolness with which the old man pocketed the difference, which had caused her such mortal throes.

This anecdote of herself I had in the year 1800, from the mouth of the late Mrs. Crawford, then sixty-seven years of age (she died soon after) ; and to her struggles upon this childish occasion I have sometimes ventured to think her indebted for that power of rending the heart in the representation of conflicting emotions, for which in after-years she was
30 considered as little inferior (if at all so in the part of Lady Randolph) even to Mrs. Siddons.

THE TOMBS IN THE ABBEY.,

IN A LETTER TO R—— S——, ESQ.

THOUGH in some points of doctrine, and perhaps of discipline, I am diffident of lending a perfect assent to that church which you have so worthily *historified*, yet may the ill time never come to me, when with a chilled heart, or a portion of irreverent sentiment, I shall enter her beautiful and time-hallowed Edifices. Judge then of my mortification when, after attending the choral anthems of last Wednesday at Westminster, and being desirous of renewing my acquaintance, after lapsed years, with the tombs and antiquities there, I found myself excluded ; turned out like a dog, or some 10 profane person, into the common street, with feelings not very congenial to the place, or to the solemn service which I had been listening to. It was a jar after that music.

You had your education at Westminster ; and doubtless among those dim aisles and cloisters, you must have gathered much of that devotional feeling in those young years, on which your purest mind feeds still—and may it feed ! The antiquarian spirit, strong in you and gracefully blending ever with the religious, may have been sown in you among those wrecks of splendid mortality. You owe it to the place 20 of your education ; you owe it to your learned fondness for the architecture of your ancestors ; you owe it to the venerableness of your ecclesiastical establishment, which is daily lessened and called in question through these practices—to speak aloud your sense of them ; never to desist raising your voice against them, till they be totally done away with and abolished ; till the doors of Westminster Abbey be no longer closed against the decent, though low-in-purse, enthusiast, or blameless devotee, who must commit an injury against his family economy, if he would be indulged with a 30 bare admission within its walls. You owe it to the decencies

which you wish to see maintained in its impressive services that our Cathedral be no longer an object of inspection to the poor at those times only, in which they must rob from their attendance on the worship every minute which they can bestow upon the fabric. In vain the public prints have taken up this subject, in vain such poor nameless writers as myself express their indignation. A word from you, Sir—a hint in your Journal—would be sufficient to fling open the doors of the Beautiful Temple again, as we can remember
10 them when we were boys. At that time of life, what would the imaginative faculty (such as it is) in both of us, have suffered, if the entrance to so much reflection had been obstructed by the demand of so much silver!—If we had scraped it up to gain an occasional admission (as we certainly should have done) would the sight of those old tombs have been as impressive to us (while we had been weighing anxiously prudence against sentiment) as when the gates stood open, as those of the adjacent Park; when we could walk in at any time, as the mood brought us, for a shorter
20 or longer time, as that lasted? Is the being shown over a place the same as silently for ourselves detecting the genius of it? In no part of our beloved Abbey now can a person find entrance (out of service time) under the sum of *two shillings*. The rich and the great will smile at the anticlimax, presumed to lie in these two short words. But you can tell them, Sir, how much quiet worth, how much capacity for enlarged feeling, how much taste and genius, may co-exist, especially in youth, with a purse incompetent to this demand.—A respected friend of ours, during his late visit to
30 the metropolis, presented himself for admission to St. Paul's. At the same time a decently clothed man, with as decent a wife, and child, were bargaining for the same indulgence. The price was only twopence each person. The poor but decent man hesitated, desirous to go in; but there were three of them, and he turned away reluctantly. Perhaps he wished to have seen the tomb of Nelson. Perhaps the

Interior of the Cathedral was his object. But in the state of his finances, even sixpence might reasonably seem too much. Tell the Aristocracy of the country (no man can do it more impressively); instruct them of what value these insignificant pieces of money, these minims to their sight, may be to their humbler brethren. Shame these Sellers out of the Temple. Stifle not the suggestions of your better nature with the pretext, that an indiscriminate admission would expose the Tombs to violation. Remember your boy-days. Did you ever see, or hear, of a mob in the Abbey, while it was free to 10 all? Do the rabble come there, or trouble their heads about such speculations? It is all that you can do to drive them into your churches; they do not voluntarily offer themselves. They have, alas! no passion for antiquities; for tomb of king or prelate, sage or poet. If they had, they would be no longer the rabble.

For forty years that I have known the Fabric, the only well-attested charge of violation adduced has been—a ridiculous dismemberment committed upon the effigy of that amiable spy, Major André. And is it for this—the wanton 20 mischief of some school-boy, fired perhaps with raw notions of Transatlantic Freedom—or the remotest possibility of such a mischief occurring again, so easily to be prevented by stationing a constable within the walls, if the vergers are incompetent to the duty—is it upon such wretched pretences, that the people of England are made to pay a new Peter's Pence, so long abrogated; or must content themselves with contemplating the ragged Exterior of their Cathedral? The mischief was done about the time when you were a scholar there. Do you know anything about the unfor- 30 tunate relic?

AMICUS REDIVIVUS.

Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless deep
Closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas?

I do not know when I have experienced a stranger sensation, than on seeing my old friend G. D., who had been paying me a morning visit a few Sundays back, at my cottage at Islington, upon taking leave, instead of turning down the right-hand path by which he had entered—with staff in hand, and at noonday, deliberately march right forwards into the midst of the stream that runs by us, and totally disappear.

- 10 A spectacle like this at dusk would have been appalling enough ; but, in the broad open daylight, to witness such an unreserved motion towards self-destruction in a valued friend, took from me all power of speculation.

How I found my feet, I know not. Consciousness was quite gone. Some spirit, not my own, whirled me to the spot. I remember nothing but the silvery apparition of a good white head emerging ; nigh which a staff (the hand unseen that wielded it) pointed upwards, as feeling for the skies. In a moment (if time was in that time) he was on my
20 shoulders, and I—freighted with a load more precious than his who bore Anchises.

And here I cannot but do justice to the officious zeal of sundry passers-by, who, albeit arriving a little too late to participate in the honours of the rescue, in philanthropic shoals came thronging to communicate their advice as to the recovery ; prescribing variously the application, or non-application, of salt, etc., to the person of the patient. Life meantime was ebbing fast away, amidst the stifle of conflicting judgments, when one, more sagacious than the rest,
30 by a bright thought, proposed sending for the Doctor. Trite as the counsel was, and impossible as one should think, to be missed on,—shall I confess?—in this emergency, it was to me

as if an Angel had spoken. Great previous exertions—and mine had not been inconsiderable—are commonly followed by a debility of purpose. This was a moment of irresolution.

MONOCULUS—for so, in default of catching his true name, I choose to designate the medical gentleman who now appeared—is a grave, middle-aged person, who, without having studied at the college, or truckled to the pedantry of a diploma, hath employed a great portion of his valuable time in experimental processes upon the bodies of unfortunate fellow-creatures, in whom the vital spark, to mere 10 vulgar thinking, would seem extinct, and lost forever. He omitteth no occasion of obtruding his services, from a case of common surfeit-suffocation to the ignobler obstructions, sometimes induced by a too wilful application of the plant *Cannabis* outwardly. But though he declineth not altogether these drier extinctions, his occupation tendeth for the most part to water-practice; for the convenience of which, he hath judiciously fixed his quarters near the grand repository of the stream mentioned, where, day and night, from his little watch tower, at the Middleton's-Head, he listeneth to detect 20 the wrecks of drowned mortality—partly, as he saith, to be upon the spot—and partly, because the liquids which he useth to prescribe to himself and his patients, on these distressing occasions, are ordinarily more conveniently to be found at these common hostelryes, than in the shops and phials of the apothecaries. His ear hath arrived to such finesse by practice, that it is reported he can distinguish a plunge at a half furlong distance; and can tell, if it be casual or deliberate. He weareth a medal, suspended over a suit, originally of a sad brown, but which, by time, and fre- 30 quency of nightly divings, has been dinged into a true professional sable. He passeth by the name of Doctor, and is remarkable for wanting his left eye. His remedy—after a sufficient application of warm blankets, friction, etc., is a simple tumbler, or more, of the purest Cognac, with water, made as hot as the convalescent can bear it. Where he

findeth, as in the case of my friend, a squeamish subject, he condescendeth to be the taster ; and showeth, by his own example, the innocuous nature of the prescription. Nothing can be more kind or encouraging than this procedure. It addeth confidence to the patient, to see his medical adviser go hand in hand with himself in the remedy. When the doctor swalloweth his own draught, what peevish invalid can refuse to pledge him in the potion ? In fine, MONOCULUS is a humane, sensible man, who, for a slender pittance, scarce
10 enough to sustain life, is content to wear it out in the endeavour to save the lives of others—his pretensions so moderate, that with difficulty I could press a crown upon him, for the price of restoring the existence of such an invaluable creature to society as G. D.

It was pleasant to observe the effect of the subsiding alarm upon the nerves of the dear absentee. It seemed to have given a shake to memory, calling up notice after notice, of all the providential deliverances he had experienced in the course of his long and innocent life. Sitting up in my
20 couch—my couch which, naked and void of furniture hitherto, for the salutary repose which it administered, shall be honoured with costly valance, at some price, and henceforth be a state-bed at Colebrook,—he discoursed of marvellous escapes—by carelessness of nurses—by pails of gelid, and kettles of the boiling element, in infancy—by orchard pranks, and snapping twigs, in school-boy frolics—by descent of tiles at Trumpington, and of heavier tomes at Pembroke—by studious watchings, inducing frightful vigilance—by want, and the fear of want, and all the sore throbbings of the
30 learned head.—Anon, he would burst into little fragments of chanting—of songs long ago—ends of deliverance hymns, not remembered before since childhood, but coming up now, when his heart was made tender as a child's—for the *tremor cordis*, in the retrospect of a recent deliverance, as in a case of impending danger, acting upon an innocent heart, will produce a self-tenderness, which we should do ill to christen

cowardice ; and Shakspeare, in the latter crisis, has made his good Sir Hugh to remember the sitting by Babylon, and to mutter of shallow rivers.

Waters of Sir Hugh Middleton—what a spark you were like to have extinguished for ever ! Your salubrious streams to this City, for now near two centuries, would hardly have atoned for what you were in a moment washing away. Mockery of a river—liquid artifice—wretched conduit ! henceforth rank with canals, and sluggish aqueducts. Was it for this, that, smit in boyhood with the explorations of 10 that Abyssinian traveller, I paced the vales of Amwell to explore your tributary springs, to trace your salutary waters sparkling through green Hertfordshire, and cultured Enfield parks ?—Ye have no swans—no Naiads—no river God—or did the benevolent hoary aspect of my friend tempt ye to suck him in, that ye also might have the tutelary genius of your waters ?

Had he been drowned in Cam there would have been some consonancy in it ; but what willows had ye to wave and rustle over his moist sepulture ?—or, having no *name*, besides that 20 unmeaning assumption of *eternal novelty*, did ye think to get one by the noble prize, and henceforth to be termed the STREAM DYERIAN ?

And could such spacious virtue find a grave
Beneath the imposthumed bubble of a wave ?

I protest, George, you shall not venture out again—no, not by daylight—without a sufficient pair of spectacles—in your musing moods especially. Your absence of mind we have borne, till your presence of body came to be called in question by it. You shall not go wandering into Euripus with 30 Aristotle, if we can help it. Fie, man, to turn dipper at your years, after your many tracts in favour of sprinkling only !

I have nothing but water in my head o' nights since this frightful accident. Sometimes I am with Clarence in his dream. At others, I behold Christian beginning to sink, and

crying out to his good brother Hopeful (that is, to me), "I sink in deep waters; the billows go over my head, all the waves go over me. Selah." Then I have before me Palinurus, just letting go the steerage. I cry out too late to save. Next follow—a mournful procession—*suicidal faces*, saved against their wills from drowning; dolefully trailing a length of reluctant gratefulness, with ropy weeds pendent from locks of watchet hue—constrained Lazari—Pluto's half-subjects—stolen fees from the grave—bilking Charon of his
 10 fare. At their head Arion—or is it G.D.?—in his singing garments marcheth singly, with harp in hand, and votive garland, which Machaon (or Dr. Hawes) snatcheth straight, intending to suspend it to the stern God of Sea. Then follow dismal streams of Lethe, in which the half-drenched on earth are constrained to drown downright, by wharfs where Ophelia twice acts her muddy death.

And, doubtless, there is some notice in that invisible world, when one of us approacheth (as my friend did so lately) to their inexorable precincts. When a soul knocks once, twice,
 20 at death's door, the sensation aroused within the palace must be considerable; and the grim Feature, by modern science so often dispossessed of his prey, must have learnt by this time to pity Tantalus.

A pulse assuredly was felt along the line of the Elysian shades, when the near arrival of G. D. was announced by no equivocal indications. From their seats of Asphodel arose the gentler and the graver ghosts—poet, or historian—of Grecian or of Roman lore—to crown with unfading chaplets the half-finished love labours of their unwearied scholiast.
 30 Him Markland expected—him Tyrwhitt hoped to encounter—him the sweet lyrist of Peter House, whom he had barely seen upon earth, with newest airs prepared to greet —; and, patron of the gentle Christ's boy,—who should have been his patron through life—the mild *Askew*, with longing aspirations leaned foremost from his venerable Æsculapian chair, to welcome into that happy company the matured vir-

tues of the man, whose tender scions in the boy he himself upon earth had so prophetically fed and watered.

SOME SONNETS OF SIR PHILIP SYDNEY.

SYDNEY'S Sonnets—I speak of the best of them—are among the very best of their sort. They fall below the plain moral dignity, the sanctity, and high yet modest spirit of self-approval, of Milton, in his compositions of a similar structure. They are in a truth what Milton, censuring the *Arcadia*, says of that work (to which they are a sort of after-tune or application), “vain and amatorious” enough, yet the things in their kind (as he confesses to be true of the romance) may be “full 10 of worth and wit.” They savour of the Courtier, it must be allowed, and not of the Commonwealths-man. But Milton was a Courtier when he wrote the *Masque at Ludlow Castle*, and still more a Courtier when he composed the *Arcades*. When the national struggle was to begin, he becomingly cast these vanities behind him; and if the order of time had thrown Sir Philip upon the crisis which preceded the Revolution, there is no reason why he should not have acted the same part in that emergency, which has glorified the name of a later Sydney. He did not want for plainness or boldness 20 of spirit. His letter on the French match may testify he could speak his mind freely to Princes. The times did not call him to the scaffold.

The Sonnets which we oftenest call to mind of Milton were the compositions of his maturest years. Those of Sydney, which I am about to produce, were written in the very hey-day of his blood. They are stuck full of amorous fancies—far-fetched conceits, befitting his occupation: for True Love thinks no labour to send out Thoughts upon the vast, and more than Indian voyages, to bring home rich pearls, out- 30 landish wealth, gums, jewels, spicery, to sacrifice in self-deprecating similitudes, as shadows of true amiabilities in

the Beloved. We must be Lovers—or at least the cooling touch of time, the *circum præcordia frigus*, must not have so damped our faculties, as to take away our recollection that we were once so—before we can duly appreciate the glorious vanities, and graceful hyperboles, of the passion. The images which lie before our feet (though by some accounted the only natural) are least natural for the high Sydnean love to express its fancies by. They may serve for the loves of Tibullus, or the dear Author of the Schoolmistress; for
 10 passions that creep and whine in Elegies and Pastoral Ballads. I am sure Milton never loved at this rate. I am afraid some of his addresses (*ad Leonoram* I mean) have rather erred on the farther side; and that the poet came not much short of a religious indecorum, when he could thus apostrophise a singing-girl:—

Angelus unicuique suus (sic credite gentes)
 Obtigit ætheriis ales ab ordinibus.
 Quid mirum, Leonora, tibi si gloria major,
 Nam tua præsentem vox sonat ipsa Deum?
 20 Aut Deus, aut vacui certè mens tertia cœli,
 Per tua secretò guttura serpit agens;
 Serpit agens, facilisque docet mortalia corda
 Sensim immortalī assuescere posse sono.
 QUOD SI CUNCTA QUIDEM DEUS EST, PER CUNCTAQUE FUSUS,
 IN TE UNA LOQUITUR, CÆTERA MUTUS HABET.

This is loving in a strange fashion: and it requires some candour of construction (besides the slight darkening of a dead language) to cast a veil over the ugly appearance of something very like blasphemy in the last two verses. I
 30 think the Lover would have been staggered, if he had gone about to express the same thought in English. I am sure, Sydney has no flights like this. His extravaganzas do not strike at the sky, though he takes leave to adopt the pale Dian into a fellowship with his mortal passions.

I.

With how sad steps, O Moon, thou climb'st the skies ;
 How silently ; and with how wan a face !
 What ! may it be, that even in heavenly place
 That busy Archer his sharp arrows tries ?
 Sure, if that long-with-love-acquainted eyes
 Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's case ;
 I read it in thy looks ; thy languisht grace
 To me, that feel the like, thy state describes.
 Then, even of fellowship, O Moon, tell me,
 Is constant love deem'd there but want of wit ! 10
 Are beauties there as proud as here they be ?
 Do they above love to be loved, and yet
 Those lovers scorn, whom that love doth possess ?
 Do they call *virtue* there—*ungratefulness* ?

The last line of this poem is a little obscured by transposition. He means, Do they call ungratefulness there a virtue ?

II.

Come, Sleep, O Sleep, the certain knot of peace,
 The baiting place of wit, the balm of woe,
 The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release, 20
 The indifferent judge between the high and low ;
 With shield of proof shield me from out the prease
 Of those fierce darts despair at me doth throw ;
 O make in me those civil wars to cease :
 I will good tribute pay, if thou do so.
 Take thou of me sweet pillows, sweetest bed ;
 A chamber deaf to noise, and blind to light ;
 A rosy garland, and a weary head.
 And if these things, as being thine by right,
 Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt in me, 30
 Livelier than elsewhere, STELLA'S image see.

III.

The curious wits, seeing dull pensiveness
 Bewray itself in my long-settled eyes,
 Whence those same fumes of melancholy rise,
 With idle pains, and missing aim, do guess,

Some, that know how my spring I did address,
 Deem that my Muse some fruit of knowledge plies ;
 Others, because the Prince my service tries,
 Think, that I think state errors to redress ;
 But harder judges judge, ambition's rage,
 Scourge of itself, still climbing slippery place,
 Holds my young brain captiv'd in golden cage.
 O fools, or over-wise ! alas, the race
 Of all my thoughts hath neither stop nor start,
 But only STELLA's eyes, and STELLA's heart.

IV.

Because I oft in dark abstracted guise
 Seem most alone in greatest company,
 With dearth of words, or answers quite awry,
 To them that would make speech of speech arise :
 They deem, and of their doom the rumour flies,
 That poison foul of bubbling *Pride* doth lie
 So in my swelling breast, that only I
 Fawn on myself, and others do despise ;
 Yet *Pride*, I think, doth not my soul possess,
 Which looks too oft in his unflattering glass ;
 But one worst fault—*Ambition*—I confess,
 That makes me oft my best friends overpass,
 Unseen, unheard—while Thought to highest place
 Bends all his powers, even unto STELLA's grace.

V.

Having this day, my horse, my hand, my lance,
 Guided so well that I obtained the prize,
 Both by the judgment of the English eyes,
 And of some sent from that *sweet enemy*,—France ;
 Horsemen my skill in horsemanship advance ;
 Townsfolk my strength ; a daintier judge applies
 His praise to sleight, which from good use doth rise ;
 Some lucky wits impute it but to chance ;
 Others, because of both sides I do take
 My blood from them, who did excel in this,
 Think Nature me a man of arms did make.
 How far they shot awry ! the true cause is,
 STELLA looked on, and from her heavenly face
 Sent forth the beams which made so fair my race.

VI.

In martial sports I had my cunning tried,
 And yet to break more staves did me address,
 While with the people's shouts (I must confess)
 Youth, luck, and praise, even fill'd my veins with pride—
 When Cupid having me (his slave) descried
 In Mars's livery, prancing in the press,
 "What now, Sir Fool!" said he: "I would no less:
 Look here, I say." I look'd, and STELLA spied,
 Who hard by made a window send forth light.
 My heart then quak'd, then dazzled were mine eyes: 10
 One hand forgot to rule, th' other to fight;
 Nor trumpet's sound I heard, nor friendly cries.
 My foe came on, and beat the air for me—
 Till that her blush made me my shame to see.

VII.

No more, my dear, no more these counsels try;
 O give my passions leave to run their race;
 Let Fortune lay on me her worst disgrace;
 Let folk o'ercharged with brain against me cry;
 Let clouds bedim my face, break in mine eye;
 Let me no steps, but of lost labour, trace; 20
 Let all the earth with scorn recount my case—
 But do not will me from my love to fly.
 I do not envy Aristotle's wit,
 Nor do aspire to Cæsar's bleeding fame;
 Nor aught do care, though some above me sit;
 Nor hope, nor wish, another course to frame,
 But that which once may win thy cruel heart:
 Thou art my wit, and thou my virtue art.

VIII.

Love still a boy, and oft a wanton, is,
 School'd only by his mother's tender eye; 30
 What wonder then, if he his lesson miss,
 When for so soft a rod dear play he try?
 And yet my STAR, because a sugar'd kiss
 In sport I suck'd, while she asleep did lie,
 Doth lour, nay chide, nay threat, for only this.
 Sweet, it was saucy LOVE, not humble I,

But no 'scuse serves; she makes her wrath appear
 In beauty's throne—see now who dares come near
 Those scarlet judges, threat'ning bloody pain?
 O heav'nly Fool, thy most kiss-worthy face
 Anger invests with such a lovely grace,
 That anger's self I needs must kiss again.

IX.

10 I never drank of Aganippe well,
 Nor ever did in shade of Tempe sit,
 And Muses scorn with vulgar brains to dwell;
 Poor lay-man I, for sacred rites unfit.
 Some do I hear of Poet's fury tell,
 But (God wot) wot not what they mean by it;
 And this I swear by blackest brook of hell,
 I am no pick-purse of another's wit.
 How falls it then, that with so smooth an ease
 My thoughts I speak, and what I speak doth flow
 In verse, and that my verse best wits doth please?
 Guess me the cause—what is it thus?—fye, no.
 Or so?—much less. How then? sure thus it is,
 20 My lips are sweet, inspired by STELLA'S kiss.

X.

Of all the kings that ever here did reign,
 Edward, named Fourth, as first in praise I name,
 Not for his fair outside, nor well-lined brain—
 Although less gifts imp feathers oft on Fame.
 Nor that he could, young-wise, wise-valiant, frame
 His sire's revenge, join'd with a kingdom's gain;
 And, gain'd by Mars could yet mad Mars so tame,
 That Balance weigh'd what Sword did late obtain.
 Nor that he made the Floure-de-luce so 'fraid,
 30 Though strongly hedged of bloody Lions' paws,
 That witty Lewis to him a tribute paid.
 Nor this, nor that, nor any such small cause—
 But only, for this worthy knight durst prove
 To lose his crown rather than fail his love.

XI.

O happy Thames, that didst my STELLA bear,
 I saw thyself, with many a smiling line

Upon thy cheerful face, Joy's livery wear,
 While those fair planets on thy streams did shine.
 The boat for joy could not to dance forbear,
 While wanton winds, with beauty so divine
 Ravish'd, stay'd not, till in her golden hair,
 They did themselves (O sweetest prison) twine.
 And fain those Æol's youth there would their stay
 Have made; but, forced by nature still to fly,
 First did with puffing kiss those locks display.
 She, so dishevell'd, blush'd; from window I
 With sight thereof cried out, O fair disgrace,
 Let honour's self to thee grant highest place !

XII.

Highway, since you my chief Parnassus be ;
 And that my Muse, to some ears not unsweet,
 Tempers her words to trampling horses' feet,
 More soft than to a chamber melody ;
 Now blessed You bear onward blessed Me
 To Her, where I my heart safe left shall meet,
 My Muse and I must you of duty greet
 With thanks and wishes, wishing thankfully,
 Be you still fair, honour'd by public heed,
 By no encroachment wrong'd nor time forgot ;
 Nor blam'd for blood, nor shamed for sinful deed.
 And that you know, I envy you no lot
 Of highest wish, I wish you so much bliss,
 Hundreds of years you STELLA'S feet may kiss.

Of the foregoing, the first, the second, and the last sonnet, are my favourites. But the general beauty of them all is, that they are so perfectly characteristical. The spirit of "learning and of chivalry,"—of which union, Spenser has 30 entitled Sydney to have been the "president,"—shines through them. I confess I can see nothing of the "jejune" or "frigid" in them; much less of the "stiff" and "cumbersome"—which I have sometimes heard objected to the *Arcadia*. The verse runs off swiftly and gallantly. It might have been tuned to the trumpet; or tempered (as himself expresses it) to "trampling horses' feet." They abound in felicitous phrases—

O heav'nly Fool, thy most kiss-worthy face— 8th Sonnet.

— Sweet pillows, sweetest bed ;

A chamber deaf to noise, and blind to light ;

A rosy garland, and a weary head.

2nd Sonnet.

— That sweet enemy,—France—

5th Sonnet.

But they are not rich in words only, in vague and unlocalised feelings—the failing too much of some poetry of the present day—they are full, material, and circumstantiated. Time and place appropriates every one of them. It is not a
 10 fever of passion wasting itself upon a thin diet of dainty words, but a transcendent passion pervading and illuminating action, pursuits, studies, feats of arms, the opinions of contemporaries and his judgment of them. An historical thread runs through them, which almost affixes a date to them ; marks the *when* and *where* they were written.

I have dwelt the longer upon what I conceive the merit of these poems, because I have been hurt by the wantonness (I wish I could treat it by a gentler name) with which W. H. takes every occasion of insulting the memory of Sir Philip
 20 Sydney. But the decisions of the Author of Table Talk, etc. (most profound and subtle where they are, as for the most part, just) are more safely to be relied upon, on subjects and authors he has a partiality for, than on such as he has conceived an accidental prejudice against. Milton wrote Sonnets, and was a king-hater ; and it was congenial perhaps to sacrifice a courtier to a patriot. But I was unwilling to lose a *fine idea* from my mind. The noble images, passions, sentiments, and poetical delicacies of character, scattered all over the Arcadia (spite of some stiffness and encumberment),
 30 justify to me the character which his contemporaries have left us of the writer. I cannot think with the Critic, that Sir Philip Sydney was that *opprobrious thing* which a foolish nobleman in his insolent hostility chose to term him. I call to mind the epitaph made on him, to guide me to juster thoughts of him ; and I repose upon the beautiful lines in

the "Friend's Passion for his Astrophel," printed with the Elegies of Spenser and others.

You knew—who knew not Astrophel?
 (That I should live to say I knew,
 And have not in possession still!)—
 Things known permit me to renew—
 Of him you know his merit such,
 I cannot say—you hear—too much.

Within these woods of Arcady
 He chief delight and pleasure took ;
 And on the mountain Partheny,
 Upon the crystal liquid brook,
 The Muses met him every day,
 That taught him sing, to write, and say. 10

When he descended down the mount,
 His personage seemed most divine :
 A thousand graces one might count
 Upon his lovely cheerful eyne.
 To hear him speak, and sweetly smile,
 You were in Paradise the while. 20

A sweet attractive kind of grace ;
A full assurance given by looks ;
Continual comfort in a face,
The lineaments of Gospel books—
 I trow that count'nance cannot lye,
 Whose thoughts are legible in the eye.

Above all others this is he,
 Which erst approved in his song
 That love and honour might agree,
 And that pure love will do no wrong. 30
 Sweet saints, it is no sin or blame
 To love a man of virtuous name.

Did never love so sweetly breathe
 In any mortal breast before :
 Did never Muse inspire beneath
 A Poet's brain a finer store.
 He wrote of Love with high conceit,
 And Beauty rear'd above her height.

Or let any one read the deeper sorrows (grief running into rage) in the Poem,—the last in the collection accompanying the above,—which from internal testimony I believe to be Lord Brooke's,—beginning with “Silence augmenteth grief,”—and then seriously ask himself, whether the subject of such absorbing and confounding regrets could have been *that thing* which Lord Oxford termed him.

NEWSPAPERS THIRTY-FIVE YEARS AGO.

DAN STUART once told us, that he did not remember that he ever deliberately walked into the Exhibition at Somerset House in his life. He might occasionally have escorted a party of ladies across the way that were going in; but he never went in of his own head. Yet the office of the Morning Post newspaper stood then just where it does now—we are carrying you back, Reader, some thirty years or more—with its gilt-globe-topt front facing that emporium of our artists' grand Annual Exposure. We sometimes wish that we had observed the same abstinence with Daniel.

A word or two of D. S. He ever appeared to us one of the finest tempered of Editors. Perry, of the Morning Chronicle, was equally pleasant, with a dash, no slight one either, of the courtier. S. was frank, plain, and English all over. We have worked for both these gentlemen.

It is soothing to contemplate the head of the Ganges; to trace the first little bubbleings of a mighty river;

With holy reverence to approach the rocks,
Whence glide the streams renowned in ancient song.

Fired with a perusal of the Abyssinian Pilgrim's exploratory ramblings after the cradle of the infant Nilus, we well remember on one fine summer holyday (a “whole day's leave” we called it at Christ's Hospital) sallying forth at rise of sun, not very well provisioned either for such an undertaking, to trace the current of the New River—Middletonian

stream!—to its scaturient source, as we have read, in meadows by fair Amwell. Gallantly did we commence our solitary quest—for it was essential to the dignity of a DISCOVERY, that no eye of schoolboy, save our own, should beam on the detection. By flowery spots, and verdant lanes skirting Hornsey, Hope trained us on in many a baffling turn; endless hopeless meanders, as it seemed; or as if the jealous waters had *dodged* us, reluctant to have the humble spot of their nativity revealed; till spent, and nigh famished, before set of the same sun, we sate down somewhere by 10 Bowes Farm, near Tottenham, with a tithe of our proposed labours only yet accomplished; sorely convinced in spirit, that that Brucian enterprise was as yet too arduous for our young shoulders.

Not more refreshing to the thirsty curiosity of the traveller is the tracing of some mighty waters up to their shallow fontlet, than it is to a pleased and candid reader to go back to the inexperienced essays, the first callow flights in authorship, of some established name in literature; from the Gnat which preluded to the *Æneid*, to the Duck which Samuel 20 Johnson trod on.

In those days every Morning Paper, as an essential retainer to its establishment, kept an author, who was bound to furnish daily a quantum of witty paragraphs. Sixpence a joke, and it was thought pretty high too—was Dan Stuart's settled remuneration in these cases. The chat of the day, scandal, but, above all, *dress*, furnished the material. The length of no paragraph was to exceed seven lines. Shorter they might be, but they must be poignant.

A fashion of *flesh*, or rather *pink-coloured* hose for the 30 ladies, luckily coming up at the juncture, when we were on our probation for the place of Chief Jester to S.'s Paper, established our reputation in that line. We were pronounced a "capital hand." O the conceits which we varied upon *red* in all its prismatic differences! from the trite and obvious flower of Cytherea, to the flaming costume of the lady that

- has her sitting upon "many waters." Then there was the collateral topic of ankles. What an occasion to a truly chaste writer, like ourself, of touching that nice brink, and yet never tumbling over it, of a seemingly ever approximating something "not quite proper"; while, like a skilful posture-master, balancing betwixt decorums and their opposites, he keeps the line, from which an hair's-breadth deviation is destruction; hovering in the confines of light and darkness, or where "both seem either"; a hazy uncertain delicacy;
- 10 Autolycus-like in the Play, still putting off his expectant auditory with "Whoop, do me no harm, good man!" But, above all, that conceit arrided us most at that time, and still tickles our midriff to remember, where allusively to the flight of Astræa—*ultima Cœlestium terras reliquit*—we pronounced—in reference to the stockings still—that MODESTY, TAKING HER FINAL LEAVE OF MORTALS, HER LAST BLUSH WAS VISIBLE IN HER ASCENT TO THE HEAVENS BY THE TRACT OF THE GLOWING INSTEP. This might be called the crowning conceit; and was esteemed tolerable writing in those days.
- 20 But the fashion of jokes, with all other things, passes away; as did the transient mode which had so favoured us. The ankles of our fair friends in a few weeks began to reassume their whiteness, and left us scarce a leg to stand upon. Other female whims followed, but none, methought, so pregnant, so invitatory of shrewd conceits, and more than single meanings.
- Somebody has said, that to swallow six cross-buns daily consecutively for a fortnight, would surfeit the stoutest digestion. But to have to furnish as many jokes daily, and that not for a fortnight, but for a long twelvemonth, as we
- 30 were constrained to do, was a little harder exaction. "Man goeth forth to his work until the evening"—from a reasonable hour in the morning, we presume it was meant. Now, as our main occupation took us up from eight till five every day in the city; and as our evening hours, at that time of life, had generally to do with anything rather than business, it follows, that the only time we could spare for this manu-

factory of jokes—our supplementary livelihood, that supplied us in every want beyond mere bread and cheese—was exactly that part of the day which (as we have heard of No Man's Land) may be fitly denominated No Man's Time; that is, no time in which a man ought to be up, and awake, in. To speak more plainly, it is that time, of an hour, or an hour and a half's duration, in which a man, whose occasions call him up so preposterously, has to wait for his breakfast.

O those headaches at dawn of day, when at five, or half-past five in summer, and not much later in the dark seasons, 10 we were compelled to rise, having been perhaps not above four hours in bed—(for we were no go-to-beds with the lamb, though we anticipated the lark oftentimes in her rising—we like a parting cup at midnight, as all young men did before these effeminate times, and to have our friends about us—we were not constellated under Aquarius, that watery sign, and therefore incapable of Bacchus, cold, washy, bloodless—we were none of your Basilian water-sponges, nor had taken our degrees at Mount Ague—we were right toping Capulets, jolly companions, we and they)—but to have to get up, as we 20 said before, curtailed of half our fair sleep, fasting, with only a dim vista of refreshing Bohea in the distance—to be necessitated to rouse ourselves at the detestable rap of an old hag of a domestic, who seemed to take a diabolical pleasure in her announcement that it was “time to rise”; and whose chappy knuckles we have often yearned to amputate, and string them up at our chamber-door, to be a terror to all such unreasonable rest-breakers in future——

“Facil” and sweet, as Virgil sings, had been the “descending” of the over-night, balmy the first sinking of the heavy 30 head upon the pillow; but to get up, as he goes on to say,

—revocare gradus, superasque evadere ad auras—

and to get up moreover to make jokes with malice prepended—there was the “labour,” there the “work.”

No Egyptian taskmaster ever devised a slavery like to

that, our slavery. No fractious operants ever turned out for half the tyranny, which this necessity exercised upon us. Half-a-dozen jests in a day (bating Sunday too), why it seems nothing ! We make twice the number every day in our lives as a matter of course, and claim no Sabbatical exemptions. But then they come into our head. But when the head has to go out to them—when the mountain must go to Mahomet—

Reader, try it for once, only for one short twelvemonth.

- 10 It was not every week that a fashion of pink stockings came up ; but mostly instead of it, some rugged, untractable subject ; some topic impossible to be contorted into the risible ; some feature, upon which no smile could play ; some flint, from which no process of ingenuity could procure a distillation. There they lay ; there your appointed tale of brick-making was set before you, which you must finish with or without straw, as it happened. The craving Dragon—the *Public*—like him in Bel's temple—must be fed ; it expected its daily rations ; and Daniel and ourselves, to do us
20 justice, did the best we could on this side bursting him.

- While we were wringing out coy sprightlinesses for the Post, and writhing under the toil of what is called "easy writing," Bob Allen, our *quondam* schoolfellow, was tapping his impracticable brains in a like service for the "Oracle." Not that Robert troubled himself much about wit. If his paragraphs had a sprightly air about them, it was sufficient. He carried his nonchalance so far at last, that a matter of intelligence, and that no very important one, was not seldom palmed upon his employers for a good jest ; for
30 example sake—" *Walking yesterday morning casually down Snow Hill, who should we meet but Mr. Deputy Humphreys ! we rejoice to add that the worthy Deputy appeared to enjoy a good state of health. We do not ever remember to have seen him look better.*" This gentleman so surprisingly met upon Snow Hill, from some peculiarities in gait or gesture, was a constant butt for mirth to the small paragraph-mongers of

the day ; and our friend thought that he might have his fling at him with the rest. We met A. in Holborn shortly after this extraordinary rencounter, which he told with tears of satisfaction in his eyes, and chuckling at the anticipated effects of its announcement next day in the paper. We did not quite comprehend where the wit of it lay at the time ; nor was it easy to be detected, when the thing came out, advantaged by type and letterpress. He had better have met anything that morning than a Common Council Man. His services were shortly after dispensed with, on the plea 10 that his paragraphs of late had been deficient in point. The one in question, it must be owned, had an air, in the opening especially, proper to awaken curiosity ; and the sentiment, or moral, wears the aspect of humanity and good neighbourly feeling. But somehow the conclusion was not judged altogether to answer to the magnificent promise of the premises. We traced our friend's pen afterwards, in the "True Briton," the "Star," the "Traveller,"—from all which he was successively dismissed, the Proprietors having "no further occasion for his services." Nothing was easier than to detect 20 him. When wit failed, or topics ran low, there constantly appeared the following—" *It is not generally known that the three Blue Balls at the Pawnbrokers' shops are the ancient arms of Lombardy. The Lombards were the first money-brokers in Europe.*" Bob has done more to set the public right on this important point of blazonry, than the whole College of Heralds.

The appointment of a regular wit has long ceased to be a part of the economy of a Morning Paper. Editors find their own jokes, or do as well without them. Parson Este, and 30 Topham, brought up the set custom of "witty paragraphs" first in the "World." Boaden was a reigning paragraphist in his day, and succeeded poor Allen in the Oracle. But, as we said, the fashion of jokes passes away ; and it would be difficult to discover in the Biographer of Mrs. Siddons, any traces of that vivacity and fancy which charmed the whole

town at the commencement of the present century. Even the prelusive delicacies of the present writer—the curt “Astræan allusion”—would be thought pedantic and out of date, in these days.

From the office of the Morning Post (for we may as well exhaust our Newspaper Reminiscences at once) by change of property in the paper, we were transferred, mortifying exchange! to the office of the Albion Newspaper, late Rackstrow’s Museum, in Fleet Street. What a transition—from a handsome
10 apartment, from rose-wood desks, and silver inkstands, to an office—no office, but a *den* rather, but just redeemed from the occupation of dead monsters, of which it seemed redolent—from the centre of loyalty and fashion, to a focus of vulgarity and sedition! Here in murky closet, inadequate from its square contents to the receipt of the two bodies of Editor, and humble paragraph-maker, together at one time, sat in the discharge of his new Editorial functions (the “Bigod” of Elia) the redoubted John Fenwick.

F., without a guinea in his pocket, and having left not
20 many in the pockets of his friends whom he might command, had purchased (on tick doubtless) the whole and sole Editorship, Proprietorship, with all the rights and titles (such as they are worth) of the Albion, from one Lovell; of whom we know nothing, save that he had stood in the pillory for a libel on the Prince of Wales. With this hopeless concern—for it had been sinking ever since its commencement, and could now reckon upon not more than a hundred subscribers—F. resolutely determined upon pulling down the Government in the first instance, and making both our fortunes by
30 way of corollary. For seven weeks and more did this infatuated Democrat go about borrowing seven-shilling pieces, and lesser coin, to meet the daily demands of the Stamp Office, which allowed no credit to publications of that side in politics. An outcast from politer bread, we attached our small talents to the forlorn fortunes of our friend. Our occupation now was to write treason.

Recollections of feelings—which were all that now remained from our first boyish heats kindled by the French Revolution, when, if we were misled, we erred in the company of some, who are accounted very good men now—rather than any tendency at this time to Republican doctrines—assisted us in assuming a style of writing, while the paper lasted, consonant in no very undertone to the right earnest fanaticism of F. Our cue was now to insinuate, rather than recommend, possible abdications. Blocks, axes, Whitehall tribunals, were covered with flowers of so cunning a periphrasis—as Mr. Bayes says, never naming the *thing* directly—that the keen eye of an Attorney-General was insufficient to detect the lurking snake among them. There were times, indeed, when we sighed for our more gentleman-like occupation under Stuart. But with change of masters it is ever change of service. Already one paragraph, and another, as we learned afterwards from a gentleman at the Treasury, had begun to be marked at that office, with a view of its being submitted at least to the attention of the proper Law Officers—when an unlucky, or rather lucky epigram from our pen, aimed at Sir J——s M——h, who was on the eve of departing for India to reap the fruits of his apostasy, as F. pronounced it (it is hardly worth particularising), happening to offend the nice sense of Lord, or, as he then delighted to be called, Citizen Stanhope, deprived F. at once of the last hopes of a guinea from the last patron that had stuck by us; and breaking up our establishment, left us to the safe, but somewhat mortifying, neglect of the Crown Lawyers. It was about this time, or a little earlier, that Dan Stuart made that curious confession to us, that he had “never deliberately walked into an Exhibition at Somerset House in his life.”

BARRENNESS OF THE IMAGINATIVE FACULTY IN THE PRODUCTIONS OF MODERN ART.

HOGARTH excepted, can we produce any one painter within the last fifty years, or since the humour of exhibiting began, that has treated a story *imaginatively*? By this we mean, upon whom his subject has so acted, that it has seemed to direct *him*—not to be arranged by him? Any upon whom its leading or collateral points have impressed themselves so tyrannically, that he dared not treat it otherwise, lest he should falsify a revelation? Any that has imparted to his compositions, not merely so much truth as is enough to

10 convey a story with clearness, but that individualising property, which should keep the subject so treated distinct in feature from every other subject, however similar, and to common apprehensions almost identical; so as that we might say, this and this part could have found an appropriate place in no other picture in the world but this? Is there anything in modern art—we will not demand that it should be equal—but in any way analogous to what Titian has effected, in that wonderful bringing together of two times in the “Ariadne,” in the National Gallery? Precipitous, with

20 his reeling Satyr rout about him, re-peopling and re-illuming suddenly the waste places, drunk with a new fury beyond the grape, Bacchus, born in fire, fire-like flings himself at the Cretan. This is the time present. With this telling of the story—an artist, and no ordinary one, might remain richly proud. Guido, in his harmonious version of it, saw no further. But from the depth of the imaginative spirit Titian has recalled past time, and laid it contributory with the present to one simultaneous effect. With the desert all ringing with the mad cymbals of his followers, made lucid with the pres-

30 ence and new offers of a god,—as if unconscious of Bacchus, or but idly casting her eyes as upon some unconcerning pageant—her soul undistracted from Theseus—Ariadne is

still pacing the solitary shore in as much heart-silence, and in almost the same local solitude, with which she awoke at daybreak to catch the forlorn last glances of the sail that bore away the Athenian.

Here are two points miraculously co-uniting ; fierce society, with the feeling of solitude still absolute, noonday revelations, with the accidents of the dull grey dawn unquenched and lingering ; the *present* Bacchus, with the *past* Ariadne ; two stories, with double Time ; separate, and harmonising. Had the artist made the woman one shade less indifferent to the God ; still more, had she expressed a rapture at his advent, where would have been the story of the mighty desolation of the heart previous ? merged in the insipid accident of a flattering offer met with a welcome acceptance. The broken heart for Theseus was not lightly to be pieced up by a God.

We have before us a fine rough print, from a picture by Raphael in the Vatican. It is the Presentation of the newborn Eve to Adam by the Almighty. A fairer mother of mankind we might imagine, and a goodlier sire perhaps of men since born. But these are matters subordinate to the conception of the *situation*, displayed in this extraordinary production. A tolerably modern artist would have been satisfied with tempering certain raptures of connubial anticipation, with a suitable acknowledgment to the Giver of the blessing, in the countenance of the first bridegroom ; something like the divided attention of the child (Adam was here a child man) between the given toy, and the mother who had just blest it with the bauble. This is the obvious, the first-sight view, the superficial. An artist of a higher grade, considering the awful presence they were in, would have taken care to subtract something from the expression of the more human passion, and to heighten the more spiritual one. This would be as much as an exhibition-goer, from the opening of Somerset House to last year's show, has been encouraged to look for. It is obvious to hint at a lower

expression yet, in a picture, that for respects of drawing and colouring, might be deemed not wholly inadmissible within these art-fostering walls, in which the raptures should be as ninety-nine, the gratitude as one, or perhaps zero! By neither the one passion nor the other has Raphael expounded the situation of Adam. Singly upon his brow sits the absorbing sense of wonder at the created miracle. The *moment* is seized by the intuitive artist, perhaps not self-conscious of his art, in which neither of the conflicting emotions

10 —a moment how abstracted—have had time to spring up, or to battle for indecorous mastery.—We have seen a landscape of a justly admired neoteric, in which he aimed at delineating a fiction, one of the most severely beautiful in antiquity—the gardens of the Hesperides. To do Mr. — justice he had painted a laudable orchard, with fitting seclusion, and a veritable dragon (of which a Polypheme, by Poussin, is somehow a fac-simile for the situation) looking over into the world shut out backwards, so that none but a “still-climbing Hercules” could hope to catch a peep at the admired Ternary

20 of Recluses. No conventual porter could keep his eyes better than this *custos* with the “lidless eyes.” He not only sees that none *do* intrude into that privacy, but, as clear as daylight, that none but *Hercules aut Diabolus* by any manner of means *can*. So far all is well. We have absolute solitude here or nowhere. *Ab extra* the damsels are snug enough. But here the artist’s courage seems to have failed him. He began to pity his pretty charge, and, to comfort the irksomeness, has peopled their solitude with a bevy of fair attendants, maids of honour, or ladies of the bed-chamber, according to

30 the approved etiquette at a court of the nineteenth century; giving to the whole scene the air of a *fête champêtre*, if we will but excuse the absence of the gentlemen. This is well, and Watteauish. But what is become of the solitary mystery—the

Daughters three,
That sing around the golden tree?

This is not the way in which Poussin would have treated this subject.

The paintings, or rather the stupendous architectural designs, of a modern artist, have been urged as objections to the theory of our motto. They are of a character, we confess, to stagger it. His towered structures are of the highest order of the material sublime. Whether they were dreams, or transcripts of some elder workmanship—Assyrian ruins old—restored by this mighty artist, they satisfy our most stretched and craving conceptions of the glories of the 10 antique world. It is a pity that they were ever peopled. On that side, the imagination of the artist halts, and appears defective. Let us examine the point of the story in the “Belshazzar’s Feast.” We will introduce it by an apposite anecdote.

The court historians of the day record, that at the first dinner given by the late King (then Prince Regent) at the Pavilion, the following characteristic frolic was played off. The guests were select and admiring; the banquet profuse and admirable; the lights lustrous and oriental; the eye was 20 perfectly dazzled with the display of plate, among which the great gold salt cellar, brought from the regalia in the Tower for this special purpose, itself a tower! stood conspicuous for its magnitude. And now the Rev. * * * *, the then admired Court Chaplain, was proceeding with the grace, when, at a signal given, the lights were suddenly overcast, and a huge transparency was discovered, in which glittered in gold letters—

“BRIGHTON—EARTHQUAKE—SWALLOW-UP-ALIVE!”

Imagine the confusion of the guests; the Georges and 30 garters, jewels, bracelets, moulted upon the occasion! The fans dropped, and picked up the next morning by the sly court pages! Mrs. Fitz-what’s-her-name fainting, and the Countess of * * * holding the smelling-bottle, till the good-humoured Prince caused harmony to be restored by calling

in fresh candles, and declaring that the whole was nothing but a pantomime *hoax*, got up by the ingenious Mr. Farley, of Covent Garden, from hints which his Royal Highness himself had furnished! Then imagine the infinite applause that followed, the mutual rallyings, the declarations that “they were not much frightened,” of the assembled galaxy.

The point of time in the picture exactly answers to the appearance of the transparency in the anecdote. The huddle, the flutter, the bustle, the escape, the alarm, and the mock
 10 alarm; the prettinesses heightened by consternation; the courtier’s fear which was flattery, and the lady’s which was affectation; all that we may conceive to have taken place in a mob of Brighton courtiers, sympathising with the well-acted surprise of their sovereign; all this, and no more, is exhibited by the well-dressed lords and ladies in the Hall of Belus. Just this sort of consternation we have seen among a flock of disquieted wild geese at the report only of a gun having gone off!

But is this vulgar fright, this mere animal anxiety for the
 20 preservation of their persons,—such as we have witnessed at a theatre, when a slight alarm of fire has been given—an adequate exponent of a supernatural terror? the way in which the finger of God, writing judgments, would have been met by the withered conscience? There is a human fear, and a divine fear. The one is disturbed, restless, and bent upon escape. The other is bowed down, effortless, passive. When the spirit appeared before Eliphaz in the visions of the night, and the hair of his flesh stood up, was it in the thoughts of the Temanite to ring the bell of his chamber,
 30 or to call up the servants? But let us see in the text what there is to justify all this huddle of vulgar consternation.

From the words of Daniel it appears that Belshazzar had made a great feast to a thousand of his lords, and drank wine before the thousand. The golden and silver vessels are gorgeously enumerated, with the princes, the king’s concubines, and his wives. Then follows—

“In the same hour came forth fingers of a man’s hand, and wrote over against the candlestick upon the plaster of the wall of the king’s palace; and the *king* saw the part of the hand that wrote. Then the *king’s* countenance was changed, and his thoughts troubled him, so that the joints of his loins were loosened, and his knees smote one against another.”

This is the plain text. By no hint can it be otherwise inferred, but that the appearance was solely confined to the fancy of Belshazzar, that his single brain was troubled. Not 10 a word is spoken of its being seen by any else there present, not even by the queen herself, who merely undertakes for the interpretation of the phenomenon, as related to her, doubtless, by her husband. The lords are simply said to be astonished; *i.e.*, at the trouble and the change of countenance in their sovereign. Even the prophet does not appear to have seen the scroll which the king saw. He recalls it only, as Joseph did the Dream to the King of Egypt. “Then was the part of the hand sent from him [the Lord], and this writing was written.” He speaks of the phantasm 20 as past.

Then what becomes of this needless multiplication of the miracle? this message to a royal conscience, singly expressed—for it was said, “thy kingdom is divided,”—simultaneously impressed upon the fancies of a thousand courtiers, who were implied in it neither directly nor grammatically?

But admitting the artist’s own version of the story, and that the sight was seen also by the thousand courtiers—let it have been visible to all Babylon—as the knees of Belshazzar were shaken, and his countenance troubled, even so would 30 the knees of every man in Babylon, and their countenances as of an individual man, have been troubled; bowed, bent down, so would they have remained, stupor-fixed, with no thought of struggling with that inevitable judgment.

Not all that is optically possible to be seen, is to be shown in every picture. The eye delightedly dwells upon the bril-

liant individualities in a "Marriage at Cana," by Veronese, or Titian, to the very texture and colour of the wedding garments, the rings glittering upon the bride's fingers, the metal and fashion of the wine-pots ; for at such seasons there is leisure and luxury to be curious. But in a "day of judgment," or in a "day of lesser horrors, yet divine," as at the impious feast of Belshazzar, the eye should see, as the actual eye of an agent or patient in the immediate scene would see, only in masses and indistinction. Not only the
10 female attire and jewelry exposed to the critical eye of fashion, as minutely as the dresses in a lady's magazine, in the criticised picture,—but perhaps the curiosities of anatomical science, and studied diversities of posture in the falling angels and sinners of Michael Angelo,—have no business in their great subjects. There was no leisure for them.

By a wise falsification, the great masters of painting got at their true conclusions ; by not showing the actual appearances, that is, all that was to be seen at any given moment by an indifferent eye, but only what the eye might be sup-
20 posed to see in the doing or suffering of some portentous action. Suppose the moment of the swallowing up of Pompeii. There they were to be seen—houses, columns, architectural proportions, differences of public and private buildings, men and women at their standing occupations, the diversified thousand postures, attitudes, dresses, in some confusion truly, but physically they were visible. But what eye saw them at that eclipsing moment, which reduces confusion to a kind of unity, and when the senses are upturned from their properties, when sight and hearing are a feeling
30 only ? A thousand years have passed, and we are at leisure to contemplate the weaver fixed standing at his shuttle, the baker at his oven, and to turn over with antiquarian coolness the pots and pans of Pompeii.

"Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon, and thou, Moon, in the valley of Ajalon." Who, in reading this magnificent Hebraism, in his conception, sees aught but the heroic son of

Nun, with the outstretched arm, and the greater and lesser light obsequious? Doubtless there were to be seen hill and dale, and chariots and horsemen, on open plain, or winding by secret defiles, and all the circumstances and stratagems of war. But whose eyes would have been conscious of this array at the interposition of the synchronic miracle? Yet in the picture of this subject by the artist of the "Belshazzar's Feast"—no ignoble work either—the marshalling and landscape of the war is everything, the miracle sinks into an anecdote of the day; and the eye may "dart through rank 10 and file traverse" for some minutes, before it shall discover, among his armed followers, *which is Joshua!* Not modern art alone, but ancient, where only it is to be found if anywhere, can be detected erring, from defect of this imaginative faculty. The world has nothing to show of the preternatural in painting, transcending the figure of Lazarus bursting his grave-clothes, in the great picture at Angerstein's. It seems a thing between two beings. A ghastly horror at itself struggles with newly-apprehending gratitude at second life bestowed. It cannot forget that it was a ghost. It has 20 hardly felt that it is a body. It has to tell of the world of spirits.—Was it from a feeling, that the crowd of half-impassioned by-standers, and the still more irrelevant herd of passers-by at a distance, who have not heard or but faintly have been told of the passing miracle, admirable as they are in design and hue—for it is a glorified work—do not respond adequately to the action—that the single figure of the Lazarus has been attributed to Michael Angelo, and the mighty Sebastian unfairly robbed of the fame of the greater half of the interest? Now that there were not indifferent 30 passers-by, within actual scope of the eyes of those present at the miracle, to whom the sound of it had but faintly, or not at all, reached, it would be hardihood to deny; but would they see them? or can the mind in the conception of it admit of such unconcerning objects? can it think of them at all? or what associating league to the imagination can

there be between the seers, and the seers not, of a presential miracle?

Were an artist to paint upon demand a picture of a Dryad, we will ask whether, in the present low state of expectation, the patron would not, or ought not to be fully satisfied with a beautiful naked figure recumbent under wide-stretched oaks? Disseat those woods, and place the same figure among fountains, and fall of pellucid water, and you have a—Naiad! Not so in a rough print we have seen after Julio Romano, 10 we think—for it is long since—*there*, by no process, with mere change of scene, could the figure have reciprocated characters. Long, grotesque, fantastic, yet with a grace of her own, beautiful in convolution and distortion, linked to her connatural tree, co-twisting with its limbs her own, till both seemed either—these, animated branches; those, dis- animated members—yet the animal and vegetable lives sufficiently kept distinct—*his* Dryad lay—an approximation of two natures, which to conceive, it must be seen; analogous to, not the same with, the delicacies of Ovidian trans- 20 formations.

To the lowest subjects, and, to a superficial comprehension, the most barren, the Great Masters gave loftiness and fruitfulness. The large eye of genius saw in the meanness of present objects their capabilities of treatment from their relations to some grand Past or Future. How has Raphael—we must still linger about the Vatican—treated the humble craft of the shipbuilder, in *his* “Building of the Ark”? It is in that scriptural series, to which we have referred, and which, judging from some fine rough old graphic sketches of 30 them which we possess, seem to be of a higher and more poetic grade than even the Cartoons. The dim of sight are the timid and the shrinking. There is a cowardice in modern art. As the Frenchmen, of whom Coleridge’s friend made the prophetic guess at Rome, from the beard and horns of the Moses of Michael Angelo collected no inferences beyond that of a He Goat and a Cornuto; so from this

subject, of mere mechanic promise, it would instinctively turn away, as from one incapable of investiture with any grandeur. The dockyards at Woolwich would object derogatory associations. The dépôt at Chatham would be the mote and the beam in its intellectual eye. But not to the nautical preparations in the shipyards of Civita Vecchia did Raphael look for instructions, when he imagined the Building of the Vessel that was to be conservatory of the wrecks of the species of drowned mankind. In the intensity of the action, he keeps ever out of sight the meanness of the operation. 10 There is the Patriarch, in calm forethought, and with holy prescience, giving directions. And there are his agents—the solitary but sufficient Three—hewing, sawing, every one with the might and earnestness of a Demiurgus; under some instinctive rather than technical guidance; giant-muscled; every one a Hercules, or liker to those Vulcanian Three, that in sounding caverns under Mongibello wrought in fire—Brontes, and black Steropes, and Pyracmon. So work the workmen that should repair a world!

Artists again err in the confounding of *poetic* with *pictorial* 20 *subjects*. In the latter, the exterior accidents are nearly everything, the unseen qualities as nothing. Othello's colour—the infirmities and corpulence of a Sir John Falstaff—do they haunt us perpetually in the reading? or are they obtruded upon our conceptions one time for ninety-nine that we are lost in admiration at the respective moral or intellectual attributes of the character? But in a picture Othello is *always* a Blackamoor; and the other only Plump Jack. Deeply corporealised, and enchained hopelessly in the groveling fetters of externality, must be the mind, to which, in its 30 better moments, the image of the high-souled, high-intellicenced Quixote—the errant Star of Knighthood, made more tender by eclipse—has never presented itself, divested from the unhallowed accompaniment of a Sancho, or a rabblement at the heels of Rosinante. That man has read his book by halves; he has laughed, mistaking his author's purport,

- which was—tears. The artist that pictures Quixote (and it is in this degrading point that he is every season held up at our Exhibitions) in the shallow hope of exciting mirth, would have joined the rabble at the heels of his starved steed. We wish not to see *that* counterfeited, which we would not have wished to see in the reality. Conscious of the heroic inside of the noble Quixote, who, on hearing that his withered person was passing, would have stepped over his threshold to gaze upon his forlorn habiliments, and the
- 10 “strange bed-fellows which misery brings a man acquainted with”? Shade of Cervantes! who in thy Second Part could put into the mouth of thy Quixote those high aspirations of a super-chivalrous gallantry, where he replies to one of the shepherdesses, apprehensive that he would spoil their pretty net-works, and inviting him to be a guest with them, in accents like these: “Truly, fairest Lady, Actæon was not more astonished when he saw Diana bathing herself at the fountain, than I have been in beholding your beauty: I commend the manner of your pastime, and thank you for your
- 20 kind offers; and, if I may serve you, so I may be sure you will be obeyed, you may command me: for my profession is this, To show myself thankful, and a doer of good to all sorts of people, especially of the rank that your person shows you to be; and if those nets, as they take up but a little piece of ground, should take up the whole world, I would seek out new worlds to pass through, rather than break them: and (he adds), that you may give credit to this my exaggeration, behold at least he that promiseth you this, is Don Quixote de la Mancha, if haply this name hath come to your hearing.”
- 30 Illustrious Romancer! were the “fine frenzies,” which possessed the brain of thy own Quixote, a fit subject, as in this Second Part, to be exposed to the jeers of Duennas and Serving Men? to be monstered, and shown up at the heartless banquets of great men? Was that pitiable infirmity, which in thy First Part misleads him, *always from within*, into half-ludicrous, but more than half-compassionable

and admirable errors, not infliction enough from heaven, that men by studied artifices must devise and practise upon the humour, to inflame where they should soothe it? Why, Goneril would have blushed to practise upon the abdicated king at this rate, and the she-wolf Regan not have endured to play the pranks upon his fled wits, which thou hast made thy Quixote suffer in Duchesses' halls, and at the hands of that unworthy nobleman.

In the First Adventures, even, it needed all the art of the most consummate artist in the Book way that the world hath 10 yet seen, to keep up in the mind of the reader the heroic attributes of the character without relaxing; so as absolutely that they shall suffer no alloy from the debasing fellowship of the clown. If it ever obtrudes itself as a disharmony, are we inclined to laugh; or not, rather, to indulge a contrary emotion?—Cervantes, stung, perchance, by the relish with which *his* Reading Public had received the fooleries of the man, more to their palates than the generousities of the master, in the sequel let his pen run riot, lost the harmony, and the balance, and sacrificed a great idea to the taste of his 20 contemporaries. We know that in the present day the Knight has fewer admirers than the Squire. Anticipating, what did actually happen to him—as afterwards it did to his scarce inferior follower, the Author of “Guzman de Alfarache”—that some less knowing hand would prevent him by a spurious Second Part; and judging, that it would be easier for his competitor to outbid him in the comicalities, than in the *romance*, of his work, he abandoned his Knight, and has fairly set up the Squire for his Hero. For what else has he unsealed the eyes of Sancho; and instead of that twilight 30 state of semi-insanity—the madness at secondhand—the contagion caught from a stronger mind infected—that war between native cunning, and hereditary deference, with which he has hitherto accompanied his master—two for a pair almost—does he substitute a downright Knave, with open eyes, for his own ends only following a confessed

Madman ; and offering at one time to lay, if not actually laying, hands upon him ! From the moment that Sancho loses his reverence, Don Quixote is become—a treatable lunatic. Our artists handle him accordingly.

REJOICINGS UPON THE NEW YEAR'S COMING OF AGE.

THE *Old Year* being dead, and the *New Year* coming of age, which he does, by Calendar Law, as soon as the breath is out of the old gentleman's body, nothing would serve the young spark but he must give a dinner upon the occasion, to which all the *Days* in the year were invited. The *Festivals*, whom
10 he deputed as his stewards, were mightily taken with the notion. They had been engaged time out of mind, they said, in providing mirth and good cheer for mortals below ; and it was time they should have a taste of their own bounty. It was stiffly debated among them, whether the *Fasts* should be admitted. Some said, the appearance of such lean, starved guests, with their mortified faces, would pervert the ends of the meeting. But the objection was overruled by *Christmas Day*, who had a design upon *Ash Wednesday* (as you shall hear), and a mighty desire to see how the old Domine would
20 behave himself in his cups. Only the *Vigils* were requested to come with their lanterns, to light the gentlefolks home at night.

All the *Days* came to their day. Covers were provided for three hundred and sixty-five guests at the principal table ; with an occasional knife and fork at the side-board for the *Twenty-Ninth of February*.

I should have told you, that cards of invitation had been issued. The carriers were the *Hours* ; twelve little, merry, whirligig foot-pages, as you should desire to see, that went
30 all round, and found out the persons invited well enough, with the exception of *Easter Day*, *Shrove Tuesday*, and a few such *Moveables*, who had lately shifted their quarters.

Well, they all met at last, foul *Days*, fine *Days*, all sorts of *Days*, and a rare din they made of it. There was nothing but, Hail ! fellow *Day*,—well met—brother *Day*—sister *Day*,—only *Lady Day* kept a little on the aloof, and seemed somewhat scornful. Yet some said, *Twelfth Day* cut her out and out, for she came in a tiffany suit, white and gold, like a queen on a frost-cake, all royal, glittering, and *Epiphanous*. The rest came, some in green, some in white—but old *Lent* and his family were not yet out of mourning. Rainy *Days* came in, dripping ; and sunshiny *Days* helped them to change 10 their stockings. *Wedding Day* was there in his marriage finery, a little the worse for wear. *Pay Day* came late, as he always does ; and *Doomsday* sent word—he might be expected.

April Fool (as my young lord's jester) took upon himself to marshal the guests, and wild work he made it. It would have posed old Erra Pater to have found out any given *'Day* in the year, to erect a scheme upon—good *Days*, bad *Days*, were so shuffled together, to the confounding of all sober horoscopy. 20

He had stuck the *Twenty First of June* next to the *Twenty Second of December*, and the former looked like a Maypole siding a marrow-bone. *Ash Wednesday* got wedged in (as was concerted) betwixt *Christmas* and *Lord Mayor's Days*. Lord ! how he laid about him ! Nothing but barons of beef and turkeys would go down with him—to the great greasing and detriment of his new sackcloth bib and tucker. And still *Christmas Day* was at his elbow, plying him with the wassail-bowl, till he roared, and hiccupp'd, and protested there was no faith in dried ling, but commended it to the 30 devil for a sour, windy, acrimonious, censorious, hy-po-crit-crit-critical mess, and no dish for a gentleman. Then he dipt his fist into the middle of the great custard that stood before his *left-hand neighbour*, and daubed his hungry beard all over with it, till you would have taken him for the *Last day in December*, it so hung in icicles.

At another part of the table, *Shrove Tuesday* was helping the *Second of September* to some cock broth,—which courtesy the latter returned with the delicate thigh of a hen pheasant—so there was no love lost for that matter. The *Last of Lent* was spunging upon *Shrovetide's* pancakes; which *April Fool* perceiving, told him he did well, for pancakes were proper to a *good fry-day*.

In another part, a hubbub arose about the *Thirtieth of January*, who, it seems, being a sour puritanic character, 10 that thought nobody's meat good or sanctified enough for him, had smuggled into the room a calf's head, which he had had cooked at home for that purpose, thinking to feast thereon incontinently; but as it lay in the dish, *March many-weathers*, who is a very fine lady, and subject to the meagrim, screamed out there was a "human head in the platter," and raved about Herodias' daughter to that degree, that the obnoxious viand was obliged to be removed; nor did she recover her stomach till she had gulped down a *Restorative*, confected of *Oak Apple*, which the merry *Twenty Ninth of* 20 *May* always carries about with him for that purpose.

The King's health being called for after this, a notable dispute arose between the *Twelfth of August* (a zealous old Whig gentlewoman), and the *Twenty Third of April* (a new-fangled lady of the Tory stamp), as to which of them should have the honour to propose it. *August* grew hot upon the matter, affirming time out of mind the prescriptive right to have lain with her, till her rival had basely supplanted her; whom she represented as little better than a mistress, who went about in *fine clothes*, while she (the legitimate BIRTH- 30 DAY) had scarcely a rag, etc.

April Fool, being made mediator, confirmed the right in the strongest form of words to the appellant, but decided for peace' sake that the exercise of it should remain with the present possessor. At the same time, he silyly rounded the first lady in the ear, that an action might lie against the Crown for *bi-geny*.

It beginning to grow a little duskish, *Candlemas* lustily bawled out for lights, which was opposed by all the *Days*, who protested against burning daylight. Then fair water was handed round in silver ewers, and the *same lady* was observed to take an unusual time in *Washing* he himself.

May Day, with that sweetness which is peculiar to her, in a neat speech proposing the health of the founder, crowned her goblet (and by her example the rest of the company) with garlands. This being done, the lordly *New Year* from the upper end of the table, in a cordial but somewhat lofty 10 tone, returned thanks. He felt proud on an occasion of meeting so many of his worthy father's late tenants, promised to improve their farms, and at the same time to abate (if anything was found unreasonable) in their rents.

At the mention of this, the four *Quarter Days* involuntarily looked at each other, and smiled : *April Fool* whistled to an old tune of "New Brooms" ; and a surly old rebel at the further end of the table (who was discovered to be no other than the *Fifth of November*), muttered out, distinctly enough to be heard by the whole company, words to this effect, that, 20 "when the old one is gone, he is a fool that looks for a better." Which rudeness of his, the guests resenting, unanimously voted his expulsion ; and the malcontent was thrust out neck and heels into the cellar, as the properest place for such a *boutefeu* and firebrand as he had shown himself to be.

Order being restored—the young lord (who, to say truth, had been a little ruffled, and put beside his oratory) in as few, and yet as obliging words as possible, assured them of entire welcome ; and, with a graceful turn, singling out 30 poor *Twenty Ninth of February* that had sate all this while mumchance at the side-board, begged to couple his health with that of the good company before him—which he drank accordingly ; observing that he had not seen his honest face any time these four years—with a number of endearing expressions besides. At the same time, removing the solitary

Day from the forlorn seat which had been assigned him, he stationed him at his own board, somewhere between the *Greek Calends* and *Latter Lammas*.

Ash Wednesday, being now called upon for a song, with his eyes fast stuck in his head, and as well as the Canary he had swallowed would give him leave, struck up a Carol, which *Christmas Day* had taught him for the nonce; and was followed by the latter, who gave "Miserere" in fine style, hitting off the mumping notes and lengthened drawl of
 10 *Old Mortification* with infinite humour. *April Fool* swore they had exchanged conditions; but *Good Friday* was observed to look extremely grave; and *Sunday* held her fan before her face, that she might not be seen to smile.

Shrovetide, *Lord Mayor's Day*, and *April Fool* next joined in a glee—

Which is the properest day to drink?

in which all the *Days* chiming in, made a merry burden.

They next fell to quibbles and conundrums. The question being proposed, who had the greatest number of followers—
 20 the *Quarter Days* said, there could be no question as to that; for they had all the creditors in the world dogging their heels. But *April Fool* gave it in favour of the *Forty Days before Easter*; because the debtors in all cases outnumbered the creditors, and they kept *Lent* all the year.

All this while, *Valentine's Day* kept courting pretty *May*, who sate next him, slipping amorous *billets-doux* under the table, till the *Dog Days* (who are naturally of a warm constitution) began to be jealous, and to bark and rage exceedingly. *April Fool*, who likes a bit of sport above measure,
 30 and had some pretensions to the lady besides, as being but a cousin once removed,—clapped and halloo'd them on; and as fast as their indignation cooled, those mad wags, the *Ember Days*, were at it with their bellows, to blow it into a flame; and all was in a ferment: till old Madam *Septuagesima* (who boasts herself the *Mother of the Days*) wisely diverted the

conversation with a tedious tale of the loves which she could reckon when she was young; and of one Master *Rogation Day* in particular, who was for ever putting the *question* to her; but she kept him at a distance, as the chronicle would tell—by which I apprehend she meant the Almanac. Then she rambled on to the *Days that were gone*, the *good old Days*, and so to the *Days before the Flood*—which plainly showed her old head to be little better than crazed and doited.

Day being ended, the *Days* called for their cloaks and great-coats, and took their leaves. *Lord Mayor's Day* went 10 off in a Mist, as usual; *Shortest Day* in a deep black Fog, that wrapt the little gentleman all round like a hedgehog. Two *Vigils*—so watchmen are called in heaven—saw *Christmas Day* safe home—they had been used to the business before. Another *Vigil*—a stout, sturdy patrol, called the *Eve of St. Christopher*—seeing *Ash Wednesday* in a condition little better than he should be—e'en whipt him over his shoulders, pick-a-back fashion, and *Old Mortification* went floating home singing—

On the bat's back do I fly, 20

and a number of old snatches besides, between drunk and sober, but very few Aves or Penitentiaries (you may believe me) were among them. *Longest Day* set off westward in beautiful crimson and gold—the rest, some in one fashion, some in another; but *Valentine* and pretty *May* took their departure together in one of the prettiest silvery twilights a Lover's Day could wish to set in.

THE WEDDING.

I do not know when I have been better pleased than at being invited last week to be present at the wedding of a friend's daughter. I like to make one at these ceremonies, 30 which to us old people give back our youth in a manner, and restore our gayest season, in the remembrance of our own

success, or the regrets, scarcely less tender, of our own youthful disappointments, in this point of a settlement. On these occasions I am sure to be in good-humour for a week or two after, and enjoy a reflected honeymoon. Being without a family, I am flattered with these temporary adoptions into a friend's family ; I feel a sort of cousinhood, or uncleship, for the season ; I am inducted into degrees of affinity ; and, in the participated socialities of the little community, I lay down for a brief while my solitary
10 bachelorship. I carry this humour so far, that I take it unkindly to be left out, even when a funeral is going on in the house of a dear friend. But to my subject.—

The union itself had been long settled, but its celebration had been hitherto deferred, to an almost unreasonable state of suspense in the lovers, by some invincible prejudices which the bride's father had unhappily contracted upon the subject of the too early marriages of females. He has been lecturing any time these five years—for to that length the courtship had been protracted—upon the propriety of putting
20 off the solemnity, till the lady should have completed her five-and-twentieth year. We all began to be afraid that a suit, which as yet had abated of none of its ardours, might at last be lingered on, till passion had time to cool, and love go out in the experiment. But a little wheedling on the part of his wife, who was by no means a party to these overstrained notions, joined to some serious expostulations on that of his friends, who, from the growing infirmities of the old gentleman, could not promise ourselves many years' enjoyment of his company, and were anxious to bring
30 matters to a conclusion during his lifetime, at length prevailed ; and on Monday last the daughter of my old friend, Admiral —, having attained the *womanly* age of nineteen, was conducted to the church by her pleasant cousin J—, who told some few years older.

Before the youthful part of my female readers express their indignation at the abominable loss of time occasioned

to the lovers by the preposterous notions of my old friend, they will do well to consider the reluctance which a fond parent naturally feels at parting with his child. To this unwillingness, I believe, in most cases may be traced the difference of opinion on this point between child and parent, whatever pretences of interest or prudence may be held out to cover it. The hardheartedness of fathers is a fine theme for romance writers, a sure and moving topic; but is there not something untender, to say no more of it, in the hurry which a beloved child is sometimes in to tear herself from the 10 paternal stock, and commit herself to strange graftings. The case is heightened where the lady, as in the present instance, happens to be an only child. I do not understand these matters experimentally, but I can make a shrewd guess at the wounded pride of a parent upon these occasions. It is no new observation, I believe, that a lover in most cases has no rival so much to be feared as the father. Certainly there is a jealousy in *unparallel subjects*, which is little less heart-rending than the passion which we more strictly christen by that name. Mothers' scruples are more easily got over; for 20 this reason, I suppose, that the protection transferred to a husband is less a derogation and a loss to their authority than to the paternal. Mothers, besides, have a trembling foresight, which paints the inconveniences (impossible to be conceived in the same degree by the other parent) of a life of forlorn celibacy, which the refusal of a tolerable match may entail upon their child. Mothers' instinct is a surer guide here, than the cold reasonings of a father on such a topic. To this instinct may be imputed, and by it alone may be excused, the unbecoming artifices, by which some wives push 30 on the matrimonial projects of their daughters, which the husband, however approving, shall entertain with comparative indifference. A little shamelessness on this head is pardonable. With this explanation, forwardness becomes a grace, and maternal importunity receives the name of a virtue.—But the parson stays, while I preposterously

assume his office ; I am preaching, while the bride is on the threshold.

Nor let any of my female readers suppose that the sage reflections which have just escaped me have the oblique tendency of application to the young lady, who, it will be seen, is about to venture upon a change in her condition, at a *mature and competent age*, and not without the fullest approbation of all parties. I only deprecate *very hasty marriages*.

- 10 It had been fixed that the ceremony should be gone through at an early hour, to give time for a little *déjeûné* afterwards, to which a select party of friends had been invited. We were in church a little before the clock struck eight.

Nothing could be more judicious or graceful than the dress of the bridesmaids—the three charming Miss Foresters—on this morning. To give the bride an opportunity of shining singly, they had come habited all in green. I am ill at describing female apparel ; but while *she* stood at the altar
 20 in vestments white and candid as her thoughts, a sacrificial whiteness, *they* assisted in robes, such as might become Diana's nymphs—Foresters indeed—as such who had not yet come to the resolution of putting off cold virginity. These young maids, not being so blest as to have a mother living, I am told, keep single for their father's sake, and live altogether so happy with their remaining parent, that the hearts of their lovers are ever broken with the prospect (so inauspicious to their hopes) of such uninterrupted and provoking home-comfort. Gallant girls ! each a victim worthy of Iphigenia !

- 30 I do not know what business I have to be present in solemn places. I cannot divest me of an unseasonable disposition to levity upon the most awful occasions. I was never cut out for a public functionary. Ceremony and I have long shaken hands ; but I could not resist the importunities of the young lady's father, whose gout unhappily confined him at home, to act as parent on this occasion, and

give away the bride. Something ludicrous occurred to me at this most serious of all moments—a sense of my unfitness to have the disposal, even in imagination, of the sweet young creature beside me. I fear I was betrayed to some lightness, for the awful eye of the parson—and the rector's eye of Saint Mildred's in the Poultry is no trifle of a rebuke—was upon me in an instant, souring my incipient jest to the tristful severities of a funeral.

This was only the misbehaviour which I can plead to upon this solemn occasion, unless what was objected to me after 10 the ceremony by one of the handsome Miss T——s, be accounted a solecism. She was pleased to say that she had never seen a gentleman before me give away a bride in black. Now black has been my ordinary apparel so long—indeed I take it to be the proper costume of an author—the stage sanctions it—that to have appeared in some lighter colour would have raised more mirth at my expense, than the anomaly had created censure. But I could perceive that the bride's mother, and some elderly ladies present (God bless them!), would have been well content, if I had come in any 20 other colour than that. But I got over the omen by a lucky apologue, which I remembered out of Pilpay, or some Indian author, of all the birds being invited to the linnets' wedding, at which, when all the rest came in their gayest feathers, the raven alone apologised for his cloak because "he had no other." This tolerably reconciled the elders. But with the young people all was merriment, and shaking of hands, and congratulations, and kissing away the bride's tears, and kissings from her in return, till a young lady, who assumed some experience in these matters, having worn the nuptial bands 30 some four or five weeks longer than her friend, rescued her, archly observing, with half an eye upon the bridegroom, that at this rate she would have "none left."

My friend the Admiral was in fine wig and buckle on this occasion—a striking contrast to his usual neglect of personal appearance. He did not once shove up his borrowed locks

(his custom ever at his morning studies) to betray the few grey stragglers of his own beneath them. He wore an aspect of thoughtful satisfaction. I trembled for the hour, which at length approached, when after a protracted *breakfast* of three hours—if stores of cold fowls, tongues, hams, botargoes, dried fruits, wines, cordials, &c., can deserve so meagre an appellation—the coach was announced, which was come to carry off the bride and bridegroom for a season (as custom has sensibly ordained) into the country ; upon which design, 10 wishing them a felicitous journey, let us return to the assembled guests.

As when a well-graced actor leaves the stage,
The eyes of men

Are idly bent on him that enters next,

so idly did we bend our eyes upon one another, when the chief performers in the morning's pageant had vanished. None told his tale. None sipped her glass. The poor Admiral made an effort—it was not much. I had anticipated so far. Even the infinity of full satisfaction, that had 20 betrayed itself through the prim looks and quiet deportment of his lady, began to wane into something of misgiving. No one knew whether to take their leaves or stay. We seemed assembled upon a silly occasion. In this crisis, betwixt tarrying and departure, I must do justice to a foolish talent of mine, which had otherwise like to have brought me into disgrace in the fore-part of the day ; I mean a power, in any emergency, of thinking and giving vent to all manner of strange nonsense. In this awkward dilemma I found it sovereign. I rattled off some of my most excellent absur- 30 dities. All were willing to be relieved, at any expense of reason, from the pressure of the intolerable vacuum which had succeeded to the morning bustle. By this means I was fortunate in keeping together the better part of the company to a late hour : and a rubber of whist (the Admiral's favourite game) with some rare strokes of chance as well as skill, which came opportunely on his side—lengthened out till midnight

—dismissed the old gentleman at last to his bed with comparatively easy spirits.

I have been at my old friend's various times since. I do not know a visiting place where every guest is so perfectly at his ease ; nowhere, where harmony is so strangely the result of confusion. Everybody is at cross purposes, yet the effect is so much better than uniformity. Contradictory orders ; servants pulling one way ; master and mistress driving some other, yet both diverse ; visitors huddled up in corners ; chairs unsymmetrised ; candles disposed by chance ; meals at 10 odd hours, tea and supper at once, or the latter preceding the former ; the host and the guest conferring, yet each upon a different topic, each understanding himself, neither trying to understand or hear the other ; draughts and politics, chess and political economy, cards and conversation on nautical matters, going on at once, without the hope, or indeed the wish, of distinguishing them, make it altogether the most perfect *concordia discors* you shall meet with. Yet somehow the old house is not quite what it should be. The Admiral still enjoys his pipe, but he has no Miss Emily to fill it for 20 him. The instrument stands where it stood, but she is gone, whose delicate touch could sometimes for a short minute appease the warring elements. He has learnt, as Marvel expresses it, to "make his destiny his choice." He bears bravely up, but he does not come out with his flashes of wild wit so thick as formerly. His sea songs seldomer escape him. His wife, too, looks as if she wanted some younger body to scold and set to rights. We all miss a junior presence. It is wonderful how one young maiden freshens up, and keeps green, the paternal roof. Old and young seem to 30 have an interest in her, so long as she is not absolutely disposed of. The youthfulness of the house is flown. Emily is married.

THE CHILD ANGEL.

A DREAM.

I CHANCED upon the prettiest, oddest, fantastical thing of a dream the other night, that you shall hear of. I had been reading the "Loves of the Angels," and went to bed with my head full of speculations, suggested by that extraordinary legend. It had given birth to innumerable conjectures; and, I remember, the last waking thought, which I gave expression to on my pillow, was a sort of wonder "what could come of it."

* I was suddenly transported, how or whither I could
10 scarcely make out—but to some celestial region. It was not the real heavens neither—not the downright Bible heaven—but a kind of fairyland heaven, about which a poor human fancy may have leave to sport and air itself, I will hope, without presumption.

Methought—what wild things dreams are!—I was present—at what would you imagine?—at an angel's gossiping.

Whence it came, or how it came, or who bid it come, or whether it came purely out of its own head, neither you nor I know—but there lay, sure enough, wrapt in its little cloudy
20 swaddling bands—a Child Angel.

Sun-threads—filmy beams—ran through the celestial napery of what seemed its princely cradle. All the winged orders hovered round, watching when the new-born should open its yet closed eyes; which, when it did, first one, and then the other—with a solicitude and apprehension, yet not such as, stained with fear, dim the expanding eyelids of mortal infants, but as if to explore its path in those its unhereditary palaces—what an inextinguishable titter that time spared not celestial visages! Nor wanted there to my
30 seeming—O the inexplicable simpleness of dreams!—bowls of that cheering nectar,

—which mortals *caudle* call below.

Nor were wanting faces of female ministrants,—stricken in years, as it might seem,—so dexterous were those heavenly attendants to counterfeit kindly similitudes of earth, to greet with terrestrial child-rites the young *present*, which earth had made to heaven.

Then were celestial harpings heard, not in full symphony as those by which the spheres are tutored ; but, as loudest instruments on earth speak oftentimes, muffled ; so to accommodate their sound the better to the weak ears of the imperfect-born. And, with the noise of those subdued 10 soundings, the Angelet sprang forth, fluttering its rudiments of pinions—but forthwith flagged and was recovered into the arms of those full-winged angels. And a wonder it was to see how, as years went round in heaven—a year in dreams is as a day—continually its white shoulders put forth buds of wings, but, wanting the perfect angelic nutriment, anon was shorn of its aspiring, and fell fluttering—still caught by hands—for ever to put forth shoots, and to fall fluttering, because its birth was not of the unmixed vigour of heaven.

And a name was given to the Babe Angel, and it was to 20 be called *Ge-Urania*, because its production was of earth and heaven.

And it could not taste of death, by reason of its adoption into immortal palaces : but it was to know weakness, and reliance, and the shadow of human imbecility ; and it went with a lame gait ; but in its goings it exceeded all mortal children in grace and swiftness. Then pity first sprang up in angelic bosoms ; and yearnings (like the human) touched them at the sight of the immortal lame one.

And with pain did then first those Intuitive Essences, 30 with pain and strife to their natures (not grief), put back their bright intelligences, and reduce their ethereal minds, schooling them to degrees and slower processes, so as to adapt their lessons to the gradual illumination (as must needs be) of the half-earth-born ; and what intuitive notices they could not repel (by reason that their nature is, to know

all things at once), the half-heavenly novice, by the better part of its nature, aspired to receive into its understanding ; so that Humility and Aspiration went on even-paced in the instruction of the glorious Amphibium.

But, by reason that Mature Humanity is too gross to breathe the air of that super-subtile region, its portion was, and is, to be a child for ever.

And because the human part of it might not press into the heart and inwards of the palace of its adoption, those full-natured angels tended it by turns in the purlieus of the palace, where were shady groves and rivulets, like this green earth from which it came : so Love, with Voluntary Humility, waited upon the entertainment of the new-adopted.

And myriads of years rolled round (in dreams Time is nothing), and still it kept, and is to keep, perpetual childhood, and is the Tutelar Genius of Childhood upon earth, and still goes lame and lovely.

By the banks of the river Pison is seen, lone-sitting by the terrestrial Adah, whom the angel Nadir loved, a Child ; but not the same which I saw in heaven. A mournful hue overcasts its lineaments ; nevertheless, a correspondency is between the child by the grave, and that celestial orphan, whom I saw above ; and the dimness of the grief upon the heavenly, is a shadow or emblem of that which stains the beauty of the terrestrial. And this correspondency is not to be understood but by dreams.

And in the archives of heaven I had grace to read, how that once the angel Nadir, being exiled from his place for mortal passion, upspringing on the wings of parental love (such power had parental love for a moment to suspend an else-irrevocable law) appeared for a brief instant in his station ; and, depositing a wondrous Birth, straightway disappeared, and the palaces knew him no more. And this charge was the self-same Babe, who goeth lame and lovely—but Adah sleepeth by the river Pison.

OLD CHINA.

I HAVE an almost feminine partiality for old china. When I go to see any great house, I inquire for the china-closet, and next for the picture gallery. I cannot defend the order of preference, but by saying, that we have all some taste or other, of too ancient a date to admit of our remembering distinctly that it was an acquired one. I can call to mind the first play, and the first exhibition, that I was taken to ; but I am not conscious of a time when china jars and saucers were introduced into my imagination.

I had no repugnance then—why should I now have?— 10
to those little, lawless, azure-tinctured grotesques, that under the notion of men and women, float about, uncircumscribed by any element, in that world before perspective—a china tea-cup.

I like to see my old friends—whom distance cannot diminish—figuring up in the air (so they appear to our optics), yet on *terra firma* still—for so we must in courtesy interpret that speck of deeper blue,—which the decorous artist, to prevent absurdity, had made to spring up beneath their sandals.

20

I love the men with women's faces, and the women, if possible, with still more womanish expressions.

Here is a young and courtly Mandarin, handing tea to a lady from a salver—two miles off. See how distance seems to set off respect ! And here the same lady, or another—for likeness is identity on tea-cups—is stepping into a little fairy boat, moored on the hither side of this calm garden river, with a dainty mincing foot, which in a right angle of incidence (as angles go in our world) must infallibly land her in the midst of a flowery mead—a furlong off on the other 30
side of the same strange stream !

Farther on—if far or near can be predicated of their world—see horses, trees, pagodas, dancing the hays.

Here—a cow and rabbit couchant, and co-extensive—so objects show, seen through the lucid atmosphere of fine Cathay.

I was pointing out to my cousin last evening, over our Hyson (which we are old-fashioned enough to drink unmixed still of an afternoon), some of these *speciosa miracula* upon a set of extraordinary old blue china (a recent purchase) which we were now for the first time using ; and could not help remarking, how favourable circumstances had been to us of late years, that we could afford to please the eye sometimes with trifles of this sort—when a passing sentiment seemed to overshadow the brows of my companion. I am quick at detecting these summer clouds in Bridget.

“I wish the good old times would come again,” she said, “when we were not quite so rich. I do not mean, that I want to be poor ; but there was a middle state”—as she was pleased to ramble on,—“in which I am sure we were a great deal happier. A purchase is but a purchase, now that you have money enough and to spare. Formerly it used to be a triumph. When we coveted a cheap luxury (and, O ! how much ado I had to get you to consent in those times !)—we were used to have a debate two or three days before, and to weigh the *for* and *against*, and think what we might spare it out of, and what saving we could hit upon, that should be an equivalent. A thing was worth buying then, when we felt the money that we paid for it.

“Do you remember the brown suit, which you made to hang upon you, till all your friends cried shame upon you, it grew so threadbare—and all because of that folio Beaumont and Fletcher, which you dragged home late at night from Barker’s in Covent Garden ? Do you remember how we eyed it for weeks before we could make up our minds to the purchase, and had not come to a determination till it was near ten o’clock of the Saturday night, when we set off from Islington, fearing you should be too late—and when the old bookseller with some grumbling opened his shop, and by the

twinkling taper (for he was setting bedwards) lighted out the relic from his dusty treasures—and when you lugged it home, wishing it were twice as cumbersome—and when you presented it to me—and when we were exploring the perfectness of it (*collating* you called it)—and while I was repairing some of the loose leaves with paste, which your impatience would not suffer to be left till daybreak—was there no pleasure in being a poor man? or can those neat black clothes which you wear now, and are so careful to keep brushed, since we have become rich and finical—give you half the 10 honest vanity, with which you flaunted it about in that over-worn suit—your old corbeau—for four or five weeks longer than you should have done, to pacify your conscience for the mighty sum of fifteen—or sixteen shillings was it?—a great affair we thought it then—which you had lavished on the old folio. Now you can afford to buy any book that pleases you, but I do not see that you ever bring me home any nice old purchases now.

“When you came home with twenty apologies for laying out a less number of shillings upon that print after Lionardo, 20 which we christened the ‘Lady Blanch’; when you looked at the purchase, and thought of the money—and thought of the money, and looked again at the picture—was there no pleasure in being a poor man? Now, you have nothing to do but to walk into Colnaghi’s, and buy a wilderness of Lionardos. Yet do you?

“Then, do you remember our pleasant walks to Enfield, and Potter’s Bar, and Waltham, when we had a holyday—holy days, and all other fun, are gone, now we are rich—and the little hand-basket in which I used to deposit our day’s fare of 30 savoury cold lamb and salad—and how you would pry about at noontide for some decent house, where we might go in, and produce our store—only paying for the ale that you must call for—and speculate upon the looks of the landlady, and whether she was likely to allow us a table-cloth—and wish for such another honest hostess, as Izaak Walton had

described many a one on the pleasant banks of the Lea, when he went a fishing—and sometimes they would prove obliging enough, and sometimes they would look grudgingly upon us—but we had cheerful looks still for one another, and would eat our plain food savourily, scarcely grudging Piscator his Trout Hall? Now,—when we go out a day's pleasuring, which is seldom moreover, we *ride* part of the way—and go into a fine inn, and order the best of dinners, never debating the expense—which, after all, never has half the relish of those chance country snaps, when we were at the mercy of uncertain usage, and a precarious welcome.

“You are too proud to see a play anywhere now but in the pit. Do you remember where it was we used to sit, when we saw the Battle of Hexham, and the Surrender of Calais, and Bannister and Mrs. Bland in the Children in the Wood—when we squeezed out our shillings a-piece to sit three or four times in a season in the one-shilling gallery—where you felt all the time that you ought not to have brought me—and more strongly I felt obligation to you for having brought me—and the pleasure was the better for a little shame—and when the curtain drew up, what cared we for our place in the house, or what mattered it where we were sitting, when our thoughts were with Rosalind in Arden, or with Viola at the Court of Illyria? You used to say, that the Gallery was the best place of all for enjoying a play socially—that the relish of such exhibitions must be in proportion to the infrequency of going—that the company we met there, not being in general readers of plays, were obliged to attend the more, and did attend, to what was going on, on the stage—because a word lost would have been a chasm, which it was impossible for them to fill up. With such reflections we consoled our pride then—and I appeal to you, whether, as a woman, I met generally with less attention and accommodation, than I have done since in more expensive situations in the house? The getting in indeed, and the crowding up those inconvenient staircases, was bad enough,—but there was still a law of

civility to women recognised to quite as great an extent as we ever found in the other passages—and how a little difficulty overcome heightened the snug seat, and the play, afterwards ! Now we can only pay our money and walk in. You cannot see, you say, in the galleries now. I am sure we saw, and heard too, well enough then—but sight, and all, I think, is gone with our poverty.

“There was pleasure in eating strawberries, before they became quite common—in the first dish of peas, while they were yet dear—to have them for a nice supper, a treat. 10 What treat can we have now ? If we were to treat ourselves now—that is, to have dainties a little above our means, it would be selfish and wicked. It is the very little more that we allow ourselves beyond what the actual poor can get at, that makes what I call a treat—when two people living together, as we have done, now and then indulge themselves in a cheap luxury, which both like ; while each apologises, and is willing to take both halves of the blame to his single share. I see no harm in people making much of themselves in that sense of the word. It may give them a hint how to 20 make much of others. But now—what I mean by the word—we never do make much of ourselves. None but the poor can do it. I do not mean the veriest poor of all, but persons as we were, just above poverty.

“I know what you were going to say, that it is mighty pleasant at the end of the year to make all meet,—and much ado we used to have every Thirty-first night of December to account for our exceedings—many a long face did you make over your puzzled accounts, and in contriving to make it out how we had spent so much—or that we had not spent so 30 much—or that it was impossible we should spend so much next year—and still we found our slender capital decreasing—but then, betwixt ways, and projects, and compromises of one sort or another, and talk of curtailing this charge, and doing without that for the future—and the hope that youth brings, and laughing spirits (in which you were never poor

till now), we pocketed up our loss, and in conclusion, with 'lusty brimmers' (as you used to quote it out of *heartly cheerful Mr. Cotton*, as you called him), we used to welcome in the 'coming guest.' Now we have no reckoning at all at the end of the old year—no flattering promises about the new year doing better for us."

Bridget is so sparing of her speech on most occasions, that when she gets into a rhetorical vein, I am careful how I interrupt it. I could not help, however, smiling at the
10 phantom of wealth which her dear imagination had conjured up out of a clear income of poor—hundred pounds a year. "It is true we were happier when we were poorer, but we were also younger, my cousin. I am afraid we must put up with the excess, for if we were to shake the superflux into the sea, we should not much mend ourselves. That we had much to struggle with, as we grew up together, we have reason to be most thankful. It strengthened, and knit our compact closer. We could never have been what we have been to each other, if we had always had the sufficiency
20 which you now complain of. The resisting power—those natural dilations of the youthful spirit, which circumstances cannot straiten—with us are long since passed away. Competence to age is supplementary youth, a sorry supplement indeed, but I fear the best that is to be had. We must ride, where we formerly walked : live better, and lie softer—and shall be wise to do so—than we had means to do in those good old days you speak of. Yet could those days return—could you and I once more walk our thirty miles a-day—could Bannister and Mrs. Bland again be young, and
30 you and I be young to see them—could the good old one-shilling gallery days return—they are dreams, my cousin, now—but could you and I at this moment, instead of this quiet argument, by our well-carpeted fireside, sitting on this luxurious sofa—be once more struggling up those inconvenient staircases, pushed about, and squeezed, and elbowed by the poorest rabble of poor gallery scramblers—could I

once more hear those anxious shrieks of yours—and the delicious *Thank God, we are safe*, which always followed when the topmost stair, conquered, let in the first light of the whole cheerful theatre down beneath us—I know not the fathom line that ever touched a descent so deep as I would be willing to bury more wealth in than Croesus had, or the great Jew R—— is supposed to have, to purchase it. And now do just look at that merry little Chinese waiter holding an umbrella, big enough for a bed-tester, over the head of that pretty insipid half-Madonnaish chit of a lady in that 10 very blue summer-house.”

CONFESSIONS OF A DRUNKARD.

DEHORTATIONS from the use of strong liquors have been the favourite topic of sober declaimers in all ages, and have been received with abundance of applause by water-drinking critics. But with the patient himself, the man that is to be cured, unfortunately their sound has seldom prevailed. Yet the evil is acknowledged, the remedy simple. Abstain. No force can oblige a man to raise the glass to his head against his will. 'Tis as easy as not to steal, not to tell lies.

Alas! the hand to pilfer, and the tongue to bear false witness, have no constitutional tendency. These are actions indifferent to them. At the first instance of the reformed will, they can be brought off without a murmur. The itching finger is but a figure in speech, and the tongue of the liar can with the same natural delight give forth useful truths, with which it has been accustomed to scatter their pernicious contraries. But when a man has commenced sot——

O pause, thou sturdy moralist, thou person of stout nerves and a strong head, whose liver is happily untouched, and ere 30 thy gorge riseth at the *name* which I have written, first learn what the *thing* is; how much of compassion, how much of

human allowance, thou mayst virtuously mingle with thy disapprobation. Trample not on the ruins of a man. Exact not, under so terrible a penalty as infamy, a resuscitation from a state of death almost as real as that from which Lazarus rose not but by a miracle.

Begin a reformation, and custom will make it easy. But what if the beginning be dreadful, the first steps not like climbing a mountain but going through fire? what if the whole system must undergo a change violent as that which we conceive of the mutation of form in some insects? what if a process comparable to flaying alive be to be gone through? is the weakness that sinks under such struggles to be confounded with the pertinacity which clings to other vices, which have induced no constitutional necessity, no engagement of the whole victim, body and soul?

I have known one in that state, when he has tried to abstain but for one evening,—though the poisonous potion had long ceased to bring back its first enchantments, though he was sure it would rather deepen his gloom than brighten it,—in the violence of the struggle, and the necessity he has felt of getting rid of the present sensation at any rate, I have known him to scream out, to cry aloud, for the anguish and pain of the strife within him.

Why should I hesitate to declare, that the man of whom I speak is myself? I have no puling apology to make to mankind. I see them all in one way or another deviating from the pure reason. It is to my own nature alone I am accountable for the woe that I have brought upon it.

I believe that there are constitutions, robust heads, and iron insides, whom scarce any excesses can hurt; whom brandy (I have seen them drink it like wine), at all events whom wine, taken in ever so plentiful measure, can do no worse injury to than just to muddle their faculties, perhaps never very pellucid. On them this discourse is wasted. They would but laugh at a weak brother, who, trying his strength with them, and coming off foiled from the contest,

would fain persuade them that such agonistic exercises are dangerous. It is to a very different description of persons I speak. It is to the weak, the nervous ; to those who feel the want of some artificial aid to raise their spirits in society to what is no more than the ordinary pitch of all around them without it. This is the secret of our drinking. Such must fly the convivial board in the first instance, if they do not mean to sell themselves for term of life.

Twelve years ago I had completed my six-and-twentieth year. I had lived from the period of leaving school to that 10 time pretty much in solitude. My companions were chiefly books, or at most one or two living ones of my own book-loving and sober stamp. I rose early, went to bed betimes, and the faculties which God had given me, I have reason to think, did not rust in me unused.

About that time I fell in with some companions of a different order. They were men of boisterous spirits, sitters up a-nights, disputants, drunken ; yet seemed to have something noble about them. We dealt about the wit, or what passes for it after midnight, jovially. Of the quality called 20 fancy I certainly possessed a larger share than my companions. Encouraged by their applause, I set up for a professed joker ! I, who of all men am least fitted for such an occupation, having, in addition to the greatest difficulty which I experienced at all times of finding words to express my meaning, a natural nervous impediment in my speech !

Reader, if you are gifted with nerves like mine, aspire to any character but that of a wit. When you find a tickling relish upon your tongue disposing you to that sort of conversation, especially if you find a preternatural flow of ideas 30 setting in upon you at the sight of a bottle and fresh glasses, avoid giving way to it as you would fly your greatest destruction. If you cannot crush the power of fancy, or that within you which you mistake for such, divert it, give it some other play. Write an essay, pen a character or description,—but not as I do now, with tears trickling down your cheeks.

To be an object of compassion to friends, or derision to foes ; to be suspected by strangers, stared at by fools ; to be esteemed dull when you cannot be witty, to be applauded for witty when you know that you have been dull ; to be called upon for the extemporaneous exercise of that faculty which no premeditation can give ; to be spurred on to efforts which end in contempt ; to be set on to provoke mirth which procures the procurer hatred ; to give pleasure and be paid with squinting malice ; to swallow draughts of life-destroying
10 wine which are to be distilled into airy breath to tickle vain auditors ; to mortgage miserable morrows for nights of madness ; to waste whole seas of time upon those who pay it back in little inconsiderable drops of grudging applause,—are the wages of buffoonery and death.

Time, which has a sure stroke at dissolving all connections which have no solider fastening than this liquid cement, more kind to me than my own taste or penetration, at length opened my eyes to the supposed qualities of my first friends. No trace of them is left but in the vices which they intro-
20 duced, and the habits they infixed. In them my friends survive still, and exercise ample retribution for any supposed infidelity that I may have been guilty of towards them.

My next more immediate companions were and are persons of such intrinsic and felt worth, that though accidentally their acquaintance has proved pernicious to me, I do not know that if the thing were to do over again, I should have the courage to eschew the mischief at the price of forfeiting the benefit. I came to them reeking from the steams of my
30 late over-heated notions of companionship ; and the slightest fuel which they unconsciously afforded, was sufficient to feed my old fires into a propensity.

They were no drinkers, but, one from professional habits, and another from a custom derived from his father, smoked tobacco. The devil could not have devised a more subtle trap to re-take a backsliding penitent. The transition, from

gulping down draughts of liquid fire to puffing out innocuous blasts of dry smoke, was so like cheating him. But he is too hard for us when we hope to commute. He beats us at barter; and when we think to set off a new failing against an old infirmity, 'tis odds but he puts the trick upon us of two for one. That (comparatively) white devil of tobacco brought with him in the end seven worse than himself.

It were impertinent to carry the reader through all the processes by which, from smoking at first with malt liquor, I took my degrees through thin wines, through stronger wine 10 and water, through small punch, to those juggling compositions, which, under the name of mixed liquors, slur a great deal of brandy or other poison under less and less water continually, until they come to next to none, and so to none at all. But it is hateful to disclose the secrets of my Tartarus.

I should repel my readers, from a mere incapacity of believing me, were I to tell them what tobacco has been to me, the drudging service which I have paid, the slavery which I have vowed to it. How, when I have resolved to quit it, a 20 feeling as of ingratitude has started up; how it has put on personal claims and made the demands of a friend upon me. How the reading of it casually in a book, as where Adams takes his whiff in the chimney-corner of some inn in Joseph Andrews, or Piscator in the Complete Angler breaks his fast upon a morning pipe in that delicate room *Piscatoribus Sacrum*, has in a moment broken down the resistance of weeks. How a pipe was ever in my midnight path before me, till the vision forced me to realise it,—how then its ascending vapours curled, its fragrance lulled, and the thou- 30 sand delicious ministerings conversant about it, employing every faculty, extracted the sense of pain. How from illuminating it came to darken, from a quick solace it turned to a negative relief, thence to a restlessness and dissatisfaction, thence to a positive misery. How, even now, when the whole secret stands confessed in all its dreadful truth before

me, I feel myself linked to it beyond the power of revocation. Bone of my bone——

Persons not accustomed to examine the motives of their actions, to reckon up the countless nails that rivet the chains of habit, or perhaps being bound by none so obdurate as those I have confessed to, may recoil from this as from an overcharged picture. But what short of such a bondage is it, which in spite of protesting friends, a weeping wife, and a reprobating world, chains down many a poor fellow,
 10 of no original indisposition to goodness, to his pipe and his pot ?

I have seen a print after Correggio, in which three female figures are ministering to a man who sits fast bound at the root of a tree. Sensuality is soothing him, Evil habit is nailing him to a branch, and Repugnance at the same instant of time is applying a snake to his side. In his face is feeble delight, the recollection of past rather than perception of present pleasures, languid enjoyment of evil with utter imbecility to good, a Sybaritic effeminacy, a submission to
 20 bondage, the springs of the will gone down like a broken clock, the sin and the suffering co-instantaneous, or the latter forerunning the former, remorse preceding action—all this represented in one point of time.—When I saw this I admired the wonderful skill of the painter. But when I went away, I wept, because I thought of my own condition.

Of *that* there is no hope that it should ever change. The waters have gone over me. But out of the black depths, could I be heard, I would cry out to all those who have but set a foot in the perilous flood. Could the youth, to whom
 30 the flavour of his first wine is delicious as the opening scenes of life or the entering upon some newly discovered paradise, look into my desolation, and be made to understand what a dreary thing it is when a man shall feel himself going down a precipice with open eyes and a passive will,—to see his destruction and have no power to stop it, and yet to feel it all the way emanating from himself ; to perceive all good-

ness emptied out of him, and yet not to be able to forget a time when it was otherwise ; to bear about the piteous spectacle of his own self-ruins :—could he see my fevered eye, feverish with last night's drinking, and feverishly looking for this night's repetition of the folly ; could he feel the body of the death out of which I cry hourly with feebler and feebler outcry to be delivered,—it were enough to make him dash the sparkling beverage to the earth in all the pride of its mantling temptation ; to make him clasp his teeth,

and not undo 'em

10

To suffer WET DAMNATION to run thro' 'em.

Yea, but (methinks I hear somebody object) if sobriety be that fine thing you would have us to understand, if the comforts of a cool brain are to be preferred to that state of heated excitement which you describe and deplore, what hinders in your own instance that you do not return to those habits from which you would induce others never to swerve ? if the blessing be worth preserving, is it not worth recovering ?

Recovering !—O if a wish could transport me back to those 20 days of youth, when a draught from the next clear spring could slake any heats which summer suns and youthful exercise had power to stir up in the blood, how gladly would I return to thee, pure element, the drink of children, and of child-like holy hermit. In my dreams I can sometimes fancy thy cool refreshment purling over my burning tongue. But my waking stomach rejects it. That which refreshes innocence, only makes me sick and faint.

But is there no middle way betwixt total abstinence and the excess which kills you ?—For your sake, reader, and that 30 you may never attain to my experience, with pain I must utter the dreadful truth, that there is none, none that I can find. In my stage of habit (I speak not of habits less confirmed—for some of them I believe the advice to be most prudential), in the stage which I have reached, to stop short

of that measure which is sufficient to draw on torpor and sleep, the benumbing apoplectic sleep of the drunkard, is to have taken none at all. The pain of the self-denial is all one. And what that is, I had rather the reader should believe on my credit, than know from his own trial. He will come to know it, whenever he shall arrive in that state, in which, paradoxical as it may appear, *reason shall only visit him through intoxication* : for it is a fearful truth, that the intellectual faculties by repeated acts of intemperance
10 may be driven from their orderly sphere of action, their clear daylight ministries, until they shall be brought at last to depend, for the faint manifestation of their departing energies, upon the returning periods of the fatal madness to which they owe their devastation. The drinking man is never less himself than during his sober intervals. Evil is so far his good.

Behold me then, in the robust period of life, reduced to imbecility and decay. Here me count my gains and the profits which I have derived from the midnight cup.

20 Twelve years ago I was possessed of a healthy frame of mind and body. I was never strong, but I think my constitution (for a weak one) was as happily exempt from the tendency to any malady as it was possible to be. I scarce knew what it was to ail anything. Now, except when I am losing myself in a sea of drink, I am never free from those uneasy sensations in head and stomach, which are so much worse to bear than any definite pains or aches.

At that time I was seldom in bed after six in the morning, summer and winter. I awoke refreshed, and seldom without
30 some merry thoughts in my head, or some piece of a song to welcome the new-born day. Now, the first feeling which besets me, after stretching out the hours of recumbence to their last possible extent, is a forecast of the wearisome day that lies before me, with a secret wish that I could have lain on still, or never awaked.

Life itself, my waking life, has much of the confusion, the

trouble, and obscure perplexity, of an ill dream. In the day-time I stumble upon dark mountains.

Business, which, though never particularly adapted to my nature, yet as something of necessity to be gone through, and therefore best undertaken with cheerfulness, I used to enter upon with some degree of alacrity, now wearies, affrights, perplexes me. I fancy all sorts of discouragements, and am ready to give up an occupation which gives me bread, from a harassing conceit of incapacity. The slightest commission given me by a friend, or any small duty which I have to perform for 10 myself, as giving orders to a tradesman, &c., haunts me as a labour impossible to be got through. So much the springs of action are broken.

The same cowardice attends me in all my intercourse with mankind. I dare not promise that a friend's honour, or his cause, would be safe in my keeping, if I were put to the expense of any manly resolution in defending it. So much the springs of moral action are deadened within me.

My favourite occupations in times past, now cease to entertain. I can do nothing readily. Application for ever 20 so short a time kills me. This poor abstract of my condition was penned at long intervals, with scarcely any attempt at connection of thought, which is now difficult to me.

The noble passages which formerly delighted me in history or poetic fiction, now only draw a few weak tears, allied to dotage. My broken and dispirited nature seems to sink before anything great and admirable.

I perpetually catch myself in tears, for any cause, or none. It is inexpressible how much this infirmity adds to a sense of shame, and a general feeling of deterioration.

30

These are some of the instances, concerning which I can say with truth, that it was not always so with me.

Shall I lift up the veil of my weakness any further? or is this disclosure sufficient?

I am a poor nameless egotist, who have no vanity to consult by these Confessions. I know not whether I shall be laughed

at, or heard seriously. Such as they are, I commend them to the reader's attention, if he find his own case any way touched. I have told him what I am come to. Let him stop in time.

POPULAR FALLACIES.

I.

THAT A BULLY IS ALWAYS A COWARD.

THIS axiom contains a principle of compensation, which disposes us to admit the truth of it. But there is no safe trusting to dictionaries and definitions. We should more willingly fall in with this popular language, if we did not find *brutality* sometimes awkwardly coupled with *valour* in the same vocabulary. The comic writers, with their poetical justice, have contributed not a little to mislead us upon this point. To see a hectoring fellow exposed and beaten upon the stage, has something in it wonderfully diverting. Some people's share of animal spirits is notoriously low and defective. It has not strength to raise a vapour, or furnish out the wind of a tolerable bluster. These love to be told that huffing is no part of valour. The truest courage with them is that which is the least noisy and obtrusive. But confront one of these silent heroes with the swaggerer of real life, and his confidence in the theory quickly vanishes. Pretensions do not uniformly bespeak non-performance. A modest inoffensive deportment does not necessarily imply valour; neither does the absence of it justify us in denying that quality. Hickman wanted modesty—we do not mean *him* of Clarissa—but who ever doubted his courage? Even the poets—upon whom this equitable distribution of qualities should be most binding—have thought it agreeable to nature to depart from the rule upon occasion. Harapha, in the “Agonistes,” is indeed a bully upon the received notions.

Milton has made him at once a blusterer, a giant, and a dastard. But Almanzor, in Dryden, talks of driving armies singly before him—and does it. Tom Brown had a shrewder insight into this kind of character than either of his predecessors. He divides the palm more equably, and allows his hero a sort of dimidiate pre-eminence :—"Bully Dawson kicked by half the town, and half the town kicked by Bully Dawson." This was true distributive justice.

II.

THAT ILL-GOTTEN GAIN NEVER PROSPERS.

The weakest part of mankind have this saying commonest in their mouth. It is the trite consolation administered to 10 the easy dupe, when he has been tricked out of his money or estate, that the acquisition of it will do the owner *no good*. But the rogues of this world—the prudenter part of them, at least—know better ; and, if the observation had been as true as it is old, would not have failed by this time to have discovered it. They have pretty sharp distinctions of the fluctuating and the permanent. "Lightly come, lightly go," is a proverb, which they can very well afford to leave, when they leave little else, to the losers. They do not always find manors, got by rapine or chicanery, insensibly to melt away, 20 as the poets will have it ; or that all gold glides, like thawing snow, from the thief's hand that grasps it. Church land alienated to lay uses, was formerly denounced to have this slippery quality. But some portions of it somehow always stuck so fast, that the denunciators have been fain to postpone the prophecy of refundment to a late posterity.

III.

THAT A MAN MUST NOT LAUGH AT HIS OWN JEST.

The severest exaction surely ever invented upon the self-denial of poor human nature ! This is to expect a gentleman

to give a treat without partaking of it ; to sit esurient at his own table, and commend the flavour of his venison upon the absurd strength of his never touching it himself. On the contrary, we love to see a wag *taste* his own joke to his party ; to watch a quirk, or a merry conceit, flickering upon the lips some seconds before the tongue is delivered of it. If it be good, fresh, and racy—begotten of the occasion ; if he that utters it never thought it before, he is naturally the first to be tickled with it ; and any suppression of such com-
 10 placence we hold to be churlish and insulting. What does it seem to imply, but that your company is weak or foolish enough to be moved by an image or a fancy, that shall stir you not at all or but faintly ? This is exactly the humour of the fine gentleman in Mandeville, who, while he dazzles his guests with the display of some costly toy, affects himself to “see nothing considerable in it.”

IV.

THAT SUCH A ONE SHOWS HIS BREEDING.—THAT IT IS EASY
 TO PERCEIVE HE IS NO GENTLEMAN.

A speech from the poorer sort of people, which always indicates that the party vituperated is a gentleman. The very fact which they deny, is that which galls and exasperates
 20 them to use this language. The forbearance with which it is usually received, is a proof what interpretation the bystander sets upon it. Of a kin to this, and still less politic, are the phrases with which, in their street rhetoric, they ply one another more grossly ;—*He is a poor creature.*—*He has not a rag to cover*—, &c.; though this last, we confess, is more frequently applied by females to females. They do not perceive that the satire glances upon themselves. A poor man, of all things in the world, should not upbraid an antagonist with poverty. Are there no other topics—as, to tell him his
 30 father was hanged—his sister, &c.—, without exposing a

secret which should be kept snug between them ; and doing an affront to the order to which they have the honour equally to belong ? All this while they did not see how the wealthier man stands by and laughs in his sleeve at both.

V.

THAT THE POOR COPY THE VICES OF THE RICH.

A smooth text to the latter ; and, preached from the pulpit, is sure of a docile audience from the pews lined with satin. It is twice sitting upon velvet to a foolish squire to be told, that *he*—and not *perverse nature*, as the homilies would make us imagine, is the true cause of all the irregularities in his parish. This is striking at the root of free-will indeed, and 10 denying the originality of sin in any sense. But men are not such implicit sheep as this comes to. If the abstinence from evil on the part of the upper classes is to derive itself from no higher principle, than the apprehension of setting ill patterns to the lower, we beg leave to discharge them from all squeamishness on that score : they may even take their fill of pleasures, where they can find them. The Genius of Poverty, hampered and straitened as it is, is not so barren of invention but it can trade upon the staple of its own vice, without drawing upon their capital. The poor are not quite 20 such servile imitators as they take them for. Some of them are very clever artists in their way. Here and there we find an original. Who taught the poor to steal, to pilfer ? They did not go to the great for schoolmasters in these faculties surely. It is well if in some vices they allow us to be—no copyists. In no other sense is it true that the poor copy them, than as servants may be said to *take after* their masters and mistresses, when they succeed to their reversionary cold meats. If the master, from indisposition or some other cause, neglect his food, the servant dines notwithstanding. 30

“O, but (some will say) the force of example is great.” We

knew a lady who was so scrupulous on this head, that she would put up with the calls of the most impertinent visitor, rather than let her servant say she was not at home, for fear of teaching her maid to tell an untruth; and this in the very face of the fact, which she knew well enough, that the wench was one of the greatest liars upon the earth without teaching; so much so, that her mistress possibly never heard two words of consecutive truth from her in her life. But nature must go for nothing: example must be everything. This
 10 liar in grain, who never opened her mouth without a lie, must be guarded against a remote inference, which she (pretty casuist!) might possibly draw from a form of words—literally false, but essentially deceiving no one—that under some circumstances a fib might not be so exceedingly sinful—a fiction, too, not at all in her own way, or one that she could be suspected of adopting, for few servant-wenches care to be denied to visitors.

This word *example* reminds us of another fine word which is in use upon these occasions—*encouragement*. “People in
 20 our sphere must not be thought to give encouragement to such proceedings.” To such a frantic height is this principle capable of being carried, that we have known individuals who have thought it within the scope of their influence to sanction despair, to give *éclat* to—suicide. A domestic in the family of a county member lately deceased, from love, or some unknown cause, cut his throat, but not successfully. The poor fellow was otherwise much loved and respected; and great interest was used in his behalf, upon his recovery, that he might be permitted to retain his place; his word
 30 being first pledged, not without some substantial sponsors to promise for him that the like should never happen again. His master was inclinable to keep him, but his mistress thought otherwise; and John in the end was dismissed, her ladyship declaring that she “could not think of encouraging any such doings in the county.”

VI.

THAT ENOUGH IS AS GOOD AS A FEAST.

Not a man, woman, or child in ten miles round Guildhall, who really believes this saying. The inventor of it did not believe it himself. It was made in revenge by somebody, who was disappointed of a regale. It is a vile, cold-scrag-of-mutton sophism ; a lie palmed upon the palate, which knows better things. If nothing else could be said for a feast, this is sufficient, that from the superflux there is usually something left for the next day. Morally interpreted, it belongs to a class of proverbs, which have a tendency to make us undervalue *money*. Of this cast are those notable observations, that money is not health ; riches cannot purchase everything ; the metaphor which makes gold to be mere muck, with the morality which traces fine clothing to the sheep's back, and denounces pearl as the unhandsome excretion of an oyster. Hence, too, the phrase which imputes dirt to acres—a sophistry so barefaced, that even the literal sense of it is true only in a wet season. This, and abundance of similar sage saws assuming to inculcate *content*, we verily believe to have been the invention of some cunning borrower, who had designs upon the purse of his wealthier neighbour, 20 which he could only hope to carry by force of these verbal jugglings. Translate any one of these sayings out of the artful metonymy which envelopes it, and the trick is apparent. Goodly legs and shoulders of mutton, exhilarating cordials, books, pictures, the opportunities of seeing foreign countries, independence, heart's ease, a man's own time to himself, are not *muck*—however we may be pleased to scandalise with that appellation the faithful metal that provides them for us.

VII.

OF TWO DISPUTANTS, THE WARMEST IS GENERALLY
IN THE WRONG.

Our experience would lead us to quite an opposite conclusion. Temper, indeed, is no test of truth ; but warmth and earnestness are a proof at least of a man's own conviction of the rectitude of that which he maintains. Coolness is as often the result of an unprincipled indifference to truth or falsehood, as of a sober confidence in a man's own side in a dispute. Nothing is more insulting sometimes than the appearance of this philosophic temper. There is little Titubus, the stammering law-stationer in
10 Lincoln's Inn—we have seldom known this shrewd little fellow engaged in an argument where we were not convinced he had the best of it, if his tongue would but fairly have seconded him. When he has been spluttering excellent broken sense for an hour together, writhing and labouring to be delivered of the point of dispute—the very gist of the controversy knocking at his teeth, which like some obstinate iron-grating still obstructed its deliverance—his puny frame convulsed, and face reddening all over at an unfairness in the logic which he wanted articulation to expose, it has moved
20 our gall to see a smooth portly fellow of an adversary, that cared not a button for the merits of the question, by merely laying his hand upon the head of the stationer, and desiring him to be *calm* (your tall disputants have always the advantage), with a provoking sneer carry the argument clean from him in the opinion of all the by-standers, who have gone away clearly convinced that Titubus must have been in the wrong, because he was in a passion ; and that Mr. —, meaning his opponent, is one of the fairest, and at the same time one of the most dispassionate arguers breathing.

VIII.

THAT VERBAL ALLUSIONS ARE NOT WIT, BECAUSE THEY WILL
NOT BEAR A TRANSLATION.

The same might be said of the wittiest local allusions. A custom is sometimes as difficult to explain to a foreigner as a pun. What would become of a great part of the wit of the last age, if it were tried by this test? How would certain topics, as aldermanity, cuckoldry, have sounded to a Terentian auditory, though Terence himself had been alive to translate them? *Senator urbanus*, with *Curruca* to boot for a synonym, would have but faintly have done the business. Words, involving notions, are hard enough to render; it is too much to expect us to translate a sound, and give an elegant version 10 to a jingle. The Virgilian harmony is not translatable, but by substituting harmonious sounds in another language for it. To Latanise a pun, we must seek a pun in Latin, that will answer to it; as, to give an idea of the double endings in *Hudibras*, we must have recourse to a similar practice in the old monkish doggerel. Dennis, the fiercest oppugner of puns in ancient or modern times, professes himself highly tickled with the "a stick" chiming to "ecclesiastic." Yet what is this but a species of pun, a verbal consonance?

IX.

THAT THE WORST PUNS ARE THE BEST.

If by the worst be only meant the most far-fetched and 20 startling, we agree to it. A pun is not bound by the laws which limit nicer wit. It is a pistol let off at the ear; not a feather to tickle the intellect. It is an antic which does not stand upon manners, but comes bounding into the presence, and does not show the less comic for being dragged in sometimes by the head and shoulders. What though it limp

a little, or prove defective in one leg—all the better. A pun may easily be too curious and artificial. Who has not at one time or other been at a party of professors (himself perhaps an old offender in that line), where, after ringing a round of the most ingenious conceits, every man contributing his shot, and some there the most expert shooters of the day; after making a poor *word* run the gauntlet till it is ready to drop; after hunting and winding it through all the possible ambages of similar sounds; after squeezing and hauling, and
 10 tugging at it, till the very milk of it will not yield a drop further,—suddenly some obscure, unthought-of fellow in a corner, who was never 'prentice to the trade, whom the company for very pity passed over, as we do by a known poor man when a money subscription is going round, no one calling upon him for his quota—has all at once come out with something so whimsical, yet so pertinent; so brazen in its pretensions, yet so impossible to be denied; so exquisitely good, and so deplorably bad, at the same time,—that it has proved a Robin Hood's shot; anything ulterior to that is
 20 despaired of; and the party breaks up, unanimously voting it to be the very worst (that is, best) pun of the evening. This species of wit is the better for not being perfect in all its parts. What it gains in completeness, it loses in naturalness. The more exactly it satisfies the critical, the less hold it has upon some other faculties. The puns which are most entertaining are those which will least bear analysis. Of this kind is the following, recorded with a sort of stigma, in one of Swift's Miscellanies.

An Oxford scholar, meeting a porter who was carrying a
 30 hare through the streets, accosts him with this extraordinary question: "Prithee, friend, is that thy own hare or a wig"?

There is no excusing this, and no resisting it. A man might blur ten sides of paper in attempting a defence of it against a critic who should be laughter-proof. The quibble in itself is not considerable. It is only a new turn given, by a little false pronunciation, to a very common, though not

very courteous inquiry. Put by one gentleman to another at a dinner-party, it would have been vapid ; to the mistress of the house, it would have shown much less wit than rudeness. We must take in the totality of time, place, and person ; the pert look of the inquiring scholar, the desponding looks of the puzzled porter ; the one stopping at leisure, the other hurrying on with his burthen ; the innocent though rather abrupt tendency of the first member of the question, with the utter and inextricable irrelevancy of the second ; the place—a public street, not 10 favourable to frivolous investigations ; the affrontive quality of the primitive inquiry (the common question) invidiously transferred to the derivative (the new turn given to it) in the implied satire ; namely, that few of that tribe are expected to eat of the good things which they carry, they being in most countries considered rather as the temporary trustees than owners of such dainties,—which the fellow was beginning to understand ; but then the *wig* again comes in, and he can make nothing of it ; all put together constitute a picture : Hogarth could have made it intelligible on 20 canvas.

Yet nine out of ten critics will pronounce this a very bad pun, because of the defectiveness in the concluding member, which is its very beauty, and constitutes the surprise. The same persons shall cry up for admirable the cold quibble from Virgil about the broken Cremona ; because it is made out in all its parts, and leaves nothing to the imagination. We venture to call it cold ; because of thousands who have admired it, it would be difficult to find one who has heartily chuckled at it. As appealing to the judgment merely 30 (setting the risible faculty aside), we must pronounce it a monument of curious felicity. But as some stories are said to be too good to be true, it may with equal truth be asserted of this bi-verbal allusion, that it is too good to be natural. One cannot help suspecting that the incident was invented to fit the line. It would have been better had it been less

perfect. Like some Virgilian hemistichs, it has suffered by filling up. The *nimum Vicina* was enough in conscience; the *Cremonæ* afterwards loads it. It is in fact a double pun; and we have always observed that a superfœtation in this sort of wit is dangerous. When a man has said a good thing, it is seldom politic to follow it up. We do not care to be cheated a second time; or, perhaps, the mind of man (with reverence be it spoken) is not capacious enough to lodge two puns at a time. The impression, to be forcible, 10 must be simultaneous and undivided.

X.

THAT HANDSOME IS THAT HANDSOME DOES.

Those who use this proverb can never have seen Mrs. Conrady.

The soul, if we may believe Plotinus, is a ray from the celestial beauty. As she partakes more or less of this heavenly light, she informs, with corresponding characters, the fleshly tenement which she chooses, and frames to herself a suitable mansion.

All which only proves that the soul of Mrs. Conrady, in her pre-existent state, was no great judge of architecture.

20 To the same effect, in a Hymn in honour of Beauty, divine Spenser, *platonising*, sings:—

—Every spirit as it is more pure,
And hath in it the more of heavenly light,
So it the fairer body doth procure
To habit in, and it more fairly dight
With cheerful grace and amiable sight.
For of the soul the body form doth take:
For soul is form and doth the body make.

But Spenser, it is clear, never saw Mrs. Conrady.

30 These poets, we find, are no safe guides in philosophy; for here, in his very next stanza but one, is a saving clause,

which throws us all out again, and leaves us as much to seek as ever :—

Yet oft it falls, that many a gentle mind
Dwells in deformed tabernacle drown'd,
Either by chance, against the course of kind,
Or through unaptness in the substance found,
Which it assumed of some stubborn ground,
That will not yield unto her form's direction,
But is performed with some foul imperfection.

From which it would follow, that Spenser had seen somebody 10 like Mrs. Conrady.

The spirit of this good lady—her previous *anima*—must have stumbled upon one of these untoward tabernacles which he speaks of. A more rebellious commodity of clay for a ground, as the poet calls it, no gentle mind—and sure hers is one of the gentlest—ever had to deal with.

Pondering upon her inexplicable visage—inexplicable, we mean, but by this modification of the theory—we have come to a conclusion that, if one must be plain, it is better to be plain all over, than, amidst a tolerable residue of features, to 20 hang out one that shall be exceptionable. No one can say of Mrs. Conrady's countenance that it would be better if she had but a nose. It is impossible to pull her to pieces in this manner. We have seen the most malicious beauties of her own sex baffled in the attempt at a selection. The *tout ensemble* defies particularising. It is too complete—too consistent, as we may say—to admit of these invidious reservations. It is not as if some Apelles had picked out here a lip—and there a chin—out of the collected ugliness of Greece, to frame a model by. It is a symmetrical whole. We 30 challenge the minutest connoisseur to cavil at any part or parcel of the countenance in question; to say that this, or that, is improperly placed. We are convinced that true ugliness, no less than is affirmed of true beauty, is the result of harmony. Like that too it reigns without a competitor. No one ever saw Mrs. Conrady, without pronouncing her to

be the plainest woman that he ever met with in the course of his life. The first time that you are indulged with a sight of her face, is an era in your existence ever after. You are glad to have seen it—like Stonehenge. No one can pretend to forget it. No one ever apologised to her for meeting her in the street on such a day and not knowing her : the pretext would be too bare. Nobody can mistake her for another. Nobody can say of her, “I think I have seen that face somewhere, but I cannot call to mind where.” You must
10 remember that in such a parlour it first struck you—like a bust. You wondered where the owner of the house had picked it up. You wondered more when it began to move its lips—so mildly too ! No one ever thought of asking her to sit for her picture. Locketts are for remembrance ; and it would be clearly superfluous to hang an image at your heart, which, once seen, can never be out of it. It is not a mean face either ; its entire originality precludes that. Neither is it of that order of plain faces which improve upon acquaintance. Some very good but ordinary people, by an unwearied
20 perseverance in good offices, put a cheat upon our eyes ; juggle our senses out of their natural impressions ; and set us upon discovering good indications in a countenance, which at first sight promised nothing less. We detect gentleness, which had escaped us, lurking about an under lip. But when Mrs. Conrady has done you a service, her face remains the same ; when she has done you a thousand, and you know that she is ready to double the number, still it is that individual face. Neither can you say of it, that it would be a good face if it were not marked by the small-pox
30 —a compliment which is always more admissive than excusatory—for either Mrs. Conrady never had the small-pox ; or, as we say, took it kindly. No, it stands upon its own merits fairly. There it is. It is her mark, her token ; that which she is known by.

XI.

THAT WE MUST NOT LOOK A GIFT-HORSE IN THE MOUTH.

Nor a lady's age in the parish register. We hope we have more delicacy than to do either ; but some faces spare us the trouble of these *dental* inquiries. And what if the beast, which my friend would force upon my acceptance, prove, upon the face of it, a sorry Rosinante, a lean, ill-favoured jade, whom no gentleman could think of setting up in his stables? Must I, rather than not be obliged to my friend, make her a companion to Eclipse or Lightfoot? A horse-giver, no more than a horse-seller, has a right to palm his spavined article upon us for good ware. An equivalent is 10 expected in either case ; and, with my own good-will, I would no more be cheated out of my thanks than out of my money. Some people have a knack of putting upon you gifts of no real value, to engage you to substantial gratitude. We thank them for nothing. Our friend Mitis carries this humour of never refusing a present, to the very point of absurdity—if it were possible to couple the ridiculous with so much mistaken delicacy, and real good-nature. Not an apartment in his fine house (and he has a true taste in household decorations), but is stuffed up with some preposterous 20 print or mirror—the worst adapted to his panels that may be—the presents of his friends that know his weakness ; while his noble Vandykes are displaced, to make room for a set of daubs, the work of some wretched artist of his acquaintance, who, having had them returned upon his hands for bad likenesses, finds his account in bestowing them here gratis. The good creature has not the heart to mortify the painter at the expense of an honest refusal. It is pleasant (if it did not vex one at the same time) to see him sitting in his dining parlour, surrounded with obscure aunts and cousins to God 30 knows whom, while the true Lady Marys and Lady Bettys of his own honourable family, in favour to these adopted frights,

are consigned to the staircase and the lumber-room. In like manner his goodly shelves are one by one stript of his favourite old authors, to give place to a collection of presentation copies—the flour and bran of modern poetry. A presentation copy, reader—if haply you are yet innocent of such favours—is a copy of a book which does not sell, sent you by the author, with his foolish autograph at the beginning of it; for which, if a stranger, he only demands your friendship; if a brother author, he expects from you a book of yours, which
10 does sell, in return. We can speak to experience, having by us a tolerable assortment of these gift-horses. Not to ride a metaphor to death—we are willing to acknowledge, that in some gifts there is sense. A duplicate out of a friend's library (where he has more than one copy of a rare author) is intelligible. There are favours, short of the pecuniary—a thing not fit to be hinted at among gentlemen—which confer as much grace upon the acceptor as the offerer; the kind, we confess, which is most to our palate, is of those little conciliatory missives, which for their vehicle generally chose a
20 hamper—little odd presents of game, fruit, perhaps wine—though it is essential to the delicacy of the latter that it be home-made. We love to have our friend in the country sitting thus at our table by proxy; to apprehend his presence (though a hundred miles may be between us) by a turkey, whose goodly aspect reflects to us his “plump corpusculum”; to taste him in grouse or woodcock; to feel him gliding down in the toast peculiar to the latter; to concóporate him in a slice of Canterbury brawn. This is indeed to have him within ourselves; to know him intimately: such participa-
30 tion is methinks unitive, as the old theologians phrase it. For these considerations we should be sorry if certain restrictive regulations, which are thought to bear hard upon the peasantry of this country, were entirely done away with. A hare, as the law now stands, makes many friends. Caius conciliates Titius (knowing his *goût*) with a leash of partridges. Titius (suspecting his partiality for them) passes

them to Lucius ; who in his turn, preferring his friend's relish to his own, makes them over to Marcius ; till in their ever-widening progress, and round of unconscious circum-migration, they distribute the seeds of harmony over half a parish. We are well disposed to this kind of sensible remembrances ; and are the less apt to be taken by those little airy tokens—impalpable to the palate—which, under the names of rings, lockets, keepsakes, amuse some people's fancy mightily. We could never away with these indigestible trifles. They are the very kickshaws and foppery of 10 friendship.

XII.

THAT HOME IS HOME THOUGH IT IS NEVER SO HOMELY.

Homes there are, we are sure, that are no homes ; the home of the very poor man, and another which we shall speak to presently. Crowded places of cheap entertainment, and the benches of ale-houses, if they could speak, might bear mournful testimony to the first. To them the very poor man resorts for an image of the home, which he cannot find at home. For a starved grate, and a scanty firing, that is not enough to keep alive the natural heat in the fingers of so many shivering children with their mother, he finds in the 20 depths of winter always a blazing hearth, and a hob to warm his pittance of beer by. Instead of the clamours of a wife, made gaunt by famishing, he meets with a cheerful attendance beyond the merits of the trifle which he can afford to spend. He has companions which his home denies him, for the very poor man has no visitors. He can look into the goings on of the world, and speak a little to politics. At home there are no politics stirring, but the domestic. All interests, real or imaginary, all topics that should expand the mind of man, and connect him to a sympathy with general 30 existence, are crushed in the absorbing considerations of food to be obtained for the family. Beyond the price of bread,

news is senseless and impertinent. At home there is no larder. Here there is at least a show of plenty ; and while he cooks his lean scrap of butcher's meat before the common bars, or munches his humbler cold viands, his relishing bread and cheese with an onion, in a corner, where no one reflects upon his poverty, he has a sight of the substantial joint providing for the landlord and his family. He takes an interest in the dressing of it ; and while he assists in removing the trivet from the fire, he feels that there is such a thing as beef
10 and cabbage, which he was beginning to forget at home. All this while he deserts his wife and children. But what wife, and what children ? Prosperous men, who object to this desertion, image to themselves some clean contented family like that which they go home to. But look at the countenance of the poor wives who follow and persecute their good man to the door of the public-house, which he is about to enter, when something like shame would restrain him, if stronger misery did not induce him to pass the threshold. That face, ground by want, in which every cheerful, every
20 conversable lineament has been long effaced by misery—is that a face to stay at home with ? is it more a woman, or a wild-cat ? alas ! it is the face of the wife of his youth, that once smiled upon him. It can smile no longer. What comforts can it share ? what burthens can it lighten ? Oh, 'tis a fine thing to talk of the humble meal shared together ! But what if there be no bread in the cupboard ? The innocent prattle of his children takes out the sting of a man's poverty. But the children of the very poor do not prattle. It is none of the least frightful features in that condition, that there is
30 no childishness in its dwellings. Poor people, said a sensible old nurse to us once, do not bring up their children ; they drag them up. The little careless darling of the wealthier nursery, in their hovel is transformed betimes into a premature reflecting person. No one has time to dandle it, no one thinks it worth while to coax it, to soothe it, to toss it up and down, to humour it. There is none to kiss away its tears.

If it cries, it can only be beaten. It has been prettily said that "a babe is fed with milk and praise." But the aliment of this poor babe was thin, unnourishing; the return to its little baby-tricks, and efforts to engage attention, bitter ceaseless objurgation. It never had a toy, or knew what a coral meant. It grew up without the lullaby of nurses, it was a stranger to the patient fondle, the hushing caress, the attracting novelty, the costlier plaything, or the cheaper off-hand contrivance to divert the child; the prattled nonsense (best sense to it), the wise impertinences, the wholesale lies, 10 the apt story interposed, that puts a stop to present sufferings, and awakens the passion of young wonder. It was never sung to—no one ever told to it a tale of the nursery. It was dragged up, to live or to die as it happened. It had no young dreams. It broke at once into the iron realities of life. A child exists not for the very poor as any object of dalliance; it is only another mouth to be fed, a pair of little hands to be betimes inured to labour. It is the rival, till it can be the co-operator, for food with the parent. It is never his mirth, his diversion, his solace; it never makes him 20 young again, with recalling his young times. The children of the very poor have no young times. It makes the very heart to bleed to overhear the casual street-talk between a poor woman and her little girl, a woman of the better sort of poor, in a condition rather above the squalid beings which we have been contemplating. It is not of toys, of nursery books, of summer holidays (fitting that age); of the promised sight, or play; of praised sufficiency at school. It is of mangling and clear-starching, of the price of coals, or of potatoes. The questions of the child, that should be the very 30 outpourings of curiosity in idleness, are marked with forecast and melancholy providence. It has come to be a woman—before it was a child. It has learnt to go to market; it chaffers, it haggles, it envies, it murmurs; it is knowing, acute, sharpened; it never prattles. Had we not reason to say, that the home of the very poor is no home?

There is yet another home, which we are constrained to deny to be one. It has a larder, which the home of the poor man wants; its fireside conveniences, of which the poor dream not. But with all this, it is no home. It is—the house of the man that is infested with many visitors. May we be branded for the veriest churl, if we deny our heart to the many noble-hearted friends that at times exchange their dwelling for our poor roof! It is not of guests that we complain, but of endless, purposeless visitants; droppers in,
10 as they are called. We sometimes wonder from what sky they fall. It is the very error of the position of our lodging; its horoscopy was ill calculated, being just situate in a medium—a plaguy suburban mid-space—fitted to catch idlers from town or country. We are older than we were, and age is easily put out of its way. We have fewer sands in our glass to reckon upon, and we cannot brook to see them drop in endlessly succeeding impertinences. At our time of life, to be alone sometimes is as needful as sleep. It is the refreshing sleep of the day. The growing infirmities of age
20 manifest themselves in nothing more strongly, than in an inveterate dislike of interruption. The thing which we are doing, we wish to be permitted to do. We have neither much knowledge nor devices; but there are fewer in the place to which we hasten. We are not willingly put out of our way, even at a game of nine-pins. While youth was, we had vast reversions in time future; we are reduced to a present pittance, and obliged to economise in that article. We bleed away our moments now as hardly as our ducats. We cannot bear to have our thin wardrobe eaten and fretted
30 into by moths. We are willing to barter our good time with a friend, who gives us in exchange his own. Herein is the distinction between the genuine guest and the visitant. This latter takes your good time, and gives you his bad in exchange. The guest is domestic to you as your good cat, or household bird; the visitant is your fly, that flaps in at your window, and out again, leaving nothing but a sense

of disturbance, and victuals spoiled. The inferior functions of life begin to move heavily. We cannot concoct our food with interruptions. Our chief meal, to be nutritive, must be solitary. With difficulty we can eat before a guest ; and never understood what the relish of public feasting meant. Meats have no savor, nor digestion fair play, in a crowd. The unexpected coming in of a visitant stops the machine. There is a punctual generation who time their calls to the precise commencement of your dining-hour—not to eat—but to see you eat. Our knife and fork drop instinctively, and 10 we feel that we have swallowed our latest morsel. Others again show their genius, as we have said, in knocking the moment you have just sat down to a book. They have a peculiar compassionate sneer, with which they “hope that they do not interrupt your studies.” Though they flutter off the next moment, to carry their impertinences to the nearest student that they can call their friend, the tone of the book is spoiled ; we shut the leaves, and, with Dante’s lovers, read no more that day. It were well if the effect of intrusion were simply co-extensive with its presence ; but it mars all 20 the good hours afterwards. These scratches in appearance leave an orifice that closes not hastily. “It is a prostitution of the bravery of friendship,” says worthy Bishop Taylor, “to spend it upon impertinent people, who are, it may be, loads to their families, but can never ease my loads.” This is the secret of their gaddings, their visits, and morning calls. They too have homes, which are—no homes.

XIII.

THAT YOU MUST LOVE ME AND LOVE MY DOG.

“Good sir, or madam, as it may be—we most willingly embrace the offer of your friendship. We long have known your excellent qualities. We have wished to have you 30 nearer to us ; to hold you within the very innermost fold of

our heart. We can have no reserve towards a person of your open and noble nature. The frankness of your humour suits us exactly. We have been long looking for such a friend. Quick—let us disburthen our troubles into each other's bosom—let us make our single joys shine by reduplication—But *yap, yap, yap!* what is this confounded cur? he has fastened his tooth, which is none of the bluntest, just in the fleshy part of my leg."

"It is my dog, sir. You must love him for my sake.

10 Here, Test—Test—Test!"

"But he has bitten me."

"Ay, that he is apt to do, till you are better acquainted with him. I have had him three years. He never bites me."

Yap, yap, yap!—"He is at it again."

"Oh, sir, you must not kick him. He does not like to be kicked. I expect my dog to be treated with all the respect due to myself."

"But do you always take him out with you, when you go
20 a friendship-hunting?"

"Invariably. 'Tis the sweetest, prettiest, best-conditioned animal. I call him my *test*—the touchstone by which I try a friend. No one can properly be said to love me, who does not love him."

"Excuse us, dear sir—or madam aforesaid—if upon further consideration we are obliged to decline the otherwise invaluable offer of your friendship. We do not like dogs."

"Mighty well, sir—you know the conditions—you may
30 have worse offers. Come along, Test."

The above dialogue is not so imaginary, but that, in the intercourse of life, we have had frequent occasions of breaking off an agreeable intimacy by reason of these canine appendages. They do not always come in the shape of dogs; they sometimes wear the more plausible and human character of kinsfolk, near acquaintances, my friend's friend, his

partner, his wife, or his children. We could never yet form a friendship—not to speak of more delicate correspondences—however much to our taste, without the intervention of some third anomaly, some impertinent clog affixed to the relation—the understood *dog* in the proverb. The good things of life are not to be had singly, but come to us with a mixture; like a schoolboy's holiday, with a task affixed to the tail of it. What a delightful companion is * * * *, if he did not always bring his tall cousin with him! He seems to grow with him; like some of those double births which we 10 remember to have read of with such wonder and delight in the old "Athenian Oracle," where Swift commenced author by writing Pindaric Odes (what a beginning for him!) upon Sir William Temple. There is the picture of the brother, with the little brother peeping out at his shoulder; a species of fraternity, which we have no name of kin close enough to comprehend. When * * * * comes, poking in his head and shoulder into your room, as if to feel his entry, you think, surely you have now got him to yourself—what a three hours' chat we shall have!—but ever in the haunch of him, 20 and before his diffident body is well disclosed in your apartment, appears the haunting shadow of the cousin, overpeering his modest kinsman, and sure to overlay the expected good talk with his insufferable procerity of stature, and uncorresponding dwarfishness of observation. Misfortunes seldom come alone. 'Tis hard when a blessing comes accompanied. Cannot we like Sempronia, without sitting down to chess with her eternal brother? or know Sulpicia, without knowing all the round of her card-playing relations? must my friend's brethren of necessity be mine also? must we be 30 hand and glove with Dick Selby the parson, or Jack Selby the calico-printer, because W. S., who is neither, but a ripe wit and a critic, has the misfortune to claim a common parentage with them? Let him lay down his brothers; and 'tis odds but we will cast him in a pair of ours (we have a superflux) to balance the concession. Let F. H. lay down his

garrulous uncle ; and Honorius dismiss his vapid wife, and superfluous establishment of six boys : things between boy and manhood—too ripe for play, too raw for conversation—that come in, impudently staring their father's old friend out of countenance ; and will neither aid, nor let alone, the conference : that we may once more meet upon equal terms, as we were wont to do in the disengaged state of bachelorhood.

It is well if your friend, or mistress, be content with these
10 canicular probations. Few young ladies but in this sense keep a dog. But when Rutilia hounds at you her tiger aunt ; or Ruspina expects you to cherish and fondle her viper sister, whom she has preposterously taken into her bosom, to try stinging conclusions upon your constancy ; they must not complain if the house be rather thin of suitors. Scylla must have broken off many excellent matches in her time, if she insisted upon all, that loved her, loving her dogs also.

An excellent story to this moral is told of Merry, of Della
Cruscan memory. In tender youth, he loved and courted a
20 modest appanage to the Opera, in truth a dancer, who had won him by the artless contrast between her manners and situation. She seemed to him a native violet, that had been transplanted by some rude accident into that exotic and artificial hotbed. Nor, in truth, was she less genuine and sincere than she appeared to him. He wooed and won this flower. Only for appearance' sake, and for due honour to the bride's relations, she craved that she might have the attendance of her friends and kindred at the approaching solemnity. The request was too amiable not to be conceded : and in this
30 solicitude for conciliating the goodwill of mere relations, he found a presage of her superior attentions to himself, when the golden shaft should have "killed the flock of all affections else." The morning came ; and at the Star and Garter, Richmond—the place appointed for the breakfasting—accompanied with one English friend, he impatiently awaited what reinforcements the bride should bring to grace the ceremony.

A rich muster she had made. They came in six coaches—the whole corps du ballet—French, Italian, men and women. Monsieur de B., the famous *pirouetter* of the day, led his fair spouse, but scraggy, from the banks of the Seine. The Prima Donna had sent her excuse. But the first and second Buffa were there; and Signor Sc—, and Signora Ch—, and Madame V—, with a countless cavalcade besides of choruses, figurantes, at the sight of whom Merry afterwards declared, that “then for the first time it struck him seriously that he was about to marry—a dancer.” But there was no help for it. Besides, it was her day; these were, in fact, her friends and kinsfolk. The assemblage, though whimsical, was all very natural. But when the bride—handing out of the last coach a still more extraordinary figure than the rest—presented to him as her *father*—the gentleman that was to *give her away*—no less a person than Signor Delpini himself—with a sort of pride, as much as to say, See what I have brought to do us honour!—the thought of so extraordinary a paternity quite overcame him; and slipping away under some pretence from the bride and her motley adherents, poor Merry took horse from the back yard to the nearest sea-coast, from which, shipping himself to America, he shortly after consoled himself with a more congenial match in the person of Miss Brunton; relieved from his intended clown father, and a bevy of painted Buffas for bridesmaids.

XIV.

THAT WE SHOULD RISE WITH THE LARK.

At what precise minute that little airy musician doffs his night gear, and prepares to tune up his unseasonable matins, we are not naturalists enough to determine. But for a mere human gentleman—that has no orchestra business to call him from his warm bed to such preposterous exercises—we take ten, or half after ten (eleven, of course, during this Christmas

solstice), to be the very earliest hour, at which he can begin to think of abandoning his pillow. To think of it, we say ; for to do it in earnest, requires another half-hour's good consideration. Not but there are pretty sun-risings, as we are told, and such like gawds, abroad in the world, in summer time especially, some hours before what we have assigned ; which a gentleman may see, as they say, only for getting up. But, having been tempted once or twice, in earlier life, to assist at those ceremonies, we confess our curiosity abated.

- 10 We are no longer ambitious of being the sun's courtiers, to attend at his morning levees. We hold the good hours of the dawn too sacred to waste them upon such observances ; which have in them, besides, something Pagan and Persic. To say truth, we never anticipated our usual hour, or got up with the sun (as 'tis called), to go a journey, or upon a foolish whole day's pleasuring, but we suffered for it all the long hours after in listlessness and headaches ; Nature herself sufficiently declaring her sense of our presumption in aspiring to regulate our frail waking courses by the measure of
- 20 that celestial and sleepless traveller. We deny not that there is something sprightly and vigorous, at the outset especially, in these break-of-day excursions. It is flattering to get the start of a lazy world ; to conquer death by proxy in his image. But the seeds of sleep and mortality are in us ; and we pay usually in strange qualms, before night falls, the penalty of the unnatural inversion. Therefore, while the busy part of mankind are fast huddling on their clothes, are already up and about their occupations, content to have swallowed their sleep by wholesale ; we choose to linger
- 30 a-bed, and digest our dreams. It is the very time to recombine the wandering images, which night in a confused mass presented ; to snatch them from forgetfulness ; to shape, and mould them. Some people have no good of their dreams. Like fast feeders, they gulp them too grossly, to taste them curiously. We love to chew the cud of a foregone vision ; to collect the scattered rays of a brighter phantasm, or act over

again, with firmer nerves, the sadder nocturnal tragedies ; to drag into daylight a struggling and half-vanishing nightmare ; to handle and examine the terrors, or the airy solaces. We have too much respect for these spiritual communications, to let them go so lightly. We are not so stupid, or so careless, as that Imperial forgetter of his dreams, that we should need a seer to remind us of the form of them. They seem to us to have as much significance as our waking concerns ; or rather to import us more nearly, as more nearly we approach by years to the shadowy world, whither we are hastening. 10 We have shaken hands with the world's business ; we have done with it ; we have discharged ourself of it. Why should we get up ? we have neither suit to solicit, nor affairs to manage. The drama has shut in upon us at the fourth act. We have nothing here to expect, but in a short time a sick bed, and a dismissal. We delight to anticipate death by such shadows as night affords. We are already half acquainted with ghosts. We were never much in the world. Disappointment early struck a dark veil between us and its dazzling illusions. Our spirits showed grey before our hairs. 20 The mighty changes of the world already appear as but the vain stuff out of which dramas are composed. We have asked no more of life than what the mimic images in play-houses present us with. Even those types have waxed fainter. Our clock appears to have struck. We are SUPER-ANNUATED. In this dearth of mundane satisfaction, we contract politic alliances with shadows. It is good to have friends at court. The abstracted media of dreams seem no ill introduction to that spiritual presence, upon which, in no long time, we expect to be thrown. We are trying to know 30 a little of the usages of that colony ; to learn the language, and the faces we shall meet with there, that we may be the less awkward at our first coming among them. We willingly call a phantom our fellow, as knowing we shall soon be of their dark companionship. Therefore, we cherish dreams. We try to spell in them the alphabet of the invisible world ;

and think we know already, how it shall be with us. Those uncouth shapes, which, while we clung to flesh and blood, affrighted us, have become familiar. We feel attenuated into their meagre essences, and have given the hand of half-way approach to incorporeal being. We once thought life to be something; but it has unaccountably fallen from us before its time. Therefore we choose to dally with visions. The sun has no purposes of ours to light us to. Why should we get up?

XV.

THAT WE SHOULD LIE DOWN WITH THE LAMB.

- 10 We could never quite understand the philosophy of this arrangement, or the wisdom of our ancestors in sending us for instruction to those woolly bedfellows. A sheep, when it is dark, has nothing to do but to shut his silly eyes, and sleep if he can. Man found out long sixes.—Hail candle-light! without disparagement to sun or moon, the kindest luminary of the three—if we may not rather style thee their radiant deputy, mild viceroy of the moon!—We love to read, talk, sit silent, eat, drink, sleep, by candle-light. They are everybody's sun and moon. This is our peculiar and house-
- 20 hold planet. Wanting it, what savage, unsocial nights must our ancestors have spent, wintering in caves and unilluminated fastnesses! They must have lain about and grumbled at one another in the dark. What repartees could have passed when you must have felt about for a smile, and handled a neighbour's cheek to be sure that he understood it? This accounts for the seriousness of the elder poetry. It has a sombre cast (try Hesiod or Ossian), derived from the tradition of those unlantern'd nights. Jokes came in with candles. We wonder how they saw to pick up a pin, if they
- 30 had any. How did they sup? what a *mélange* of chance carving they must have made of it!—here one had got the leg of a goat, when he wanted a horse's shoulder—there

another had dipped his scooped palm in a kid-skin of wild honey, when he meditated right mare's milk. There is neither good eating nor drinking in fresco. Who, even in these civilised times, has never experienced this, when at some economic table he has commenced dining after dusk, and waited for the flavour till the lights came? The senses absolutely give and take reciprocally. Can you tell pork from veal in the dark? or distinguish Sherris from pure Malaga? Take away the candle from the smoking man; by the glimmering of the left ashes, he knows that he is still 10 smoking, but he knows it only by an inference; till the restored light, coming in aid of the olfactories, reveals to both senses the full aroma. Then how he redoubles his puffs! how he burnishes!—There is absolutely no such thing as reading, but by a candle. We have tried the affectation of a book at noonday in gardens, and in sultry arbours; but it was labour thrown away. Those gay motes in the beam come about you, hovering and teasing, like so many coquettes, that will have you all to their self, and are jealous of your abstractions. By the midnight taper, the writer digests his 20 meditations. By the same light, we must approach to their perusal, if we would catch the flame, the odour. It is a mockery, all that is reported of the influential Phœbus. No true poem ever owed its birth to the sun's light. They are abstracted works—

Things that were born, when none but the still night,
And his dumb candle, saw his pinching throes.

Marry, daylight—daylight might furnish the images, the crude material; but for the fine shapings, the true turning and filing (as mine author hath it), they must be content to 30 hold their inspiration of the candle. The mild internal light, that reveals them, like fires on the domestic hearth, goes out in the sunshine. Night and silence call out the starry fancies. Milton's Morning Hymn in Paradise, we would hold a good wager, was penned at midnight; and Taylor's

rich description of a sunrise smells decidedly of the taper. Even ourself, in these our humbler lucubrations, tune our best measured cadences (Prose has her cadences) not unfrequently to the charm of the drowsier watchman, "blessing the doors"; or the wild sweeps of wind at midnight. Even now a loftier speculation than we have yet attempted, courts our endeavours. We would indite something about the Solar System.—*Betty, bring the candles.*

XVI.

THAT A SULKY TEMPER IS A MISFORTUNE.

We grant that it is, and a very serious one—to a man's
 10 friends, and to all that have to do with him; but whether the condition of the man himself is so much to be deplored may admit of a question. We can speak a little to it, being ourselves but lately recovered—we whisper it in confidence, reader—out of a long and desperate fit of the sullenness. Was the cure a blessing? The conviction which wrought it, came too clearly to leave a scruple of the fanciful injuries—for they were mere fancies—which had provoked the humour. But the humour itself was too self-pleasing, while it lasted—we know how bare we lay ourselves in the confession—to be
 20 abandoned all at once with the grounds of it. We still brood over wrongs which we know to have been imaginary; and for our old acquaintance, N——, whom we find to be a truer friend than we took him for, we substitute some phantom—a Caius or Titius—as like him as we dare to form it, to wreak our yet unsatisfied resentments on. It is mortifying to fall at once from the pinnacle of neglect; to forgo the idea of having been ill-used and contumaciously treated by an old friend. The first thing to aggrandise a man in his own conceit, is to conceive of himself as neglected. There
 30 let him fix if he can. To undeceive him is to deprive him of the most tickling morsel within the range of self-complacency.

No flattery can come near it. Happy is he who suspects his friend of an injustice ; but supremely blest, who thinks all his friends in a conspiracy to depress and undervalue him. There is a pleasure (we sing not to the profane) far beyond the reach of all that the world counts joy—a deep, enduring satisfaction in the depths, where the superficial seek it not, of discontent. Were we to recite one half of this mystery, which we were let into by our late dissatisfaction, all the world would be in love with disrespect ; we should wear a slight for a bracelet, and neglects and contumacies would be 10 the only matter for courtship. Unlike to that mysterious book in the Apocalypse, the study of this mystery is unpalatable only in the commencement. The first sting of a suspicion is grievous ; but wait—out of that wound, which to flesh and blood seemed so difficult, there is balm and honey to be extracted. Your friend passed you on such or such a day—having in his company one that you conceived worse than ambiguously disposed towards you,—passed you in the street without notice. To be sure he is something short-sighted ; and it was in your power to have accosted 20 *him*. But facts and sane inferences are trifles to a true adept in the science of dissatisfaction. He must have seen you ; and S——, who was with him, must have been the cause of the contempt. It galls you, and well it may. But have patience. Go home, and make the worst of it, and you are a made man from this time. Shut yourself up, and—rejecting, as an enemy to your peace, every whispering suggestion that but insinuates there may be a mistake—reflect seriously upon the many lesser instances which you had begun to perceive, in proof of your friend's disaffection towards you. 30 None of them singly was much to the purpose, but the aggregate weight is positive ; and you have this last affront to clench them. Thus far the process is anything but agreeable. But now to your relief comes in the comparative faculty. You conjure up all the kind feelings you have had for your friend ; what you have been to him, and what you

would have been to him, if he would have suffered you ; how you defended him in this or that place ; and his good name—his literary reputation, and so forth, was always dearer to you than your own ! Your heart, spite of itself, yearns towards him. You could weep tears of blood, but for a restraining pride. How say you ? do you not yet begin to apprehend a comfort ? some allay of sweetness in the bitter waters ? Stop not here, nor penuriously cheat yourself of your reversions.—You are on vantage ground. Enlarge your
10 speculations, and take in the rest of your friends, as a spark kindles more sparks. Was there one among them, who has not to you proved hollow, false, slippery as water ? Begin to think that the relation itself is inconsistent with mortality. That the very idea of friendship, with its component parts, as honour, fidelity steadiness, exists but in your single bosom. Image yourself to yourself, as the only possible friend in a world incapable of that communion. Now the gloom thickens. The little star of self-love twinkles, that is to encourage you through deeper glooms than this. You are not yet at the
20 half-point of your elevation. You are not yet, believe me, half sulky enough. Adverting to the world in general (as these circles in the mind will spread to infinity), reflect with what strange injustice you have been treated in quarters where (setting gratitude and the expectation of friendly returns aside as chimeras) you pretended no claim beyond justice, the naked due of all men. Think the very idea of right and fit fled from the earth, or your breast the solitary receptacle of it, till you have swelled yourself into at least one hemisphere, the other being the vast Arabia Stony of
30 your friends and the world aforesaid. To grow bigger every moment in your own conceit, and the world to lessen ; to deify yourself at the expense of your species ; to judge the world—this is the acme and supreme point of your mystery—these the true PLEASURES of SULKINESS. We profess no more of this grand secret than what ourself experimented on one rainy afternoon in the last week, sulking in our study. We

had proceeded to the penultimate point, at which the true adept seldom stops, where the consideration of benefit forgot is about to merge in the meditation of general injustice—when a knock at the door was followed by the entrance of the very friend, whose not seeing of us in the morning (for we will now confess the case our own), an accidental oversight, had given rise to so much agreeable generalisation! To mortify us still more, and take down the whole flattering superstructure which pride had piled upon neglect, he had brought in his hand the identical S——, in whose favour we 10 had suspected him of the contumacy. Asseverations were needless, where the frank manner of them both was convictive of the injurious nature of the suspicion. We fancied that they perceived our embarrassment; but were too proud, or something else, to confess to the secret of it. We had been but too lately in the condition of the noble patient in Argos:—

Qui se credebat miros audire tragœdos,
In vacuo lætus sessor plausorque theatro—

and could have exclaimed with equal reason against the 20 friendly hand that cured us—

Pol, me occidistis, amici,
Non servâstis, ait; cui sic extorta voluptas,
Et demptus per vim mentis gratissimus error.

NOTES.

NOTE.—References to the *Essays of Elia*, First Series, are given by the page and line of Macmillan's edition in the English Classics Series, Hallward and Hill.

PREFACE TO THE LAST ESSAYS

(*London Magazine*, January, 1823.)

Page 1, line 2. paid his final tribute to nature, died.

4. the thing, his literary work, the *Essays of Elia*.

7. a phantom, an imaginary person, Elia. Compare Notes on *New-Year's Eve*, page 43, line 14, "The phantom cloud of Elia."

10. unlicked, incondite things, unformed, ungainly, from a popular notion that bears' cubs are licked into their proper shape. Incondite is Latin inconditus, rude, uncouth.

11. villainously pranked, vilely, wretchedly dressed up, or adorned. Cf. "most villanously cross-gartered" (*Twelfth Night*, III. 2. 80).

12. They had not been his, etc., they would not have been specially characteristic of Elia, if they had not been thus antiquated in style and diction.

14. a self-pleasing quaintness, a singular archaism of style in which the writer follows his bent. Spenser, *Faery Queene*, III. 4. 6, has "self-pleasing thoughts"; but Lamb was probably thinking of Bacon's "self-pleasing and humorous minds" (*Essay on Marriage and Single Life*). Cf. page 172, line 18.

17. as of himself, apparently speaking of himself.

18. a former Essay. *Christ's Hospital Five-and-Thirty Years Ago*, in which Lamb affects to describe the experiences of his friend Coleridge, as if they were his own.

23. imply, interweave, enfold, the literal sense of the Latin *implicare*.

24. **making himself many**, etc., multiplying his own personality, as it were, or combining the experiences of many others in his own person, through sympathy.

Page 2, line 14. **would e'en out with**, etc., used to blurt out his feelings impulsively.

15. **pass for**, be taken for.

16. **set him down for**, judged him to be.

19. **affected**, was too fond of.

20. **He sowed doubtful speeches**, etc. In conversation he scattered remarks that might be understood either seriously or ironically, and he gained thereby the downright hatred of the subjects of his remarks.

23. **Your long and much talkers**, those long-winded and copious talkers, whom we all know; the colloquial use of 'your,' common in Shakespeare.

25. **an inveterate impediment**, compare the essay on *All Fools' Day*, page 62, line 21, note.

27. **petit**, short in stature, a French word.

34. **It was hit or miss with him**. He either succeeded completely, or failed entirely.

36. **kindlier**, more felicitous. Excellent things occurred to him to say, but he did not bring them out in speech so well.

Page 3, line 1. **impromptus**, extempore witticisms.

6. **literati**, Latin, men of letters. Hazlitt, Godwin, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Southey, James White, Lloyd, and Barry Cornwall, were, however, among the number of his friends.

11. **intimados**, intimate friends—a would-be Spanish or Portuguese word; but no such word, in this sense, appears in either language. Roger North, *Examen*, p. 23, has "Did not I say he was the Earl's intimado?"

12. **a ragged regiment**, a poverty-stricken set of fellows, like the followers of Sir John Falstaff, *Henry IV.* (B.) III. 2. 152 and 279. Milton has "our ragged regiment" in the preface to his *Eikonoklastes*.

floating on the surface of society, his friends are compared to weeds floating on the surface of a stagnant pond.

15. **The burrs**, the prickly outer coverings of the seeds of plants, which adhere to the clothes; Lamb compares his out-at-elbow friends to them.

18. **offences were sure to arise**, an allusion to *Luke* xvii. 1. "It must needs be that offences come."

23. **a little on this side of abstemiousness**. See Introduction, page xx.

24. **the Indian weed**, tobacco. Indian means West Indian or American. Compare Lamb's *Farewell to Tobacco*, stanza 6, lines 8 and 9.

25. **a solvent of speech**, loosener of the tongue, promoter of conversation.

Marry, an expletive formerly common, properly an oath by the Virgin Mary.

27. **ligaments**, bonds, viz., the impediment in his speech.

28. **proceeded a statist**, took his degree as, was promoted to the dignity of a statesman. For this use of 'proceed,' compare *Oxford in the Vacation*, page 14, line 27, note.

34. **Discoursing with him**, i.e. when I was discoursing with him. The construction is ungrammatical, as the participle 'discoursing' ought properly to be in agreement with the subject 'he.'

Page 4, line 2. **Shacklewell**, a northern suburb of London. Lamb's residence at this period was Colebrook Cottage, Islington. He never lived at Shacklewell.

school of industry, a school for the training of pauper children.

6. **carried to a foible**, indulged to the extent of a moral weakness.

8. **stamp**, outward appearance.

11. **herded**, associated.

12. **He did not conform**, etc., he refused to adapt his manners to his advancing age, but was an unwilling victim of the progress of time. His behaviour was too youthful for his time of life.

15. **toga virilis**, the dignity of manhood never suited him. The toga virilis was the gown assumed by Roman youths at the age of fifteen.

17. **impertinence**, incongruous intrusion.

19. **explicate**, explain. Latin, *explicare*.

LAST ESSAYS OF ELIA.

BLAKESMOOR IN H—SHIRE.

(*London Magazine*, September, 1824.)

Canon Ainger was the first to dissipate the widely accepted notion, due to a mistake of Mr. Coventry Patmore, that Blakesmoor meant Gilston, and to demonstrate that Lamb was alluding to Blakesware, a dower-house of the Plumer family about five miles from Ware.

Page 5, line 3. admit of a better passion than envy, are capable of exciting emotions of admiration.

6. weave for us illusions, etc., we imagine these old mansions to have been inhabited in the past by a succession of great and good men, an imagination irreconcilable with the unrest which prevails in mansions still inhabited, and with the idle follies of the aristocracy of the present day.

9. it is chance but, it is unlikely that we shall not be distracted from our devotional attitude of mind by some exhibition of weakness or folly on the part of one of the members of the congregation.

12. puts us by, deprives us of, thrusts us away from.

13. disharmonising, destroying the harmony of the church and of the religious service with devotional feeling.

14. the beauty of holiness (*Psalms*, XXIX. verse 2, and xcvi. 9).

15. good Master Sexton, the care-taker of the church. The sexton is usually also the bell-ringer and the grave-digger. The epithet 'good' is merely conventional. 'Master' is still used by rustics to one another as a term of respect.

16. some country church. Lamb probably had in his mind Widford Church near Blakesware, or the neighbouring church of Gilston.

20. cross, unwelcome, intrusive.

drink in, cf. Wordsworth, *Excursion*, I.

"His spirit drank
The spectacle."

21. till thou thyself, etc. Compare Milton's "Forget thyself to marble" (*Il Penseroso*, 42), and his *Epitaph on Shakespeare*, lines 13 and 14; also the similar passage in *Dream Children*, page 143, lines 31 and 32.

Page 6, line 16. The burnt ashes of a man, etc., even the "three handfuls of white dust shut in an urn of brass," which represent all that remains of the human body after cremation, are a more considerable remnant, in proportion to the size of a man, than these few bricks are of a great mansion. Compare Juvenal, x. 147, and Æschylus, *Agamemnon*, 442.

17. brick-and-mortar knaves, rascally bricklayers.

18. I should have felt the varlets at my heart, every time they pulled out a panel from the wall, I should have felt such a pang as if the wretches were tearing my heart out of my breast.

21. Cowley, Abraham Cowley, the poet, 1618-1667. See page 33, line 30, note.

25. the yellow room, rooms are often called after the prevailing scheme of colour in the furniture and hangings.

26. **had magic in it**, possessed a peculiar charm in my eyes.

29. **the wainscots**, the wooden panelling of the walls, usually made of oak; Old Dutch, *waeghe-schot*, the board or partition of a coach, from *wagen*, a carriage or wain, and *schot*, a closure of boards, akin to English 'shot.'

30. **coverlid**, the coverlet, or counterpane as it is now called, an outer covering of a bed, thrown over the blankets; Old French, *couvre-lit*, cover-bed. The child moved the counterpane aside in order to look at the tapestry, and then quickly drew it up again, so as to hide the terrible figures from his sight.

32. **stern bright visages**, the faces, worked in bright colours, had a fixed expression, and seemed to return the frightened stare of the child. Compare Pope, *Essay on Criticism*, iii. 26 :

"But Appius . . .
Stares tremendous with a threatening eye,
Like some fierce tyrant in old tapestry."

all Ovid on the walls, all the mythological stories, told by Ovid in his *Metamorphoses*, being represented in the tapestry more vividly than in his poetical description.

33. **Actæon in mid sprout**. Actæon represented at the very moment when his horns were beginning to grow. Actæon, the grandson of Cadmus, King of Thebes, was a famous hunter, who one day came upon Diana bathing with her nymphs. The goddess punished him for his involuntary offence by turning him into a stag, and he was devoured by his own dogs. (Greek Mythology.)

34. **unappeasable prudery**, the cruel extravagance of modesty shown by Diana's revenge.

35. **almost culinary coolness**, etc., the insensibility, almost as complete as that of a cook skinning an eel, with which Apollo was depicted in the act of flaying Marsyas. Dan is Latin *dominus*, lord, master. For Marsyas, see *Oxford in the Vacation*, page 13, line 25, note.

Page 7, line 1. old Mrs. Battle. See the Essay, *Mrs. Battle's Opinions on Whist*.

3. **a passion**, an overwhelming emotion.

a sneaking curiosity, etc., a half-suppressed desire, infected with terror.

4. **How shall they build it up again?** No bricklayers can ever restore the impressiveness of that haunted room, even if they rebuild it.

9. **battledores**, the bats covered with parchment which are used by children in the game of battledore and shuttlecock, also in the more elaborate game of Badminton, a sort of indoor lawn-tennis.

11. **had the range at will of**, was allowed to wander wherever I liked over.

14. **the mother of thought**, does not so much engender reflection as cherish a silent affection and admiration for its surroundings. There is an Italian proverb, "Night is the mother of thought."

21. **the idle waters**, like "the idle lake" of Spenser, *Faery Queene*, II. 6. 10.

22. **for me**, as far as I was concerned.

23. **elder devotion**, the devoted love for the place which I had felt in childhood.

24. **Lacus Incognitus**, Latin, the unknown lake of my romantic fancy.

27. **my Eden**, my paradise, my enchanting garden.

29. **my chosen prison**, the garden in which I voluntarily confined myself.

30. **cincture**, circular boundary.

32. **the garden-loving poet**. Andrew Marvell, 1620-1678, *Upon Appleton House*, 609, etc. See the Essay, *On the Old Benchers*, page 124, line 5, note.

34. **gadding**, straggling, luxuriant, literally wandering. Cf. Milton, *Lycidas*, 40:

"With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown."

35. **lace**, weave your confining circles so closely.

Page 8, line 2. **silken bondage**, light restraint. Cf. Scott's lines on love in *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, C. v., St. 13: "The silver link, the silken tie."

6. **frugal boards**, etc., economical housekeeping, and all that simplicity and absence of ostentation which we associate with the word 'home.'

9. **without impeachment to**, while disclaiming any desire to find fault with the most precious teaching of poverty. 'Tender' is here used in the Shakespearean sense of 'dear, precious.'

10. **to have taken, if but a peep**, etc., to have seen something, however little, of the very different surroundings of wealthy families.

13. **To have the feelings**, etc. One may have the consciousness of being a gentleman, without having been born a gentleman.

14. **The pride of ancestry**, etc. A plebeian may enjoy the feeling of pride in an ancient family not his own, without the drawbacks. Whereas an aristocrat lies under an obligation to an exacting line of ancestors—that obligation, imposing severe restraints on conduct and bearing, which the old French nobility

expressed in the maxim, "noblesse oblige," "noble birth has its obligations."

16. the coatless antiquary, the poor and humble student of heraldry. There is a play in "coatless" on the two senses, "destitute of a coat," and "having no coat-of-arms."

unemblazoned cell, his dingy little room, devoid of armorial bearings.

17. revolving the long line, etc., meditating upon the long descent of some ancient noble family. The Mowbrays were Dukes of Norfolk from the end of the fourteenth to the end of the fifteenth century, when the title passed by marriage to the Howards, who still hold it. The Cliffords, descended from an ancestor who came over to England with William the Conqueror, were first ennobled in the person of Robert de Clifford, created Baron Clifford 1299, ancestor of the long extinct Earls of Cumberland. The title is still extant as 'Baron Clifford of Chudleigh.'

18. at those sounding names, etc., may stimulate his imagination by pronouncing those grand old names, until he becomes as complacently proud of them as a modern Mowbray or de Clifford.

20. ideal, existing only in the mind, not material.

go about, endeavour.

21. trenchant to, liable to be cut by. Trenchant is properly an active participle, "cutting, sharp," as it is frequently used by Spenser. It is the present participle of French *trencher*, to cut. Lamb here uses it like an adjective in --ble, or a Latin gerundive, in a passive sense. Compare Shakespeare's

"As easy may'st thou the intrenchant air
With thy keen sword impress" (*Macbeth*, v. 8. 9).

22. hacked off as a spur can. A knight was rarely degraded in England, and then only for high treason, as a rule. His golden spurs were hacked from his heels, his sword-belt cut, and his sword broken over his head by the heralds in Westminster Hall. In the degradation of a Knight of the Garter, a deputation of the Companions go to him, attended by Garter King of Arms, who "in a solemn manner first takes from him his George and riband and then his garter" (*Encyclopædia Britannica*, article "Knight-hood").

23. What, else, were, otherwise, what interest should we take in?

25. capitulatory, recapitulatory, containing an enumeration of their titles, honours, and histories.

the uninterrupted current of their bloods, the unbroken line of their descent. Of what interest would this be to us if we did not feel a kindred pride in contemplating it?

28. 'Scutcheon, escutcheon, heraldic shield, Old French *escusson*, Low Latin *scutionem*, from Latin *scutum*, a shield.

31. **supporters**, a term of heraldry for the two figures placed on each side of an escutcheon outside. They generally represent some animal, less usually a man.

32. "**Resurgam.**" Latin, "I shall rise again."

every dreg of peasantry purging off, a nominative absolute, the last remnants of plebeian origin being washed away.

33. **Very Gentility**, the genuine nature of the gentleman.

34. **of nights**. See Abbott's *Shakesperean Grammar*, § 176.

35. **from bedward**, from going to bed.

Page 9, line 1, **this is the only true gentry**, etc., this is the only real way of becoming a gentleman by adoption; it is by elevation of thought alone that plebeian blood can become noble, not by the actual transference of the blood of an aristocrat into the veins of a peasant, as charlatans have falsely pretended.

8. **Damœtas**, rustic, shepherd. See note on *The Old and the New Schoolmaster*, page 75, line 8. The name comes from Vergil, *Eclogue* III.

9. **upon the hills of Lincoln**. Lamb suggests that his family came originally from Lincolnshire. In *Poor Relations*, page 16, line 3, he mentions that his father went to school at Lincoln, and, page 17, line 20, that his aunt was an old resident there. Compare also his sonnet on *The Family Name*, "Perhaps some shepherd on Lincolnian plains," etc.

10. **vindicate to myself**, etc. Even if my ancestor of two centuries ago was a mere peasant, was I any the less serious in claiming for myself the armorial bearings of this great landowner of former days? Ægon is the landowner whose sheep Damœtas tends in Vergil, *Eclogue* III. The whole passage reminds us of that in *Oxford in the Vacation*, pages 14 and 15, especially of the "noble or royal Benefactress whose portrait seems to smile upon their over-looked beadsman, and to adopt me for their own."

11. **repaying by a backward triumph**, etc. Avenging by this retrospective triumph the wrongs which my poor rustic forefather may have suffered at his hands.

16. **a newer trifle**, the chief seat of the Plumers at Gilston.

17. **images**, mental pictures.

19. **W—s**. Canon Ainger remarks: "Lamb disguises the family of Plumer under this change of initial. He certainly did not mean the Wards—Mr. Ward not having become connected with the family of Plumer till several years later than the date of this essay."

27. fled posterity, the removal of their descendants to Gilston.
 28. Beauty. See *Imperfect Sympathies*, page 83, line 35, note.
 30. H—shire, Hertfordshire.
 watchet hue, light blue. Cf. *Christ's Hospital*, page 27, line 7, note; Webster, *Northward Ho*, III. 2, has "watchet eyes." The word is probably derived from French *vaciet*, a bilberry.

31. My Alice. Lamb's early love, the Hertfordshire maiden, Ann Simmons. See note on *Dream Children*, page 145, line 26.

Mildred Elia, I take it, i.e. Mildred Lamb, I imagine.

34. twelve Cæsars. Cf. *Dream Children*, page 143, line 30, and note.

Page 10, line 6, self-forgetful, frail, erring.

common, the once august chair of the magistrate has since been so profaned by vulgar use that ...

8. whose else? Who else had a better right to claim them than I?

11. now of palest lead, etc., the once gilded flower-pots have had their colour washed out by exposure to the weather, and are reduced to the bare lead, except for a few bright specks. For the epithet 'pale' compare *Merchant of Venice*, III. 2. 106.

12. bespake, indicated.

13. verdant quarters, grass lawns.

14. in old formality, thy firry wildernesses, planted in regular order after the ancient fashion, thy wild groves of fir. A copse or wood, in which the natural growth of the trees is not interfered with, is called a wilderness.

17. wist, knew, A.S. *wiste*, preterite of *witan*, to know.

but child of Athens, etc., but I paid as much reverence to that mysterious fragment of a statue, as any Athenian or Roman child did to the woodland deities.

20. Was it for this, etc. Was it for the sin of idolatry that I have been punished by the destruction of Blakesmoor? For the biblical expression "pleasant places," see *The Old Benchers of the Inner Temple*, page 122, line 11, note.

24. die all. Horace's "Non omnis moriar" (*Odes*, III. 30. 6), I shall not wholly die!

so of their extinguished habitations, etc. Lamb suggests that as Christians believe in the immortality of the soul, so they may perhaps dream of a re-creation in a future life of their beloved earthly haunts.

POOR RELATIONS.

(London Magazine, May, 1823.)

Page 10, line 27. **impertinent correspondency**, unwelcome connexion.

28. haunting conscience, as troublesome as a conscience that perpetually reminds you of your faults.

lengthening, etc., unlike ordinary shadows that contract to their smallest dimensions at midday, the poor relation becomes more pressing in his attentions when we are at the "meridian of our glory."

29. an unwelcome remembrancer, Otway, *Venice Preserved*, I. 1, has "My cursed remembrancer."

31. drain on your purse, perpetual source of expense.

dun, etc., a creditor, who makes demands for a sacrifice of pride, not of money.

Page 11, line 2. **a stain in your blood**, etc., a taint upon the honour of your family, a dishonour to your heraldic shield—a disgrace like that of illegitimacy or "marriage beneath him" in the case of an ancestor. For 'scutcheon' see above, page 8, line 28.

3. a death's head at your banquet, a 'memento mori,' or reminder of death; an allusion to the custom of the ancient Egyptians, who introduced a skeleton at their banquets, to remind the guests that they were mortal. Cf. *Henry IV.* (A.) III. 3. 34.

4. Agathocles' pot, reminder of humble origin. Agathocles, a Syracusan general, son of a potter, rose to be despot of Syracuse. He died B.C. 289 of poison administered by his grandson.

a Mordecai in your gate, one who does you no reverence; as Mordecai, alone of the king's servants, refused to bow to Haman. See *Esther*, III. verses 1 to 4.

a Lazarus at your door, a beggar. The allusion is to the parable of the rich man and the beggar. See *Luke*, XVI. 20.

5. a lion in your path. See note on *The South-Sea House*, page 10, line 1.

a frog in your chamber. Cf. *Psalms*, cv. 30.

6. a fly in your ointment. Cf. *Mrs. Battle's Opinion on Whist*, page 48, line 12, "One of these flies will spoil a whole pot"; from *Ecclesiastes*, x. 1, "Dead flies cause the ointment of the apothecary to send forth a stinking savour."

a mote in your eye, etc., a particle of dust that blinds you; an allusion to *Matthew*, VII. 3. See also *Psalms*, XXV. 2.

7. the one thing not needful. An allusion to *Luke*, x. 42.

8. **the hail in harvest**, an unseasonable visitation. Cf. *Proverbs*, xxvi. 1, and xxv. 13, "As the cold of snow in the time of harvest."

the ounce of sour in a pound of sweet, a proverbial expression, like Lucretius's "amari aliquid," a drop of bitterness (iv. 1127.) Contrast Spenser, *Faery Queene*, "An ounce of sweet is worth a pound of soure." Fuller has "an ounce of cheerfulness is worth a pound of sadness to serve God with."

11. **between familiarity and respect**, a knock of a half-hearted kind, neither quite formal and respectful, nor quite hearty and familiar.

19. **open days**, days when there are no visitors.

22. **declareth against**, refuses the offer of.

25. **sticketh by the port**, etc., as a rule he drinks only port, but will take the last glass in a decanter of claret if . . . Cf. "Remainder biscuit" (*As You Like It*, II. 7. 39), and "Remainder Viands" (*Troilus*, II. 2. 70).

30. **a tide-waiter**, a custom-house officer who presides over the landing of goods, in order to secure the payment of duties.

36. **taketh on him more state**, assumes more dignity.

Page 12, line 2. 'tis odds . . . **that**, the chances are that.

6. **proffereth to go for**, offers to fetch.

17. **He dare say**. Strict grammar would require 'dares'; but Lamb wishes to convey the effect of reporting the poor relation's words: "I dare say," etc.

19. **had your arms done on vellum**, had your armorial bearings emblazoned on parchment. The query implies that the grant of arms by the Herald's College is recent, and consequently that the gentility of the family is not of ancient origin.

28. **pass him off**, account for his presence by some tolerably specious pretence.

31. **a Character**, an oddity, an eccentric person.

34. **dresses below herself**, wear dresses of less expensive cut and material than she can afford.

the truth must out, etc., the truth must be proclaimed without prevarication. See note on *The Old and the New Schoolmasters*, page 72, line 18.

36. **L—s**, Lambs.

Page 13, line 5. **sensible to**. We should now say 'sensible of,' i.e. aware of.

5. **aliquando sufflaminandus erat**. "Occasionally he had to have the drag put on," i.e. to be checked in speaking; a saying of the Emperor Augustus about the rhetorician Aterius. Ben

Jonson applied it to Shakespeare in his *Discoveries*. "He had an excellent fancy, brave notions, and gentle expressions, wherein he flowed with that facility that sometime it was necessary he should be stopped. 'Sufflaminandus erat,' as Augustus said of Haterius."

15. **Richard Amlet**, the gambler in Vanbrugh's *Confederacy* (1695), son of a rich, vulgar tradeswoman.

16. **chimerical**, visionary, wild; from the Chimæra, a fire-breathing monster of Greek mythology, part lion, part goat, part dragon.

18. **blood**, relationship.

19. **His stars are perpetually crossed**, his luck is always being thwarted. The expression is a survival from the days when the superstitions of astrology were credited.

20. **malignant maternity**, perverse insistence on her claims as his mother.

22. **wherewithal ... to recompense**, the means of recompensing; see above on line 15.

23. **float him again**, enable him to take part again in the superficial amusements of fashionable society.

26. **an Amlet**, *i.e.* a young man, like Amlet, in a good position, whose career was injured by a vulgar parent.

buoyancy, light-heartedness.

27. **Poor W**——, Favell. See *Christ's Hospital*, page 34, line 7.

28. **classic**, classical scholar. He was a Grecian at Christ's Hospital in Lamb's time.

32. **to ward off derogation**, to preserve its dignity from being lowered.

Page 14, line 2. obnoxious to, liable, exposed to.

3. **blue clothes**, the peculiar dress of Christ's Hospital boys. Cf. "watchet-weeds," *Christ's Hospital*, page 27, line 7.

4. **blind ways**, narrow streets with only one exit.

8. **the alloy of a humble introduction**, the taint of pauperism, because he entered as a servitor, or poor scholar. See note on *Oxford in the Vacation*, page 14, line 25.

11. **Nessian venom**, malignant poison. The allusion is to the story of Deianeira, wife of Hercules, who gave him a tunic dyed in the blood of the Centaur Nessus, believing it to be a love-charm. Hercules donned the tunic, and expired in agony.

13. **Latimer**, Hugh Latimer, Bishop of Worcester, the Protestant martyr, 1490-1555.

must have walked erect, etc., a man like Latimer would not have felt his dignity impaired by wearing the gown of the

poor scholar, and Hooker would probably have been even proud of it. For Hooker see note on *Christ's Hospital*, page 32, line 33.

15. *shades*, the seclusion of the College grounds. Cf. Milton, *Paradise Lost*, ix. 1106, and xi. 270.

19. *lord of his library*, cf. Shakespeare, *The Tempest*, i. 2. 109;

"My library
Was dukedom large enough."

32. *the distance between*, etc., the social gulf between the University men and the people of the town.

Page 15, line 1. *cringing*, obsequious. A.S. *cringan*, to sink, succumb, akin to 'crank,' the original sense being 'to bend' or 'to bow.'

2. *scraping*, drawing his foot back along the ground, as was done in making a formal bow.

3. *to anything that wore the semblance of a gown*, to any person that had a connection, however humble, with the University. As College Chapel vergers and choristers, for example, as well as University men, wear a gown, the old man's obsequiousness must have been sufficiently embarrassing and humiliating to his undergraduate son.

5. *chamber-fellow*, the friend who shared his rooms.

standing, status or position in the University. Cf. *Christ's Hospital*, page 20, line 5.

6. *gratuitously ducking*, unnecessarily bowing. 'To duck' is especially used of an awkward or rustic kind of salute.

9. *strains the point*, etc., insists on the consideration of the duty which a son owes to his father to its utmost extent.

10. *dereliction*, failure of duty.

16. *rally him*, banter him, make him the subject of a good-humoured jest.

17. *the Artist Evangelist*, St. Luke, author of the third Gospel. He is considered as the patron of painters, on the strength of a late tradition, for which the first certain authorities belong to the tenth century.

22. *like Satan*, etc., an adaptation of Milton, *Par. Lost*, iv. 1013 :

"The Fiend lookt up and knew
His mounted scale aloft : nor more ; but fled
Murmuring."

Satan is deterred from resisting Gabriel and his angels by a supernatural sign in heaven, a pair of golden scales. The rising or 'mounting' of the scale of fight showed him the futility of resistance.

knew, recognised.

26. **St. Sebastian**, see note on *Christ's Hospital*, page 34, line 7. The town, in Northern Spain, was besieged by Wellington and the allied army, and stormed by General Graham, August, 1813.

Page 16, line 1. **sad yet comely**. Cf. "clad in comely sad attire" (Spenser, *Faery Queene*, i. 10. 7).

4. **my cue**, the part allotted to me, a theatrical metaphor. The 'cue' properly signifies the last few words in a speech made by an actor on the stage, which serve as a signal for another actor to speak or to appear on the stage. From the French *queue*, O.F. *coue*, Latin *cauda*, a tail.

9. **make out**, discover.

10. **a world**, an age, a very long time—a colloquial usage.

11. **the Mint**, the national manufactory of coinage in the Tower of London. The word is A.S. *mynet*, money from (Juno) *Moneta*, in whose temple at Rome money was coined.

13. **awful ideas**, etc. I connected the terrible associations of the Tower, derived from English history, with him.

30. **young Grotiuses**, boyish authorities on the law of nations (as applied to war). Hugo Grotius, 1583-1645, was a Dutch statesman and author. His treatise, *De Jure Belli et Pacis*, on International Law, has always been one of the great authorities on the subject.

Mountaineer, i.e. resident on Lincoln Hill.

36. **brought out**, "to bring out" is the transitive form of "to come out"; "to cause a man to throw off his reserve." Both expressions are colloquial.

bad blood bred, ill-feeling engendered.

Page 17, line 4. **some adroit by-commendation**, some praise of the old cathedral, indirectly and tactfully introduced. *Adroit* is dexterous, deft, clever; French *à droît*, Latin *ad + directus*, straight, right.

11. **the viand**. See page 16, line 6.

16. **press civility out of season**, carry hospitality too far. "Out of season" is 'inopportunately.'

23. **superannuated**. Almost equivalent to "in your dotage."

24. **digesting of**, putting up with, enduring.

29. **a comfortable independence**, a salaried post, which enabled him to live comfortably without assistance from others.

31. **escritoire**, French. Low Latin *scriptorium*, a writing-desk with drawers and pigeon-holes.

32. **bury him**, pay for his funeral expenses.

STAGE ILLUSION.

(*London Magazine*, August, 1825.)

Page 18, line 1. **the scenical illusion**, that deception of the senses by which scenes enacted upon the stage appear real to us.

16. **without absolutely appealing**, etc. Compare the passage in the *Essay on Artificial Comedy*, page 203, line 23, etc.

19. **nicety**, delicacy, precision of touch.

24. **done to the life**, portrayed in a life-like manner. The phrase occurs in Massinger's *Roman Actor*, i. 3. 91.

25. **Jack Bannister** (1760-1836). Cf. *On Some of the Old Actors*, pages 195 and 197.

29. **sub-insinuation**, a suggestion covertly conveyed.

30. **the shaking fit**, the fit of trembling produced by terror.

33. "**that man was frightened**." Partridge's criticism of the acting of Garrick in *Hamlet*; Fielding, *Tom Jones*, xvi., ch. 5: "If that little man there upon the stage is not frightened, I never saw any man frightened in my life."

Page 19, line 8. **to palm**, to substitute by sleight of hand, as a conjuror does. In this sense "to palm off" is more usual.

11. **self-desertion**, loss of self-possession.

12. **concomitants**, accompaniments, characteristic traits.

15. **sub-reference**, covert allusion.

16. **disarms the character**, etc., makes the miser appear less hateful by enlisting our sympathy for his fears and apprehensions.

19. **By this subtle vent**, etc. There are here two metaphors. The hateful qualities of the miser are compared (1) to a poisonous gas allowed to escape by a cunningly devised outlet; (2) to a snake coiling itself up. The latter metaphor indicates the utter selfishness with which the miser wraps himself up in his own concerns and wilfully alienates all human sympathy by his "self-closeness," self-absorption.

26. **counterfeited upon a stage**, etc. Lamb argues that whereas in real life the ill-humour and irritability of old men affect us painfully, the same weaknesses, when imitated on the stage, amuse us, partly *because* we know them to be mere imitations, and not solely because of their laughable side.

31. **under the life**, or **beside it**, represented with less intensity than in real life, or as independent collateral creations, not exact copies of life.

32. **Gatty**. Henry Gatty, English comic actor, 1774-1844.

Page 20, line 1. **Mr. Emery**. John Emery, English comic actor, 1777-1822.

2. **told excellently**, was highly effective.

his Tyke, his representation of the part of Tyke, a character in Thomas Morton's *School of Reform* (1817).

6. **harsh and dissonant effect**, an echo of Milton, *Samson Agonistes*, 662:

"A tune

Harsh, and of dissonant mood from his complaint."

7. **Personæ dramatis**, characters of the play (Latin).

9. **a third estate**, an alien element. 'Estate' is here employed as in the expression "The estates of the realm," the classes or orders of a community.

dry, unsympathetic.

16. **tittle**, smallest particular; Latin, *titulus*, inscription, notice, title, token—also used for small marks in writing, such as a dash, dot, or stroke.

17. **tears refuse to flow**. Cf. Dryden, *Alexander's Feast*, 74.

18. **latitude**, allowance, indulgence.

21. **naturalised behind the scenes**, made to feel 'at home,' to be on a friendly and familiar footing with the actors.

25. **Macbeth**, Act II. sc. I.

27. **sees something**, sees a ghost, or some supernatural object.

29. **an impertinent**. The adjective is here used substantively for 'a coxcomb.'

30. **Osric**, the foppish courtier in *Hamlet*.

Page 21, line 1. **destroy the balance of**, derange, upset.

7. **set**, determined.

12. **an antagonist comicality**, a contrasted ludicrousness. We laugh at the selfishness and conceit of the idler, whom we despise; but we can also laugh at the vexation of the hard-working man, whom we respect—provided that his vexation is not made to appear too serious.

17. **unworthy**, innocent, not deserving it.

19. **Free and Easy**. A musical farce by S. J. Arnold, performed at the English opera, Sept. 1816. On this occasion Bartley played 'Mr. Courtly,' and Wrench 'Sir John Freeman,' his interrupter.

27. **on both sides of the curtain**, actors and audience.

TO THE SHADE OF ELLISTON.

(*Englishman's Magazine*, August, 1831.)

Robert William Elliston, 1774-1831, had been a leading actor of the day, and lessee of Drury Lane Theatre from 1819 to 1826. This Essay appeared in the month succeeding his death.

Page 21, line 28. An apostrophe to the lately deceased Elliston.

29. **genial**, cheerful, enlivening; or, perhaps, suited to thy nature, congenial.

31. **sowing thy wild oats**. "To sow one's wild oats" is a common expression for indulgence in youthful dissipation. Here there is a play on the words, the allusion being to O'Keefe's comedy *Wild Oats* (1798), in which Elliston acted the part of Rover, the hero of the play.

the harvest time, etc. You had not yet reaped the result, *i.e.* settled down to sober married life. It is a common notion that indulgence in youthful follies best paves the way for sobriety in after life. Compare Tennyson, *In Memoriam*:

" How many a father have I seen,
A sober man, among his boys,
Whose youth was full of foolish noise,
That wears his manhood hale and green."

32. **upon casual sands of Avernus**. Wherever you chance to find yourself on the shores of the lower world. Avernus was a lake in Campania, Italy, often used by poets as a synonym for hell.

Page 22, line 1. **enacting Rover**, wandering. See note above on page 21, line 31.

2. **by wandering Elysian streams**, along the banks of meandering streams of Elysium. Elysium in classical mythology was the region set apart for the souls of the pious in the world below.

3. **This mortal frame**, the human body. The expression occurs in Pope's hymn, *The Dying Christian to His Soul*, and in Coleridge's poem *Love*.

play thy brief antics, live thy brief life as a comedian.

4. **as the vain Platonist**, etc., as the idle dreamer that follows the teaching of Plato depreciates the body as a mere prison of the soul, which is bound by the chains of the five senses.

6. **durance vile**, imprisonment; as in a "lock-up," in which disorderly characters were detained for the night by the police. The phrase occurs in Burns's *Epistle from Esopus to Maria*, "In durance vile here must I wake and weep"; also in Burke's *Thoughts on the Present Discontents*.

8. **gyves**, shackles, fetters; a Celtic word. Cf. Welsh *gefyn*, a fetter. Elliston led a life of pleasure, and had no desire to be freed from the dominion of the senses.

had notice to quit. Death is the landlord who sends notice to men to quit the body, of which they are only tenants for life. 'Hadst' would be grammatically correct.

9. **this fleshy tenement**, the body. Cf. Dryden, *Absalom and Achitophel*, Part I., line 156:

“A fiery soul, which, working out its way,
Fretted the pygmy body to decay,
And o’er-informed the tenement of clay.”

10. **Pleasure-House**. Cf. Coleridge’s *Kubla Khan*, 2; Tennyson, *Palace of Art*, 1.

Palace of Dainty Devices, from the title of the collection of poems, *The Paradise of Dainty Devices*, which appeared first in 1576. There was a reprint, with introduction and notes, in 1810.

11. **thy Louvre**. The Louvre was the old palace of the French kings in Paris. It is now a picture gallery.

White-Hall, the palace of the English kings at Westminster from the time of Henry VIII.

13. **thy aërial house-warming**, thy first entertainment as a spirit. The first dinner or other entertainment, given in a newly occupied house is called “a house-warming.”

14. **Tartarus**, in classical mythology the place of torment for the spirits of bad men.

the Blessed Shades, the groves of Elysium, the “*amœna vireta Fortunatorum nemorum*,” “pleasant greensward of the Happy groves,” Vergil, *Æn.* vi. 638, as opposed to the “gloomy shades” of Tartarus, *Æn.* v. 734. Lamb says he cannot appropriately consign him either to hell or to heaven.

16. **the schoolmen**, mediæval divines. See note on *The Two Races of Men*, page 38, line 18.

17. **a receptacle apart**, etc., the *Limbus Patrum* and the *Limbus Infantium*, places set apart for the good men who lived before the birth of Jesus Christ, and for the souls of unbaptised infants.

unchrisom, unchristened, unbaptised. Properly, *chrisom* was the white robe, anointed with *chrisom* or consecrated oil, thrown over a child at baptism. Cf. *Henry V.* ii. 3. 12.

18. **that storehouse of all vanities**, the *Limbus Fatuorum* or Fools’ Paradise. Latin *limbus* is a border or fringe, and *Limbo* is the border-land between Paradise and Purgatory.

21. **Up hither**, etc. These lines are a burlesque of Milton’s description of the “*Limbo large and broad*, since called *The Paradise of Fools*,” *Paradise Lost*, iii. 445-458.

25. **Abortive, monstrous or unkindly mix’d**. Plays that were crude, preposterous, or unnaturally composed.

26. **Damn’d**, properly, condemned to eternal punishment, but also applied to plays rejected by the audience at a theatre. Here Lamb plays upon the two senses of the word.

27. **trumpery**, rubbish. French *tromperie*, deceit, fraud, from *tromper*, to deceive.

28. **the neighbouring moon**, *Paradise Lost*, III. 459 and 726. The moon was sometimes considered as the treasure-house of all things transitory and vain, as in Ariosto, *Orlando Furioso* XVIII., and Pope, *Rape of the Lock*, v. 153, etc.

29. **thy Regent Planet**, an astrological expression, "the planet that sways thy fortunes." The moon is suggested as Elliston's "Regent Planet," partly on account of his habits of life, his energies being chiefly employed in the night time, and partly on account of his defects of character. Dante speaks of the moon as assigned to those whose vows "were in some part neglected and made void."

may'st thou not still, etc. You may still be continuing your eccentricities as a theatrical manager in the spirit world, but always in a position of dignity and authority. A lessee is the tenant of a theatre for a certain number of years.

32. **Green Rooms**, the retiring rooms for actors and actresses at a theatre.

the Muse beholds thee, etc. Literary fancy can still see you exercising authority after your death.

34. **Figurantes**, a French word : ballet girls, female dancers.

circle thee in, etc., surround thee, dance round thee in a circle, as the fairies danced round Falstaff, chanting their song, "Fie on sinful phantasy" (shame on lustful thoughts). See *Merry Wives of Windsor*, v. 5. 97.

36. **capriccios**. Italian, freaks, caprices.

this globe of earth, Milton, *Paradise Regained*, I. 364.

Page 23, line 1. **thy new name**. The idea is that men are given new names in a future state of existence. Cf. *Revelation*, II. 17 and III. 12. Similarly the rebellious archangel has his name changed.

"Satan ; so call him now, his former name

Is heard no more in heaven."—*Paradise Lost*, v. 658.

Cf. Young, *Night Thoughts*, VI. 1 : "She (for I know not her new name in heaven)."

3. **It irks me**, it annoys me, is repugnant to me. The word is of Scandinavian origin. Cf. Swedish *yrka*, to urge, enforce, press ; akin to Latin *urgeo* and Greek *εργω* ; Sanskrit *vrij*, to press out.

regalities, badges of royalty, i.e. outward signs of his dignity as manager.

4. **ferry over**, be conveyed across the river Styx in Charon's shaky old ferry-boat, as newly-arrived ghosts in Hades were conveyed. Cf. Vergil, *Æneid*, VI. 298, etc., and 414.

4. a **poor forked shade**, a two-legged ghost, an allusion to *King Lear*, III. 4. 112: "Man is no more but such a bare forked animal as thou art."

5. the **old boatman**, Charon.

the **weedy wharf**. Cf. Vergil, *Æn.* vi. 416.

"*Informi limo glaucaeque exponit in ulva.*"

"He lands them in the unsightly slime and grey-green sedge."

See also *Hamlet*, I. 5. 32: "The fat weed that roots itself in ease on Lethe Warf."

6. **raucid**, raucous, hoarse.

"**Sculls, sculls**," i.e. "Will you be sculled across?" Elliston refuses to be conveyed in any less dignified way than by rowing.

10. **Pluto's kingdom**, the world below. Pluto was king of Hades.

11. **call-boy**, a boy who calls the actors in a theatre.

12. **conterminant**, of the same limits, ending at the same time.

13. **taking your passage**, etc. You may be a fellow-passenger in Charon's ferry, side by side, with some theatrical menial—so humiliatingly does Death level all social distinctions.

16. **But mercy**, etc. But, Heaven defend us! What a terrible amount of transformation you will have to undergo, of how many theatrical robes and private weaknesses must you divest yourself.

17. **denudations**, disrobings, stripping bare.

18. the **surlly Ferryman**, Charon. Cf. "that grim ferryman," *Richard III.* I. 4. 46.

19. **battered lighter**, his "crazy ferry," line 14. A lighter is a barge used in loading and unloading vessels.

20. **truncheon**, "the marshal's truncheon," the military staff of command. Old French *tronchon*, the shaft of a broken spear.

21. **property man**, provider of stage requisites.

22. **enough to sink a navy**. From *Henry VIII.* III. 2. 383: "A load would sink a navy."

23. **ermine**. The state robe of a judge is lined with the white fur of the ermine, an animal of the weasel kind.

à la Foppington, of the fashion affected by Foppington. Lord Foppington is a famous dandy in Vanbrugh's comedy, *The Relapse*.

24. **must overboard**, must be thrown out of the boat.

25. **that Ancient Mariner**. Like Coleridge's Ancient Mariner, old Charon is peremptory and insists on having his own way at once.

25. **the tiresome monodrame**, etc. A monodrame is a play acted by a single person. The allusion is to Orpheus, the poet-minstrel of Thrace, who descended into Hades to recover his bride Eurydice, and prevailed upon Pluto to restore her on certain conditions. Cf. Milton, *L'Allegro*, 145, etc. The story is told by Vergil, *Georgic* iv. 454-528.

28. **just boat-weight**, exactly the right weight for the boat. 'Just' is, probably, here an adjective; exact, precise; as often in Shakespeare.

pura et puta anima. Latin: a pure and cleansed soul, a spirit out-and-out.

31. **keysars**, Kaisers, emperors. "Kings and keysars" occurs in Spenser, *Faery Queene*, II. 7. 5.

33. **the murky rogue pushes off**, Charon's boat leaves the shore.

34. **thrice pleasant**, most humorous. See note on *The Two Races of Men*, page 39, line 27.

35. **extravaganza**: "farcical performances." See note, page 86, line 32.

Page 24, line 1. **Rhadamanthus**. In classical mythology one of the three judges of the dead. Vergil, *Æn.* vi. 566, makes him the judge of the worst evil-doers and unconfessed crimes, not of "the lighter causes"; so also Claudian, in *Rufinus*, II. 477, describes him as the "stern brother" of Minos, who metes out lashes to the guilty who refuse to confess.

"Quos nolle fateri

Viderit, ad rigidi transmittit verbera fratris."

Lamb may have had in mind Chapman's lines in his *Alphonsus*, II. 2:

"Yet hope to send most actors in this pageant
To revel it with Rhadamant in Hell,"

—though 'actors' here does not mean 'players.'

2. **his two brethren**, Æacus and Minos, who were also sons of Zeus (Jupiter).

calendars, lists of criminal cases.

3. **parti-coloured existence**, motley life: with an illusion to the "motley," the dress of the professional fool or jester.

4. **making account of**, etc., reckoning the few weaknesses which may have cast a shadow upon your real, or private, life...

6. **scarcely less a vapour**, almost as frivolous as your idlest freaks upon the stage.

8. **repercussions**, reverberations, reflections.

9. **secondary or mock life**, the subsidiary or artificial existence of an actor, who personates various characters on the stage.

10. **with rods lighter than**, etc., with a chastisement less severe than that of the Furies, whose whips like the hair of Medusa, the Gorgon, are composed of snakes. 'The rod' is frequently used in Scriptural language for divine chastisement. For Medusa, see note on *Witches and other Night Fears*, page 94, line 8.

11. **to whip the offending Adam out of thee**, to purge thee of the taint of original sin—inherited from our first parents Adam and Eve. So, in the language of Scripture, "the old Adam" is man's unregenerate nature, before it is sanctified by the grace of God. Cf.

"Consideration like an angel came,
And whipped the offending Adam out of him."

—*Henry V.* i. 1. 28.

13. **the O.P. side**. The side opposite the prompter, whose side was called the P.S.—prompter's side.

15. **Proserpine**, wife of Pluto and queen of Hades.

16. **Plaudito, et valet**. Latin, applaud me and farewell. The sentence is an adaptation of the words used to close a Roman play, 'Plaudite,' or "Vos Plaudite," clap your hands. Cf. Horace, *A.P.* 155.

ELLISTONIANA.

(*Englishman's Magazine*, August, 1831.)

Page 24, line 19. **a little on this side of**, falling a little short of, not quite amounting to.

21. **Spa**. See note on *New Year's Eve*, page 47, line 30.

22. **whom nothing misbecame**, who played all parts with equal grace. Compare Johnson's *Epitaph on Goldsmith*, "touched nothing that he did not adorn."

to auspicate ... the filial concern, etc., to inaugurate his son's business favourably and give it a brilliant start. Auspicate is Latin *auspicari*, to take the omens by the auspicious or inspection of birds.

31. **fairly hanging on his lips**, listening to him with the most eager attention.

Page 25, line 1. **sentence**, pronouncement, verdict.

3. **Lovelace**. Richard Lovelace, the Cavalier poet, 1618-1658. He fell into great poverty in his latter days and died "in very mean lodgings in Gunpowder Alley, near Shoe Lane," says Wood in his 'Athenæ.' Neither Aubrey, nor Wood, makes any mention of his being reduced to sell gloves.

7. **no after repentance.** Cf. Milton, *Sonnet* XI. 6.

10. **his blended private and professional habits**, his mingling of the manners of private life with those of the actor.

13. **brought the stage boards into streets**, imported the airs and mannerisms of the stage into out-of-door life.

16. **natural, easy creature.** Cf. "On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting." Goldsmith, *Retaliation*, 101.

27. **the poorest hovel.** Cf. Cowley's lines in his poem *Tyrian dye why do you wear?*:

"For 'tis not buildings make a court,
Or pomp, but 'tis the king's resort."

28. **ipso facto.** Latin, by the very fact.

33. **trod the boards**, etc., walked the stage, *i.e.* was theatrical in his demeanour, even on the hardest street pavements; and if the subject of discourse happened to be one to stir the emotions, he assumed the air of a tragic actor almost involuntarily.

36. **Apelles**, the celebrated Greek painter of the age of Alexander the Great. He was indefatigable in his devotion to his art.

Page 26, line 1. **G. D.**, George Dyer. See note on *Oxford in the Vacation*, page 16, line 11, and Lamb's account of his unworldliness and absent-mindedness, pages 16-20.

2. **lukewarm**, half-hearted, not thoroughly in earnest. The word 'luke' itself means tepid. M.E. *leuke*, an extension of the earlier form *lew*. It is akin to A.S. *hleō*, shelter, and to English *lee*.

6. **a spirit of lead**, a spirit of dullness or depression.

9. **expanding your heart**, enlarging your sympathies.

16. **of a piece**, consistent.

17. **Ranger**, a hare-brained gallant in Hoadly's comedy, *The Suspicious Husband* (1747).

the general bosom, the hearts of all Londoners; the expression comes from Shakespeare's *Lover's Complaint*, 127:

"He did in the general bosom reign
Of young and old."

23. **give ourselves airs of aversion for**, affect to dislike.

25. **divesting himself of the impersonation**, throwing off, in private life, the demeanour of the character which he was acting on the stage.

27. **avoided to reflect**, an unusual construction for 'avoided reflecting.' Even if he had refrained from carefully reproducing to us in private society the sprightly liveliness, the impertinence, and the graceless artifices of his model, viz. Ranger. A scape-goat is one who is made to bear the burden of others' sins, from

the Jewish ceremony of sending out a goat, symbolically burdened with the sins of the people, into the wilderness. Cf. *Leviticus*, xvi. 10.

33. **adventitious trappings**, accidental additions in the shape of theatrical costumes and mannerisms.

34. **sit not at all inconsistently**, agree well enough with his real character.

Page 27, line 1. Cibber was his own Foppington, Cibber really *was* the character which he represented, a Lord Foppington, i.e. a conceited fop, etc. Colley Cibber (1671-1757) was an actor, a dramatist, a poet-laureate, and had a good deal of solid sense, and even wit, under his superficial affectations. For Foppington see above, page 23, line 23.

3. **conceit**, conception, opinion. Quoted from Ben Jonson's *Discoveries*, somewhat inaccurately.

6. **proper**, peculiar, personal.

11. **my Lord Verulam**, Francis Bacon, the great philosopher and statesman (1561-1626), was made Lord High Chancellor and Lord Verulam in 1618, and Viscount St. Albans in 1620.

16. **St. Dunstan's Church**, in Fleet Street. The church was erected in memory of Dunstan, Archbishop of Canterbury, 959-988. Here the great Lord Strafford was baptized, and in the last century it was famous for the lectures of William Romaine. The present church was erected on the site of the old one in 1831.

17. **its punctual giants**, the figures of two savages armed with clubs, which struck the hours. Cf. Cowper, *Table-talk*, 527:

“Club in hand,

Like the two figures of St. Dunstan's stand,” etc.

The “punctual giants” now repose at St. Dunstan's Lodge, Regent's Park.

18. **dust and a shadow**, a mere memory of what has passed away. The phrase is a translation of Horace's ‘*Pulvis et umbra*,’ “dust and a shade” (the material and spiritual remains), *Odes*, iv. 8. 16, the “σπόδον τε καὶ σκίαν ἀνωφελέη,” “ashes and a bootless shade,” of Sophocles, *Electra*, 1159.

21. **following up the blow**, taking further advantage of the impression produced.

24. **mutely stalked away**, as the ghost of Dido left Æneas, Vergil, *Æn.* vi. 469-473, and that of Ajax “answered nought, But stalked away behind the other spirits,” etc. Homer, *Odyssey*, xi. 563.

to chew upon his new-blown dignities, to meditate on his new honours. Cf. *Julius Cæsar*, i. 2. 171, “Chew upon this.”

26. **muse his praise**, reflect upon his renown. The phrase comes from Thomson's *Hymn*, line 118 :

"Come then, expressive Silence, muse His praise."

28. **Powers of Equanimity**, Gods that teach patience. Lamb may have had in mind Butler's line in *Hudibras*, i. 3. 1020 :

"Perturbations that possess the mind or *Æquanimities*."

29. **the consular exile**, Caius Marius, who had been six times consul.

30. **a more illustrious exile**, Napoleon Buonaparte.

31. **constableness of Elba**, the empty honour of the constableness of the island of Elba was conferred upon Napoleon in 1814, after his resignation of the throne of France. He was in reality a State prisoner there, as afterwards at St. Helena.

an image of Imperial France, Napoleon escaped from Elba, February, 1815, and soon afterwards resumed his position as Emperor.

33. **that sceptre**, the rule of Drury Lane Theatre had been taken away from him.

36. **his Elba**, the degradation from the managership of Drury Lane to that of the small Olympic Theatre was a downfall like Napoleon's at Elba.

Page 28, line 3. sinking the sense, etc., putting out of sight his feeling of the loss of prosperity and position, and drowning it in the nobler emotion that resented the slight upon his loftier claims as a man of intellect.

6. **exordium**. Latin : properly the opening passage of a speech, hence, generally, commencement, prelude.

11. **Mercutio**, the gay and witty young nobleman, the friend and kinsman of Romeo. Elliston complains of being degraded from the chief tragic part to one of secondary importance, and of a comic rather than tragic cast.

staying ... responses, waiting for any answer.

13. **rich**, humorous, entertaining.

Sir A. C., Sir Anthony Carlisle. Cf. *Imperfect Sympathies*, page 88, line 26, note.

14. **mends a lame narrative**, improves upon an ineffective story.

17. **green**. See above on page 25, line 5.

18. **Imperial**. Drury Lane was the chief London theatre.

19. **Olympic Hill**, the exalted position of the Olympic Theatre, the allusion being to Mount Olympus, on the borders of Macedonia and Thessaly, which the Greeks made the abode of their gods. Lamb uses 'Olympic' incorrectly for 'Olympian' for the sake of the allusion to the theatre.

19. his "highest heaven," the most exalted position which he could now command. Compare the passage in Milton's *Paradise Lost*, l. 514-518, in which he speaks of the gods of Greece :

"These first in Crete
And Ida known, thence on the snowy top
Of cold Olympus rul'd the middle air
Their highest Heav'n."

"Jove in his chair." In the green room of the Olympic he was as imperious as Jupiter on his throne. The words occur in the first line of the *Midas* of Kane O'Hara (1722-1782), Irish dramatist :

"Jove in his chair,
With his nods
Men and gods
Keeps in awe."

22. one of those little tawdry things, etc. The phrases that follow are contemptuous descriptions of a second-rate actress who fills insignificant parts. For 'tawdry' see *Distant Correspondents*, page 150, line 8, note.

firt at the tails of choruses, behave giddily, play the coquette at the back of a chorus on the stage.

23. a probationer for the town, etc., a novice, both as an actress and as a courtesan.

24. pertest little drab, sauciest little minx. Drab is A.S. *drabbe*, dregs, rest.

a dirty fringe and appendage, etc., a dirty adjunct of the foot-lights, i.e. disreputable stage supernumerary.

30. censorial, befitting a censor, or inspector of morals.

31. a Vestris, a celebrity like Vestris. Lucia Elizabeth Bartolozzi (1797-1856) married first the Italian dancer, Vestris, and afterwards Charles Matthews. She was a celebrated comic actress.

that beautiful rebel is probably an allusion to the part of Diana Vernon, an ardent Jacobite, which she played at Drury Lane in 1824.

Page 29, line 1. the subjoinder of young Confidence, the retort of the impudent young hussy.

4. a lesson never to have been lost, a censure which would never have been forgotten by any less impudent creature.

7. à fortiori. Latin: from the stronger instance to the weaker. the son of Peleus, the Greek hero Achilles. Lycaon, son of Priam, King of Troy, was slain by Achilles. The allusion is to Homer, *Iliad*, xxi. 97. 114.

9. "I too am mortal." Cf. *Iliad*, xxi. 108, etc. :

"Seest not how goodly, fair, and stout I be?
O noble sire and goddess mother born,
Yet on me, too, shall death and cruel fate
Descend," etc.

11. **missed of its application**, etc., failed to be applied properly, owing to its being unsuitable to the limited intelligence of those who received it, viz. Lycaon in the one case, and the actress in the other.

13. **an Opera pit**, a fine large pit, suitable for the well-to-do people who go to the opera.

15. **last retreat, and recess**. A combination of "My last retreat" (Swift, *Dean Smedley's Petition*), and "the temple's last recess" (Pope, *Dunciad*, 3).

18. **One proud day to me**, etc., one day that was made memorable to me by his sharing our simple dinner.

19. **superadded a preliminary haddock**. In honour of the guest a dish of fish had been added, to precede the joint.

21. **not unrefreshed**, etc., cheered by draughts of beer and spirits. Wine was too costly for their table.

22. **the humility of the fare**, the homely character of the food.

28. **esculents, eatables**. The Latin adjective *esculentus*, edible, is formed from *esca*, food, from the root of *edo*, I eat.

pleasant and nutritious food-giving ocean. An expression blended from reminiscences of Homer's *ιχθυόεντα κέλευθα*, the fish-abounding tracks of the sea, with such phrases as the "Nutritious flood" of Nilus (Dyer, *The Fleece*, III.), and Dryden's "the foodful earth."

29. **poor humans**, Homer's 'δεδίλοισι βροτοῖσι,' to poor mortals.

30. **tempered with**, etc., modified by affectionate solicitude for.

31. **scanty**, etc., poor but hospitably disposed.

33. **Great wert thou ... death**. An echo of 2 Samuel i. 23.

35. **that thy mortal remains**, etc., that the tombstone over your body should have an inscription written in classical Latin. So Dr. Johnson refused "to disgrace the walls of Westminster Abbey" by writing Goldsmith's epitaph in English.

Page 30, line 2. which connecting the man with the boy, etc., which linking your manhood with your boyhood, brought you back to that dying man's dream of schoolboy days when ...

5. **an early ripe one**, perfected in scholarship at an early age.

the roofs builded by, etc., St. Paul's School, founded by Dean Colet, 1512.

6. **the Pauline Muses**, the goddesses of learning that preside over St. Paul's School.

7. **crude prose**. Cf. Preface, page 1, line 10.

DETACHED THOUGHTS ON BOOKS AND READING.

(London Magazine, July, 1832.)

Page 30, line 10. **forced**, artificial. See note on *The Artificial Comedy of the Last Century*, page 204, line 31.

11. **the natural sprouts**, the ideas that spring of their own accord from his own brain.

12. **Lord Foppington**. See above, page 23, line 23, note.

13. **Ingenious**, talented.

14. **bright sally**, clever flash of wit.

16. **on this head**, for originality.

22. **I have no repugnances**, i.e. no literary prejudices. Compare the quotation from *Religio Medici*, *Imperfect Sympathies*, page 80, line 14, and Lamb's confession of his own prejudices.

Shaftesbury. Antony Ashley Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury (1671-1713) was, says Gray, "reckoned a fine writer, and seems always to mean more than he said." He dabbled in philosophy and moral science.

23. **Jonathan Wild**, Fielding's novel, the hero of which was a notorious highway robber.

25. **allow for such**, admit to be really books.

26. **biblia a-biblia**. Greek: books that are no books. The phrase is cast in the favourite Greek form of the oxymoron, an apparent contradiction.

28. **Draught Boards**, etc. In some libraries the boards used in playing the games of chess, draughts, and backgammon, are bound, to look like books.

30. **Hume, Gibbon, Robertson**, etc. David Hume, historian and philosopher; Edward Gibbon, author of the *History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*; William Robertson, historian of Charles V., Scotland, and America; James Beattie, poet and philosopher; Soame Jenyns, poet and essayist, all of the eighteenth century.

31. "**no gentleman's library**," etc., the phrase of a familiar bookseller's advertisement.

Page 31, line 1. **Flavius Josephus**, the Jewish patriot and historian, A.D. 37-100, or later—the precise date of his death is unknown. He was at the siege of Jerusalem, and was taken to Rome by Titus. He wrote a *History of the Jewish Wars* and *Jewish Antiquities*. "That learned Jew" comes from Walton's *Compleat Angler*, ch. 1.

2. **Paley**. William Paley, divine and philosopher, 1743-1805, author of *Principles of Moral and Political Philosophy*, *View of the Evidences of Christianity*, and *Natural Theology*.

3. **I bless my stars**, etc., I thank my good fortune in having so universal and unprejudiced a literary taste. See *A Chapter on Ears*, page 56, line 8. The claim to catholicity of taste is humorous.

things in books' clothing, an adaptation from *Matthew*, vii. 15: "Beware of false prophets, which come to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly they are ravening wolves."

6. **usurpers of true shrines**. Cf. *Paradise Lost*, i. 387-389.

10. **what "seem its leaves."** The expression, and the word 'semblance' above, are an adaptation from Milton's description of death, *Paradise Lost*, ii. 672: "What seem'd his head the likeness of a kingly crown had on."

bolt, suddenly, abruptly. Cf. *Mrs. Battle's Opinions on Whist*, page 48, line 23, note.

11. **a withering Population Essay**, an essay on population that blights one's feelings, such as the well-known work of Malthus, the *Essay on the Principle of Population* (1798).

a Steele or a Farquhar, a charming essayist and dramatist like Sir Richard Steele (1671-1729), or a witty writer of comedy like George Farquhar (1678-1707).

12. **Adam Smith** (1723-1790), the "father" of Political Economy, author of *An Enquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations*.

13. **blockheaded Encyclopædias**, etc., stupid Encyclopædias, English or London. The English Encyclopædia was based on Knight's *Penny Cyclopædia* (1833-1846); the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana* was issued between 1817 and 1845.

14. **russia or morocco**, bindings of russia or morocco leather.

16. **recllothe my shivering folios**, give fresh bindings to my ragged folio volumes.

Paracelsus. Auréole Philippe Théophrastus Bombast von Hohenheim, whose real name was Philipp Theophrast von Hohenheim, was a Swiss alchemist and physician, 1493-1541.

17. **Raymund Lully**. See *All Fools' Day*, page 63, line 10, note.

19. **to warm my ragged veterans**, etc., to clothe my poor tattered old writers in the leather stripped from these modern encyclopædias.

20. **desideratum**. Latin: requisite.

24. **in full suit**, in the most expensive bindings.

dishabille. French: 'undress,' loose or negligent dress; here applied to bindings like 'half-calf' or 'half-morocco.'

25. **our costume**, the suitable binding for us, i.e. for magazines, to which the Essays of Elia were contributed.

26. it were mere foppery, etc., it would be only foolish ostentation to put them into gay bindings.

29. tickling, thrilling, gratifying.

30. Thomson. See note on *Imperfect Sympathies*, page 85, line 4.

31. dog's-eared, having the corners of the leaves turned down, like the ears of a dog.

33. the very odour (beyond russia), etc., even the musty smell, surpassing that of russia leather (in the eyes of those whose delicate sensitiveness does not obliterate their broad human sympathies), of an old copy of a popular novel from some circulating library.

35. Tom Jones, or Vicar of Wakefield, the most celebrated works of Henry Fielding and of Oliver Goldsmith respectively.

Page 32, line 1. sempstress. See note on *The Decay of Beggars*, page 161, line 33.

2. mantua-maker, one who makes women's mantles and dresses; originally mantua was a rich silk exported from Mantua in Italy,

5. to steep her cares, etc., to drown her cares, as in some draught of Lethe. See *Dream Children*, page 146, line 5, note.

10. Fielding, Smollett, Sterne. Henry Fielding, 1707-1754, whom Sir Walter Scott called "the father of the English novel," was the author of *Tom Jones* and other novels, and a copious dramatist and miscellaneous writer. For Smollett see *Imperfect Sympathies*, page 85, line 5, and for Sterne, *My Relations*, page 102, line 3.

11. perpetually self-reproductive, books that are so popular that they are continually being reprinted.

Great Nature's Stereotypes, the allusion is to Lady Macbeth's words about Banquo and Fleance:

"But in them nature's copy's not eterne."

(*Macbeth*, III. 2. 38.)

A stereotype is a solid metal-type, from which an impression can be taken, just as it is from movable type. Nature's fixed or permanent originals.

13. the copies to be "eterne." We know that the originals are everlasting. See note on line 11 above.

16. We know not where, etc., quoted from *Othello*, v. 2. 12, where, speaking of the life of Desdemona, he says:

"But once put out thy light,
Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,
I know not where is that Promethean heat,
That can thy light relume."

Promethean heat is the "vital spark of heavenly flame," from the Greek legend of Prometheus, who stole fire from heaven to give to men. Here it signifies 'genius.'

18. **the Life of the Duke of Newcastle**, etc., see note on *The Two Races of Men*, page 39, line 27, also *Mackery End*, page 108, lines 10-12. Lamb's intense admiration of the authoress appears in both passages.

21. **which seem hopeless**, etc., of which it seems hopeless to expect that they will ever be reprinted.

23. **Bishop Taylor**, the famous seventeenth century divine, Jeremy Taylor, Bishop of Down and Connor, and of Dromore.

24. **Fuller**. Thomas Fuller (1608-1661), best remembered for his *History of the Worthies of England*. He was a favourite with Lamb. See Introduction, page xxxix. line 8.

26. **endenizened**, naturalised, popularised; an obsolete word.

27. **stock**, standard.

29. **a First Folio**, the earliest edition of Shakespeare's plays in a folio volume published in 1623. First editions are prized by book-collectors.

30. **Rowe and Tonson**. Nicholas Rowe, poet-laureate and dramatist, brought out his edition of Shakespeare in 1709. It was published by Jacob Tonson, bookseller, and publisher to Dryden, Addison, and Pope.

31. **plates**, impressions from engraved metal.

34. **Shakespeare gallery engravings**, the engraved plates made by Charles Heath for the *Shakespeare Gallery* (1807), an illustrated Shakespeare.

Page 33, line 3. Beaumont and Fletcher, the Elizabethan dramatists, Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher, who wrote numerous plays conjointly.

8. **the Anatomy of Melancholy**, the chief work of the English divine, Robert Burton, 1576-1640—another favourite of Lamb's.

9. **unearthing the bones of**, disinterring his literary remains. Lamb was, perhaps, thinking of the lines inscribed over the poet's grave at Stratford:

"Bleste be the man that spares these stones,
And curst be he that moves my bones."

a winding-sheet, etc., the new edition is compared to the grave-clothes of a corpse.

10. **to modern censure**. Cf. *As You Like It*, iv. 1. 7. "Betray themselves to every modern censure worse than drunkards," where 'modern censure' means 'common, or commonplace judgment.'

12. **The wretched Malone**, etc. Edmund Malone, the Irish critic, who produced his edition of Shakespeare in 1790. "The painted effigy" is the bust by Gerard Jannsen, a rude piece of sculpture, but valuable as one of the only two extant portraits known to have been produced soon after the poet's death. It was coloured, "the eyes a light hazel, the hair and beard auburn." Malone had it whitewashed in 1793. The barbarism was removed in 1861, and the colours were partly restored.

19. **parcels** : see note, page 155, line 32.

20. **By** —, the blank avoids the use of the name of God.

21. **clapt both commentator**, etc., thrust without ceremony both Malone and the sexton into the stocks—a wooden frame for confining evil-doers, in which there were holes for the hands or feet to be fixed.

23. **sapient trouble-tombs**, sage disturbers of the dead. 'Sapient' is generally used ironically, as here. 'Trouble-tomb' is a word of Lamb's own coining.

28. **staled and rung upon**, hackneyed, vulgarised. So Shakespeare, *Julius Caesar*, iv. l. 38, "out of use and staled by other men." In 'rung upon,' the metaphor is from bells frequently sounded. Compare the expression "to ring the changes upon," i.e. 'to harp upon the same subject in various ways.'

30. **Kit Marlowe**. Christopher Marlowe, dramatist and poet (1564-1593), "in felicity of thought and strength of expression," says Jeffrey, "second only to Shakespeare himself."

Drayton, etc. Michael Drayton (1563-1631), author of the *Barons' Wars* and the *Poly-Olbion*. William Drummond, the Scottish poet, a friend of Ben Jonson (1585-1649). Abraham Cowley (1618-1667), whose

"splendid wit,

Entangled in the cobwebs of the schools"

Cowper lamented.

34. **the Fairy Queen**, etc. No one would take up an immensely long poem like Spenser's, merely to fill up a short interval.

35. **Bishop Andrewes**. Lancelot Andrewes (1565-1626), Bishop of Chichester, of Ely, and of Winchester, successively.

36. **a solemn service**. Cf. Grace before meat, page 135, lines 5-7.

Page 34, line 1. **But he brings his music**, etc., the exquisite harmonies of his verse. Cf. Milton, *Arcades*, 62 :

"then listen I

To the Celestial Sirens' harmony";

and below :

"The heavenly tune, which none can hear
Of human mould with gross unpurged ear."

4. **the world shut out.** Young, *Night Thoughts*, ix. 1441.

5. **gentle Shakespeare.** Ben Jonson's epithet in his lines *To the Memory of Shakespeare*, "My gentle Shakespeare," line 56, and *On the Portrait of Shakespeare*, line 2.

At such a season, etc. The sentence may be completed by some such additions as "is the appropriate reading." As a rhetorical figure, this abrupt form of ellipse is called aposiopesis.

9. **More than one—and,** if there be more than one listener, the reading becomes formal or theatrical.

10. **hurry on for incidents,** pass rapidly on from one incident to another.

18. **pro bono publico.** Latin: for the general good.

With every advantage. Even if the reader is gifted with a good voice and a good style, the effect is insipid and dull.

23. **by piece-meal, bit by bit.** '-meal' is A.S. *mæl*, time, portion of time, used in the dative plural *mælum*, in parts. Thus the compound is itself a reduplicate in meaning, and the preposition 'by' is superfluous.

seldom readers, those who rarely read.

29. **Nando's.** Nando's coffee-house was on the south side of Fleet Street, next door to the famous shop of Lintot, the bookseller, celebrated by Pope and Gay. It was a favourite resort of Lord Chancellor Thurlow in his younger days. The name is probably a corruption of Ferdinando.

31. **in hand, engaged,** in use by some one else.

34. **time out of mind.** A common colloquialism for 'longer than any one can remember.'

35. **Town and Country Magazine,** or Universal Repository of Knowledge, Instruction, and Entertainment; published from 1769 to 1792. It was revived in 1838.

36. **tête-à-tête,** a French compound, meaning literally "head to head," i.e. intimate conversation between two persons. Here it is used adjectively—"pictures of confidential interviews."

Page 35, line 1. "The Royal Lover and Lady G——." Possibly an 'antiquated scandal' about George IV. and the beautiful Duchess of Gordon.

"The melting Platonic and the Old Beau." 'Melting' is here 'growing tender, or amorous'; Platonic means 'a lady sentimentalist.' It is usually applied to feelings, not to persons, as 'a Platonic affection,' i.e. an affection purely philosophical and free from passion, such as Plato advocated. *Beau*, French, is a fop, a man of fashion.

5. **Tobin, John Tobin,** a play-writer, 1770-1804, author of *The School for Authors*, *The Honeymoon*, etc.

11. **Candide**, Voltaire's cynical novel, which, from its anti-Christian tone, would be particularly out of place in one of the great temples of Christianity.

13. **a familiar damsel**, a young lady of my acquaintance.

14. **Primrose Hill (her Cythera)**, Primrose Hill, on the north side of Regent's Park, is called the damsel's Cythera, or domain of love, from the island of Cythera (modern Cerigo, in the Archipelago). The island is called "lofty Cythera" by Vergil, *Æn.* i. 680. It was sacred to Aphrodite (Venus), who was supposed to have risen from the sea near its coast.

15. **Pamela**, Richardson's sentimental novel (1740), in which the heroine resists the attempts of her master to seduce her.

20. **Gentle casuist**, an appeal to the reader of the book, in place of the stock form 'gentle reader.' A casuist is one who decides questions of right and wrong with reference to particular cases.

21. **whether the blush**, etc., one of us two blushed; whether it was the lady or the gentleman, the reader must guess.

26. **Unitarian**. Cf. *My Relations*, p. 101, lines 4 and 5, notes.

27. **Snow Hill**. This street, formerly the highway between Newgate Street and Holborn, was superseded in 1802 by Skinner's Street. Hence, writing of an earlier date, Lamb says "was not," i.e. did not yet exist. Skinner Street was never a success, had fallen into utter decay by 1863, and now "is not."

29. **Lardner**. Nathaniel Lardner, 1684-1768, a Presbyterian minister, who adopted Unitarian views, and began to disseminate them in England about 1730. He was the author of many theological works, the most important of which is *The Credibility of the Gospel History*.

31. **admire**, wonder.

sidled, etc., moved along sideways, so as to avoid colliding with non-clerical passers-by.

32. **An illiterate encounter**, etc., an encounter, not of a literary kind, with the burden of a street-carrier or a baker's basket of bread. There is a play in the word 'encounter' on the two senses, collision and controversy.

34. **the five points**, the five points of doctrine in Calvin's system of theology, viz. Predestination, Irresistible grace, Original sin, Particular redemption, and The final perseverance of the saints.

Page 36, line 2. **filch**, obtain by stealth.

8. **snatch a fearful joy**, quoted from Gray's *Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College*, stanza 4:

"Still as they run they look behind,
They hear a voice in every wind,
And snatch a fearful joy,"

where he speaks of boys, venturing beyond the school bounds, whose pleasure is brief and marred by fear of detection and punishment.

8. **Martin B**——. Martin Charles Burney, the only son of Admiral Burney, and one of Lamb's life-long friends. Lamb dedicated to him the second volume of his collected writings in 1818. Martin Burney was originally an attorney, but was afterwards called to the bar. He died in London in 1852. (Ainger.)

9. **Clarissa**, *Clarissa Harlowe*, the best novel of Samuel Richardson, published in 1748.

14. **A quaint poetess**, Mary Lamb, in Charles and Mary Lamb's *Poetry for Children, The Two Boys*.

THE OLD MARGATE HOY.

(*London Magazine*, July, 1823.)

Page 37. The Old Margate Hoy, the small coasting vessel which ran between London and Margate. Hoy is Dutch *heuw*, Flemish *huy*, a flat-bottomed merchantman.

1. **I have said so before.** See *Oxford in the Vacation*, page 14, lines 15 and following.

5. **my cousin**, his sister Mary, who appears in these Essays as a cousin, Bridget Elia.

19. **ill-exchanged**, etc., discomforts which were nevertheless preferable to the fastidious elegance and luxury—suitable for river rather than ocean travelling—of the modern steamboat.

20. **To the winds and waves**, etc., you entrusted your burden of passengers to wind and wave—the Hoy being a sailing-vessel—and did not require the aid of steam to propel you. Steam is fancifully likened to the smoke of witches' fires, with their incantations and cauldrons of boiling herbs and other ingredients, like those in *Macbeth*. The cauldrons are the prosaic boilers of the steam-engine.

23. **swimmingly**, in a smooth, easy, or successful manner, a common colloquialism. Lamb was, perhaps, thinking of Shakespeare's "with pretty and with swimming gait," *Mid. Night's Dream*, II. 1. 130.

25. **forced, as in a hot-bed**, artificially produced, like vegetables in a hot-bed. See note on *The Artificial Comedies of the Last Century*, p. 204, l. 31.

27. **sea chimæra**, a sea-monster, as the Chimæra of Greek mythology was of the land. See note on *Witches and other Night Fears*, p. 94, l. 8.

chimneying and furnacing the deep, sending out streams of smoke and sparks over the sea. 'Furnace' is used in a transitive sense, but differently, in *Cymbeline*, I. 6. 66: "He furnaces the thick sighs from him," i.e. exhales them like a furnace.

28. or liker to that fire-god, etc., or perhaps you might be better compared to Hephæstus (Vulcan), the god of fire, drying up the river Scamander. The allusion is to Homer, *Iliad*, XXI. 342-357, where Here commands Hephæstus to fire the banks and even the waters of Scamander.

30. slender, numerically small.

their coy, reluctant responses, etc., their shy and unwilling answers to our ignorant questions.

Page 38, line 2. thou happy medium. Lamb apostrophises the cook as a capital intermediary or ambassador, as it were, between the passengers and the crew. In 'medium' there is a play on two senses 'intermediary' and 'mean'; "happy medium" being the equivalent of "the golden mean," the moderation which lies between two extremes.

5. sailor-trousers, differing from landsmen's in being very broad, especially at the bottom, and in being worn without braces.

7. neat-fingered practice, suggested by Milton's "neat-handed Phyllis" (*L'Allegro*, 86).

8. culinary vocation, profession of cooking. Culinary is from Latin *culina*, a kitchen.

inland nurture. Cf. *As You Like It*, II. 7. 96:

"I am inland bred
And know some nurture."

9. Eastcheap. The old street is now swallowed up in Cannon Street. It was formerly the haunt of butchers, and contained the Boar's Head tavern, frequented by Prince Hal, Falstaff, and their friends. Cheapside was anciently called West Cheap.

here, there, like another Ariel. One of Lamb's quaint touches, comparing the ubiquitous activity of the cook to Ariel! The allusion is to *The Tempest*, I. 2. 196:

"Now on the beak,
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,
I flam'd amazement," etc.

13. to assist the tempest. Cf. *The Tempest*, I. 1. 15, "You do assist the storm."

14. the qualms, etc., the nausea or sea-sickness which the unaccustomed roll of the vessel might excite in our inexperienced landsmen's imaginations.

20. cordials, etc., exhilarating drinks, and your still more exhilarating conversation.

23. **additaments**, additions, accessories.

to boot, besides, in addition—literally ‘to advantage; to the good,’ as we say now.

26. **the Azores**. Portuguese islands in the North Atlantic Ocean.

28. **officer-like assurance**, military swagger.

30. **your**. Compare Preface, page 2, line 23, and note.

32. **sounding your belief**, ascertaining by experiment the depth of your credulity.

33. **the nibbling pickpockets of your patience**, people who exhaust your endurance little by little, as petty thieves steal your cash.

36. **stand shivering upon the brink**, like a timid bather. Compare Watts, *There is a land of pure delight*, stanza 4, where he speaks of the sea of death which mortals dread,

“And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.”

thorough-paced liar, from Dryden’s *Spanish Friar*, v. 1.

Page 39, line 3. **Not many rich**, etc., an echo of 1 *Corinthians*, i. 2. 6: “Not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called.”

4. **the common stowage**, the ordinary passenger list.

6. **a worse name**, *i.e.* Cockneys, an opprobrious name for Londoners.

Aldermanbury or Watling Street. The former street, near Cheapside, was so called from the court or bery of the Aldermen, now held at the Guildhall; the latter, near Cannon Street, is part of the old Roman road from London to Dover. The word is a corruption of the Saxon *Atheling*, noble.

7. **time of day**, period, a colloquial usage.

11. **conceded to the Genius Loci**. Some allowance must be made for the spirit of credulity which the sea fosters. *Genius loci* is Latin for ‘the spirit of the place.’

14. **we were in a new world**, etc. Cf. Goldsmith, *Citizen of the World*, III.: “I consider myself as a newly-created being, introduced into a new world; every object strikes with wonder and surprise.”

20. **aide-de-camp**, generally abbreviated to A.D.C.; an officer who acts as personal assistant to a general or commanding officer.

22. **Carimania**, *i.e.* Carmania, in classical geography, an extensive province of Asia, lying along the northern side of the Persian Gulf.

36. a phoenix. See note on *A Bachelor's Complaint*, page 179, line 28.

Page 40, line 3. **Upper**, southern, on the upper waters of the Nile.

5. "the ignorant present," *Macbeth* I. 5. 58.

"Thy letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant present."

hardying, growing more audacious.

7. the Colossus at Rhodes, one of the seven wonders of the ancient world. It was a gigantic brass statue at the entrance of the harbour of Rhodes. It was finally demolished by the Saracens A.D. 672.

8. to make a stand, to resist his encroachments on our credulity.

17. stagger, shake his self-confidence, disconcert him.

22. the Reculvers. The village of Reculver is near Herne Bay, on the north coast of Kent. The place has suffered much from the inroads of the sea. The interesting and historical old church was, says Murray, "barbarously pulled down in 1809; but the two western towers were rebuilt by the Trinity Board." These towers are a landmark to sailors, and are known as The Reculvers and as "The Sisters"—the latter name preserving an old local legend.

32. not of us, not belonging to us, as in *I John*, II. 19: "They went out from us, but they were not of us," etc.

Page 41, line 3. **neither to court nor decline**, i.e. he did not refuse to make friends with us, though he made no advances himself.

6. scrofula, scurvy.

10. passages, incidents, partly amusing, partly sad.

13. pent up, Milton, *Paradise Lost*, ix. 445: "As one who long in populous city pent."

16. to chew upon. See above on page 27, line 24.

17. it may spare, etc., it may save me from disadvantageous contrasts with others who have written about the sea (such as poets and romance-writers).

22. the incapacity, etc. This is the feeling that inspires Wordsworth's *Yarrow Unvisited*:

"We have a vision of our own,
Ah! why should we undo it?"

28. correspondency, an old form of the word 'correspondence.'

29. grow up to it, gradually expand until they reach it.

30. **enlarging themselves**, etc., appearing to become larger, as they become more familiar to us.

35. **compassable by the eye**, which our sight can take in all at once.

36. **the commensurate antagonist of the earth**, the element which is the equal opponent, as it were, of the earth.

Page 42, line 5. **that the most enthusiastic**, etc., viz., boy-hood.

9. **crowding their images**, etc., all these descriptions bring their accumulated notions to his mind all at once, so that he is led to expect something great and extraordinary.

10. **the great deep**. *Isaiah*, LI. 10.

11. **those who go down unto it**, i.e. seamen. Cf. *Psalm* CVII. 23: "They that go down to the sea in ships," etc.

its thousand isles. Cf. *Psalm* xCVI. 1, "the multitude of the isles."

13. **Plate, or Orellana**. The Rio de la Plata, 2500 miles long, in South America, called in the passage referred to below, "the sea-like Plata." The Orellana is an old name for the Amazon. Compare Thomson's *Seasons, Summer*, 840:

"impetuous hurled
From all the roaring Andes, huge descends
The mighty Orellana."

The Amazon, the largest river in the world, is 4000 miles long.

14. **Biscay swells**. The Bay of Biscay is notorious for its unquiet waves.

16. **For many a day**, etc. Thomson's *Seasons, Summer*, 1004.

18. **the "still-vexed Bermoothes"**, the ever-stormy Bermudas; *The Tempest*, I. 2. 229.

19. **sunken ships**, etc. From *Henry V.* I. 2. 165.

"As rich with praise
As is the ooze and bottom of the sea
With sunken wreck and sumless treasures."

Sumless is inestimable, incalculable.

22. **Be but as buggs**, etc., are mere bugbears, scarecrows, to frighten children with. From Spenser, *Faery Queene*, II. 12. 25.

"For all that here on earth we dreadful hold,
Be but as bugs to fearen babes withal,
Compared to the creatures in the seas enthrall."

i.e. in the bowels of the sea.

24. **Juan Fernandez**, a rocky island in the South Pacific Ocean, off the coast of Chili. Here Alexander Selkirk lived for four years, and Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe" is popularly supposed

to have been cast away, so that it is known to sailors as "Robinson Crusoe's Island."

25. **enchanted isles.** Milton, *Comus*, 517.

mermaids' grotts, caves of the sea-maidens, fabulous sea-nymphs, half women, half fish.

27. **under the tyranny**, etc., dominated by the imagination, which keeps bringing before his mind faint suggestions and reflections of all these images.

30. **tame**, calm, and so, destructive to romance.

31. **a slip**, a narrow stretch.

shows, appears; a common Shakespearian usage.

Page 43, line 1. **o'er-curtaining sky.** Compare Byron's "Canopied by the blue sky" (*The Dream*, stanza 4), and Shakespeare's

"Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night."
(*Romeo and Juliet*, III. 2. 5.)

4. **Gebir**, a poem by Walter Savage Landor (1775-1864). See note on *All Fools' Day*, page 62, line 19.

6. **Cinque Port**, Hastings, where this essay was written June 1823. The original Cinque Ports (French *cinque*, five) which formerly enjoyed special privileges, were Hastings, Romney, Hythe, Dover, and Sandwich. Some minor ports were afterwards added to the number.

7. **scrubbed**, stunted, a Shakespearian word. Compare 'scrub,' low undergrowth, also a mean fellow; akin to 'shrub.'

8. **starved**, meagre, thin.

horrid fissures, rough and unsightly clefts; suggested, perhaps, by Milton's "horrid rift" (*Paradise Regained*, IV. 411).

9. **innutritious**, barren. The word occurs also in *New Year's Eve*, page 45, line 6.

which the amateur, etc. The lover, or admirer, of sea-coast scenery styles this miserable vegetation "verdure, etc." The word 'amateur' is here used in its literal French sense. So Burke has "the amateurs... of revolution," and Chalmers "the amateurs of a superficial philosophy."

11. **I cry out for the water-brooks**, etc., an echo of *Psalms* XLII. 1: "As the hart panteth after the water-brooks."

12. **inland murmurs.** From Wordsworth's *Tintern Abbey*:

"Those waters, rolling from their mountain springs
With a soft inland murmur."

15. **the windows of this island-prison**, the sea-shore is the window or outlet from the island-prison of England. In the next sentence the metaphor is that of a wild beast in a cage.

18. **with chains, as of iron.** Cf. *Psalm* CXLIX. 8.

abroad, wandering.

21. **fugitive resort**, etc., a place only for short and hurried visits, an incongruous mixture of the sea-side and London, of fisherwomen and young ladies that paddle in the surf. Amphitrite, daughter of Oceanus and Tethys, and wife of Poseidon (Neptune), the sea-deity, stands here for a woman who half lives in the sea.

25. **it were something**, it would have a definite character.

26. **artless as its cliffs**, etc., simple and unsophisticated as the cliffs from which its building materials were stolen.

28. **I could abide to dwell with Meschech**, I could endure banishment to a remote and uncivilized place: an echo of *Psalm* cxx. 5: "Wo is me, that I am constrained to dwell with Mesech." The people of Mesech are probably the Moschi mentioned by Herodotus, inhabiting the mountainous region on the borders of Colchis and Armenia.

31. **honest thief**, an allusion, perhaps, to Edward Knight's play, 'The Honest Thieves'; the phrase occurs in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, II. 8.

32. **an abstraction I never greatly cared about**, a characteristically candid admission of a very common weakness of popular morality, which condemns ordinary theft, but regards the defrauding of the Customs or Excise as venial, if not laudable.

34. **their less ostensible business**, their covert occupation, smuggling.

35. **those poor victims to monotony**, the coastguards, who used to watch the shore to prevent smuggling, marching monotonously to and fro.

Page 44, line 6. **a legitimated civil warfare**, etc., a civil war recognised by the law; a good example of Lamb's irony. See Introduction, page XLV.

7. **run hollands**, smuggled gin, made in Holland. This is a colloquial usage of 'run,' to land goods surreptitiously, so as to avoid paying duty on them.

10. **relish of**, taste for, so again below, line 8.

12. **a foolish dace**. Roach, dace, and dare are cited as foolish fish in Walton's *Compleat Angler*.

15. **land luggage**, these cumbrous luxuries of inland civilization, such as the libraries and concert-rooms mentioned below. Cf. *The Tempest*, iv. 1. 231.

18. **a book**, etc., *Macbeth*, I. 5. 64:

"Your face, my thane, is as a book where men
May read strange matters."

21. **false and hollow**, Milton, *Paradise Lost*, II. 112.

24. **now and then, an honest citizen ... shall**, etc. Occasionally you will find a simple-hearted citizen of the old-fashioned sort bringing, etc. For this Shakespearian use of 'shall' in the sense 'is sure to,' see Abbott's *Grammar*, § 315.

32. **if I could interpret**, etc. Cf. *Hamlet*, III. 2. 256.

Page 45, line 1. **sea-charmed**, enamoured of the sea-side.

3. **unsophisticated aborigines**, simple natives, unspoiled by an artificial civilization. Aborigines, the original inhabitants of a country; Latin *ab*, from, and *origo*, origin, source.

9. **Lothbury**, a street in the heart of the City, behind the Bank of England.

11. **The daughters of Cheapside**, etc. Inaccurately quoted from stanza 3 of an ode of Thomas Randolph (1605-1634), poet and dramatist, author of *The Muses' Looking-Glass*. The ode is addressed 'To Master Anthony Stafford,' and sings the praises of the country and the "wholesome country girls" in the hay-field:

"Where I had rather gaine a kiss than meet . . .

The beauties of the Cheape and wives of Lumbardstreet."

15. **to nourish a spleen**, to foster ill-humour.

17. **my natural river**, the river of my birth-place, the Thames.

18. **scud a swallow**, dart over the surface in the form of a swallow. The word 'scud' is used especially of ships running before the wind in a gale (compare the frequentative 'scuttle,' to hurry along), and is akin to 'shoot.'

19. **Thamesis**, a Latin form of the name 'Thames.'

THE CONVALESCENT.

London Magazine, July, 1825.)

Page 45, line 23. **foreign to itself**, that does not concern my illness.

24. **conclusions**, reasoned results, sensible inferences from observed facts.

25. **sick men's dreams**. Horace's "*Ægri somnia*," *Art of Poetry*, 7.

26. **such**, *i.e.* a dream.

27. **a-bed**. A- is here a preposition, a contraction of A.S. *on* or *an*, as in alive, afoot, asleep.

28. **draw daylight curtains**, etc., to shut out the light with curtains round his bed, even in the daytime.

29. to induce, etc., to cause complete forgetfulness of everything that is going on in the world. Cf. *Ecclesiastes*, i. 14.

Page 46, line 1. lords it, plays the despot, domineers. In such expressions 'it' is really a cognate accusative. See Abbott, § 226. Cf. *On Some of the Old Actors*, page 187, line 9, note.

3. flitting, flattening.

6. he changes sides, shifts his position in bed; there is a play on the other sense of 'to change sides,' viz. 'to desert one's party, to go over to the opposite party.'

9. tergiversation, turning his back; there is a play upon the ordinary sense, 'fickleness, inconstancy.' The word is a compound of Latin *tergum*, the back, and *versare*, to turn.

10. his Mare Clausum, his private dominion. Mare Clausum is a Latin term of International Law, literally 'closed sea,' meaning a sea, all of whose shores are owned by a single nation, which thus claims the right to exclude the ships of war of any other nation from entering it. The attempt of Russia in 1824 to convert the Northern Pacific into a 'Mare Clausum' was resisted by England and the United States, and would be fresh in all men's recollection when this essay was written. Selden wrote a treatise with this title, to prove that the sea was capable of 'private dominion.'

11. enlarges the dimensions, etc., makes a man's own personality appear more important to him.

13. the Two Tables of the Law, his whole moral and religious duty; from the "two tables of testimony, tables of stone, written with the finger of God," which Moses received on Mount Sinai. *Exodus*, xxxi. 18.

16. so he hear not, etc., provided that he does not hear the discordant noise.

17. event, issue, result.

18. to be the making or the marring, to make his fortune or ruin him, as in *Othello*, v. 1. 4, "It makes us or it mars us."

20. jogging this witness, etc., stirring up a witness in one place, reminding him to attend the trial, paying the "refresher" to a solicitor in another. A "refresher" is an additional fee, paid to a barrister or solicitor, in a case that has been adjourned or much protracted.

26. things went cross-grained, the course of the trial took a disastrous turn.

28. so much jargon, an equal amount of meaningless nonsense.

30. What a world, etc. What an immense number of unselfish interests are sunk, etc.

32. his strong armour, etc., the invalid's absorption in himself

defends him like armour against 'foreign cares,' his suffering makes him as insensible as the tough hide of some wild beast.

34. **some curious vintage**, some rare old wine.

36. **honing**, lamenting. The word is now only used in provincial English, and in the Southern United States. It occurs in Burton's *Anatomy*, joined with 'lamenting,' and in Harris's *Uncle Remus*. From French *hogner*, *hoigner*, to grumble, murmur, repine; Norman *honer*, to sing or hum, *honiner*, to lament.

Page 47, line 1. **yearneth over himself**, is full of tender compassion for himself; a Scriptural expression. Cf. *Genesis*, XLIII. 30, and 1 *Kings*, III. 26, "For his bowels did yearn on his brother." 'Bowels' is common in Scripture in the sense of 'pity,' tender feeling.

his bowels are melted within him, his pity is deeply aroused. Cf. *Psalms* XXII. 14.

6. **He makes the most of himself**, a play on the ordinary sense of the expression, 'to make the most of,' i.e. to use to the utmost extent, and the sense, 'to multiply himself as much as possible,' each aching limb having, as it were, a separate individuality.

11. **like a log, or palpable substance**. The pain seems almost like some solid or tangible object.

15. **a very discipline of humanity**, a regular education in kindness and sensibility—to himself and his own woes. Bacon, *Essay on Marriage and Single Life*, has: "Certainly wife and children are a kind of discipline of humanity."

18. **spectators to his tragedy**. From Spenser, *Faery Queene*, II. 4. 27: "Spectatour of my tragedie."

22. **as to his bed-post**, i.e. as if he were quite alone in his room.

23. **To the world's business**, etc. He is absolutely indifferent to current events.

25. **a glimmering conceit**, a faint notion.

26. **the lines**, the marks of care, anxiety, and thought, the wrinkles on his brow; as in Byron's:

"Though on his brow were graven lines austere."

The sick man does not perceive that the lines of care on the doctor's brow are due to his anxieties about *many* patients, not about one only.

29. **folding up his thin douceur**. It is, or was, customary to have the doctor's fee, or douceur, usually in the form of a sovereign and a shilling (hence 'thin'), wrapped up in tissue paper and laid ready for him in some conspicuous place. The doctor would take it up carefully, so that the rustling of the paper

should not attract the patient's attention or disturb him. Etiquette demanded that the payment should be made and received as delicately as possible.

Page 48, line 2. as upon velvet, as softly as possible.

7. the muffled knocker, the metal knocker on the street door is wrapped up in cloth or in leather, to deaden the sound.

9. are making. In older English "are a-making," *i.e.* are being made.

13. monarchal prerogatives, the privileges of a king.

14. almost by the eye only, the sick man scarcely has to utter a word, to make his desires known; the glance of his eye is usually enough.

16. slapping, shutting violently, slamming. The latter word is closely akin to 'slap.' Both are probably of imitative origin, expressing the sound of a blow.

22. shrinks a man back, etc., reduces his importance to what it was before.

23. the space which he occupied, the amount of consideration which he enjoyed.

25. regalities, regal privileges.

26. presence-chamber, a king's reception-room.

29. made, put in order.

wavy, many furrowed, etc., the tumbled and uneven surface, like that of a rough sea.

32. at oftener than, etc., at intervals of less than three or four days, more frequently than every three or four days.

35. decencies which, etc., observances of propriety which his feeble condition protested against.

Page 49, line 1. flounder it out of shape, destroy its symmetry by his restless tossing about.

3. the shrunken skin, etc., even his emaciation was not a truer index of his sufferings than the untidy state of his counterpane.

7. from what caverns, etc., from what immense stores of pain kept, as it were, in reserve for us.

8. The Lernean pangs, deadly pains. Lernean signifies 'envenomed,' from the poisonous blood of the Lernean Hydra, in which the arrows of Hercules were dipped. These arrows Philoctetes, the armour-bearer of Hercules, received from his dying friend, and with one of them he accidentally wounded his foot. The story of his sufferings and of his summons to the siege of Troy is told in Sophocles' tragedy *Philoctetes*. Lerna was a district of Argolis, in Southern Greece.

9. **The riddle of sickness is solved**, the answer to the difficult question—life or death, as the result of illness—has been found.

Philoctetes, the sick man. See note above on line 8.

16. **his cruel enemy**. Death.

17. **erecting herself**, etc., elevating herself into an exalted mediator, like a friendly neutral nation offering its services to secure peace between two nations at war.

18. **Pshaw! 'tis some old woman**. Pooh! he has become a mere gossiping old woman.

19. **Farewell with him to**, with the disappearance of the medical attendant has disappeared, too...

22. **the still softer delicacies**, the still more pampering luxury of complete absorption in oneself.

23. **alonely**, solely, merely; an obsolete word.

24. **a world unto himself**, his own microcosm, or little world; as in *King Lear*, III. 1. 10, "in his little world of man."

25. **his own theatre**. See note on Mrs. Battle's Opinions on Whist, page 53, line 10.

26. **What a speck is he dwindled into!** perhaps a free adaptation of Tom Brown's "Honour and arms... is now almost dwindled into an airy nothing."

27. **flat swamp**, dull, uninteresting region—like the muddy banks and bed of an estuary, when the tide recedes.

28. **terra firma**. Latin, solid ground.

30. **In Articulo Mortis**. Latin, at the point of death. Here there is a play on the word 'articulus,' as if it meant a magazine *article*.

something hard, but it is somewhat cruel—to ask a man, who is at his last gasp, to write for the Press.

31. **quibble**, pun, play upon words.

32. **link me on again**, etc., re-connect me with the trivial interests and duties of life, forgotten during my illness.

35. **the puffy state**, bloated indolence.

Page 50, line 3. hypochondriac flatus, morbid vanity. Flatus, Latin, is inflation, being puffed up with self-importance. For 'hypochondriac,' see note on *The South-Sea House*, page 6, line 23.

6. **a Tityus to himself**. The giant Tityus, in Classical Mythology, was the son of Zeus (Jupiter) and Ge (Earth), and was said to cover nine acres when stretched out at full length, Vergil, *Æneid*, VI. 596:

"Per tota novem cui jugera corpus
Porrigitur."

(Whose bulk o'er nine whole acres stretches.)

SANITY OF TRUE GENIUS

*(New Monthly Magazine, May, 1826.)***Page 50, line 11. position, proposition, thesis.**

great wit, etc. The theory that genius is closely akin to insanity has still many advocates. The allusion is to Dryden's famous couplet :

"Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide."

Absalom and Achitophel, i. 163.

19. "**So strong a wit**," etc. From Cowley's ode, *On the death of Mr. William Hervey*, stanza XIII. Nature gave him so powerful a genius, that it subdued everything but his judgment.

24. **Tempering**, governing, controlling.

31. **the groves of Eden**. The allusions are to Milton's *Paradise Lost*. Compare Tennyson's *Ode on Milton* :

"all that bowery loveliness
And brooks of Eden mazily murmuring,
And bloom profuse and cedar arches."

32. **the empyrean heaven**, the highest or fiery region of heaven, Greek ἐμπύρεος and ἔμπυρος, fiery ; "the deep-domed empyrean" of Tennyson's ode. Compare *Paradise Lost*, x. 321 ; elsewhere Milton uses the form 'empyrean' as the adjective.

Page 51, line 1. the burning marl, the soil of Hell, *Paradise Lost*, i. 296.

2. **wins, gains by effort**. Cf. Milton, *Paradise Lost*, ii. 1016 : "Wins his way." So Addison, in *The Campaign* :

"The close-compacted Britons win their way."

self-loss, loss of self-possession.

3. "**of chaos and old night**," *Paradise Lost*, i. 543.

4. a "**human mind untuned**." Compare *King Lear*, iv. 7. 16 : "The untuned and jarring senses." The "severer chaos" is the terrible confusion of insanity, which "untunes" or destroys the harmony of the mind.

5. **to be mad with Lear**, etc. If the poet, like Shakespeare, does for a time enter into the feelings of a madman or of a misanthrope, as when he depicts King Lear, or Timon of Athens, he never allows either the madness or the misanthropy to pass unchallenged by soberer reason, which makes itself heard in Kent's admonitions to King Lear and in Flavius's to Timon.

7. **letting the reins of reason go**, allowing reason to abandon its control ; a metaphor from riding and driving.

9. **his better genius**, his good angel, the inspiration of sound sense.

12. Where he seems, etc. Even when he deals with beings most unlike man in their natures, such as fairies, ghosts, and monsters, his treatment is most true to human nature.

14. possible existences, supernatural beings that *may*, or *might*, exist, are yet made consistent with nature.

17. His ideal tribes submit to policy, his fairies and other creations of the imagination are subjected to systematic government, the laws of their own community. "Ideal tribes" occurs in Coleridge's *Religious Musings*.

18. that wild sea-brood, shepherded by Proteus, the porpoises and seals, or sea-dogs, which Proteus drives like a shepherd. Compare Vergil, *Georgic* iv. 394 :

"Neptune, whose wild herds
And ugly seals he shepherds 'neath the flood."

Proteus was an inferior sea-deity, the prophetic 'old man of the sea.'

22. Caliban, the Witches, in *The Tempest* and *Macbeth* respectively.

31. For, in place of something *beyond* nature, they give you something which contradicts nature.

33. that, etc., if these blunders were confined to subjects which lie outside nature, or surpass it.

36. with some plea, some excuse or defence.

ran riot, etc., threw off restraint and revelled in license to some extent.

Page 52, line 3. shall. See above on page 44, line 26.

inconsequence, irrationality, lack of reason in the sequence of events.

5. "maddest fits," from the Shepherd's Hunting, 4th *Eclogue*, of George Wither (1588-1667).

7. the common run of Lane's novels, the average romance. William Lane (1738-1814) was the publisher of a mass of worthless novels, which he issued from the Minerva Press in Leaden-hall Street.

8. intellectual viands, literary food.

9. a happier genius, Sir Walter Scott, whose Waverley novels began to appear in 1814.

11. "betossed," agitated: from *Romeo and Juliet*, v. 3. 76: "My betossed soul did not attend him."

12. when and where, his perception of time and place is destroyed.

14. no-characters, personages in fiction so loosely drawn, that they cannot be called "characters" at all.

15. **shall**, see above on page 44, line 26.

16. **a Lord Glendamour and a Miss Rivers**, the names are intended to suggest persons in fashionable society, spending their time in the most fashionable haunts of London and the provinces.

19. **the fairy grounds of Spenser**. These novelists, who profess to reproduce real life, make you feel a greater sense of unreality than the scenes of Spenser's *Faery Queene* produce.

22. **endless string of activities**. These personages of fiction are perpetually acting without any object, or planning without motive.

23. **we meet phantoms**, etc. The scenes in the novels, such as Bond Street or Bath, are familiar to us; but the personages are utterly unreal, mere fantastic figures with a name given to them. *Fantastique* is a French adjective, here used substantively.

27. **prate not of their "whereabout,"** do not tell us where the scene takes place; it is only in the realm of imagination that they exist and act. From *Macbeth*, II. 1. 58:

"For fear

Thy very stones prate of my whereabout."

29. **The one turns life into a dream**. The novelist makes real life unreal; while the poet makes the wildest imaginations seem probable by the air of sober naturalness, as of every-day life, which he throws over them.

31. **By what subtle art**, etc. We cannot explain the art of the poet, nor detect the train of thought by which apparent incongruities and inconsistencies are so linked together as to seem probable.

33. **the cave of Mammon**, Spenser, *Faery Queene*, II. 7.

36. **a daughter**, Philotime.

Page 53, line 2. **the Hesperian fruit**, the golden apples guarded by the daughters of Hesperus, in Greek mythology. Spenser, however, calls them "great Atlas' daughters" in stanza 54.

the waters of Tantalus, stanzas 57 and following. Tantalus, King of Lydia, was punished in hell with perpetual hunger and thirst, fruit and water being placed just beyond his reach.

3. **Pilate, washing his hands vainly**, stanza, 61; metaphorically divesting himself of guilt for the condemnation of Jesus Christ. See *Matthew*, xxvii. 24. Hence Lamb says, 'not impertinently,' i.e. with good reason.

5. **the forge of the Cyclops**, stanzas 35 and 36. The Cyclopes were one-eyed giants who wrought for Hephestus (Vulcan) the thunderbolts of Zeus at their forge under Mount Etna.

10. **seeming-aberrations**, apparent derangements of the intellect.

18. **that faculty**, viz. the judgment.

20. **unlinked**, disconnected, inconsequent.

21. **taken ... a monster for a god**. As the drunken monster Caliban mistook Stephano in *The Tempest*, II. 2. 122, "That's a brave god and bears celestial liquor."

CAPTAIN JACKSON.

(*London Magazine*, November, 1824.)

Page 53. Canon Ainger suggests that this character sketch may have been taken from Lamb's old friend Randal Norris, sub-treasurer to the Inner Temple, though he was still living when this essay was published.

25. **obituary**, list of deceased persons, from Latin *obitus*, death.

27. **attribution**, the title of Captain.

31. **the appellation here used**, in line 26 above.

32. **Westbourn Green**, a north-western suburb of London on the road to Harrow.

33. **good turns**, kindnesses.

Page 54, line 1. **memento**, reminder.

3. **retired half-pay officer**, a military officer who had retired from active service and was living on half-pay.

5. **port**, bearing, demeanour.

11. **Althea's horn**, the cornucopia, or horn of plenty. It was one of the horns of the goat Amalthea, which suckled the infant Jupiter, and was given by him to the nymphs who had nursed him. Lamb's slip in substituting Althea for Amalthea is due, perhaps, to an imperfect recollection of "Althea's Dream," *Henry IV.* (B.) II. 2. 93.

14. **a bare scrag**, a bony neck of mutton, nearly cleared of flesh.

18. "**the mind, the mind, Master Shallow**." Another imperfectly recollected passage, from *Henry IV.* (B.) v. 3. 30, "What you want in meat, we'll have in drink: but you must bear; the heart's all"; and III. 2. 278, "Give me the spirit, Master Shallow."

beeves, oxen, the plural of beef, French *bœuf*, Latin *bovem*, ox or cow. So Milton, *Paradise Lost*, XI. 647:

"A herd of beeves, fair oxen and fair kine."

In modern English beef is only used of the flesh.

19. **hecatombs**, wholesale slaughters; Greek, *ἐκατόμβη*, a sacrifice of a hundred oxen.

21. **the widow's cruse**, a small but inexhaustible supply; like the bottle of oil which did not diminish in quantity though daily used. 1 *Kings*, xvii. 12-17.

the loaves and fishes, a miraculous multiplication; the allusion is to the miracle narrated in the gospels; see *Matthew*, xiv. 19 and following verses.

22. **helping**. See note on *A Dissertation upon Roast Pig*, page 175, line 1. The sentence is an ironical echo of Shakespeare's "Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale" (*Antony and Cleopatra*, II. 2. 240).

the stamina, the solid portion, the 'backbone' of a thing is called the stamina. It is the plural of the Latin *stamen*, warp, thread, fibre.

23. **the elemental bone**, etc., the bone, the primary element of the neck of mutton, its 'essence,' remained intact, though it was stripped of its attribute, the meat. 'Accident' is here used in the logical sense of an unessential property or quality.

28. **the spurs of appetite**, hospitable encouragements, which quicken appetite, and are the time-honoured accompaniments of well-supplied tables and dishes laden with good things. 'Concomitants' is compounded of Latin *cum*, together with, and *comitari*, to accompany. 'Charger,' in the sense of a large dish, is obsolete. Cf. *Matthew*, xiv. 8.

30. **sliding a slender ratio**, gently slipping a meagre slice of cheese. Single Gloucester is a Gloucestershire cheese made from whole, or unskimmed milk. The richer kind, called Double Gloucester, is made from whole milk with cream added.

31. **the remnant rind**. Compare page 9, line 27, and note.

33. **quirk of "the nearer the bone,"** etc., a witticism about the proverbial saying, "the nearer the bone, the sweeter the meat." Quirk is literally a quick *turn* of wit.

35. **in a manner sat above the salt**, were, in a certain way, specially honoured at the table. In former times the silver salt-cellar was an index of the rank of those who sat at table, the gentlefolk sitting above, the dependants and servants below it.

Page 55, line 1. **the fragments were verè hospitibus sacra**, the remnants of meat were kept 'truly sacred to the guests' (Latin).

3. **the remainder crust**. Cf. page 11, line 26, note.

6. **the sensation of wine**, you felt as if there was wine on the table, because your host talked so much about toasts and drinking.

8. **Push about**, circulate it, pass the jug round; from the old drinking song:

"Push about the bottle, boys!
Round the circle let it pass."

9. **a toast**, a health to be drunk. See note on *The Old Benchers*, p. 128, l. 1.

10. **the effects**, high spirits and joviality.

12. **punch**. See note on *The South-Sea House*, p. 8, l. 26.

with beams of generous port, etc., with rays of rosy or golden light concentrating on the centre of the table from the glass decanters of red and white wine. Port is named from Oporto, on the Douro in Portugal, Madeira from the Portuguese island of that name off the west coast of Morocco.

14. **flustered**, heated as with wine; this is the old sense of the word, as in *Othello*, II. 3. 60, "Three lads of Cyprus ... have I to-night flustered with flowing cups." The word is Scandinavian, Icelandic *flaustra*, to be flustered; perhaps akin to Swedish *flossa*, to blaze. The modern meaning is "to be confused or agitated."

16. **unperforming Bacchanalian encouragements**, exhortations to drink, without any wine. Bacchanalian is from Bacchanal, a devotee of Bacchus, the wine-god.

17. **the "British Grenadiers."** This popular song was composed at the end of the seventeenth century, not earlier than 1678, when the Grenadier Company was formed, nor later than the reign of Queen Anne, when grenadiers ceased to carry hand grenades. The poet Campbell's song, *Upon the Plains of Flanders*, also bears the same title, but is less known.

20. **the "no expense,"** etc., in allusion to the familiar boast of the proud father, that he has "spared no expense" in his daughter's education.

25. **makeshift**, properly a substantive, a temporary expedient, an inferior device used in default of a better; here an adjective, second-rate.

26. **thy broken keys**, etc., punning on the two senses of the word 'key,' which is used of the notes of a piano, or other similar instrument, as well as in the ordinary sense. Lamb apostrophizes the poor old spinet with its broken notes.

27. **thrummed**, strummed, played noisily or unskilfully, by the fingers of numerous ancestors.

28. **spinet**, a spinet, an instrument something like a harpsichord, half way between a harp and a piano, the keys of which were struck with a small wand of ivory, metal, or quill. French *espinette*, from Latin *spina*, a thorn.

31. **now haply listening**, etc., *i.e.* now perhaps in heaven, hearing the songs of child-angels. Cf. *Christ's Hospital*, p. 32, l. 4, note. Milton, *Par. Lost*, v. 547, has "cherubic songs."

33. **awakened thy time-shaken chords**, etc., made your worn-out notes resound in accompaniment to the feeble piping of that

thin shadowy voice of hers. Pope has "the vocal lay responsive to the strings."

Page 56, line 2. bottomed well, had a good basis.

4. Glover, Richard Glover, poet and dramatist (1712-1785). His *Leonidas* was a poem in twelve books, once extravagantly praised, now forgotten. He is chiefly remembered for his ballad, *Admiral Hosier's Ghost*.

9. pressed into the account of, compelled to contribute to.

13. patrimonial acres, hereditary landed estates.

15. immoderate expansion, etc., the contemplation of these fine properties, though he did not own one fragment of them, excited in him an excessive development of a spurious kind of pride of proprietorship.

18. took it all in, embraced, appropriated it all to himself.

19. largess, bounty.

21. implicit lookers-up to, trusting admirers of.

22. threw mists, etc., deceived your senses as by the sleight-of-hand of a conjuror.

26. a misnomer, etc., by miscalling the humble kettle "the urn."

31. at a demur, in a state of uncertainty, or suspense of judgment. 'Demur' comes through French from Latin *demoror*, I delay, hesitate.

34. Content, etc. His satisfaction in his imaginary wealth could not strictly be called 'content,' a word which signifies etymologically the state of being *contained* or bounded. Latin *contentus*, p.p. of *contineo*, I limit; for his wealth of fancy was unlimited and unrestrained.

Page 57, line 1. native of North Britain. Scotchwomen are generally more matter-of-fact and less emotional than Englishwomen. Compare Lamb's remarks upon Scotchmen, *Imperfect Sympathies*, pages 81-85.

5. in the main, for the most part. Main was (1) strength, force; (2) the principal part—both usages obsolete except in particular phrases. A.S. *mægen*, strength.

8. together, continuously.

9. look their own prospects, etc., compel themselves to realise their own poverty.

10. vortex, the whirl, the overpowering eddy.

His riotous imagination, etc. His luxuriant fancy called up to their minds, as if by magic, visions of rich marriages. The 'settlement' is the pecuniary provision made for a woman at her marriage.

14. more than respectably, i.e. married husbands of good social position.

17. **the circumstances**, etc. Canon Ainger thinks that this allusion to the wedding-day may have been introduced to amuse Mary Lamb, who was Mrs. Randal Norris's bridesmaid, and spent the day with the newly-married couple at Richmond.

21. **made out**, fulfilled.

23. "**when we came down**," etc. Quoted from the old ballad, in Percy's *Reliques*, "O waly, waly, up the bank," stanza 4:

"When we came in by Glasgowe town,
We were a comely sight to see,
My love was clad in black velvet,
And I my-sell in cramasie."

26. **cramasie**, crimson. French *cramoisi*; also spelt *cramoisie*. From Arabic *quirmisi*; Sanscrit *krimija*; *krimi*, a worm, and *jan*, to make.

33. **state**, magnificence.

34. **an "equipage etern."** Eterne is an old form of eternal. James I., *The King's Quair*, has 'ordynance eterne,' and Milton, *Paradise Lost*, vii. 203, "Celestial equipage."

35. **once mounted**, i.e. when once he had climbed into it. The participle is in agreement with 'him' in the next clause.

Page 58, line 1. **putting a handsome face upon**, boldly and cheerfully facing, making the best of.

2. **To bully and swagger away**, etc., to dissipate the feeling of poverty by a jovial pretentiousness, is not necessarily blameworthy.

4. **Tibbs and Bobadil**, braggarts. Beau Tibbs is a character in Goldsmith's *Citizen of the World*, "unrivalled in his finery, his vanity, and his poverty," says Hazlitt. Captain Bobadil is the military swaggerer in Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*, not far inferior to Shakespeare's Pistol.

7. **steeped in poverty**, etc., from *Othello*, iv. 2. 50: "Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips." The phrase was travestied by Dickens in his *Christmas Carol*: "Steeped in sage and onions to the very eyebrows," and adapted by Mr. Gladstone, in a speech, of Parnell and his followers: "Steeped to the very lips in treason." Randal Norris was not excessively poor, nor was his wife a Scotchwoman; but such fictions would be quite in Lamb's manner.

8. **chin-deep in riches**, deeply immersed in. Perhaps a reminiscence of a line of Robert Crowley, the sixteenth century divine and poet:

"The richer sort do stand up to the chin
In delicates."

or of Spenser, *Faery Queene*, II. vii. 58:

"Deep was he drenched to the upmost chin."

THE SUPERANNUATED MAN.

(London Magazine, May, 1825.)

See Introduction, pp. XVIII. and XIX. The essay is practically a bit of autobiography.

Page 58, line 11. Sera tamen, etc. Liberty hath remembered me though late. Vergil's words are :

Libertas ; quæ sera tamen respexit inertem. (Eclogue, l. 28.)

13. A Clerk I was in London gay. The line which Lamb quotes is not to be found in any of the published works of O'Keefe. It was probably a slip of memory, for the line does occur in George Colman *The Younger's Inkle and Yarico*, III. 1. For O'Keefe, see note on *The Acting of Munden*, page 207, line 1.

16. prison days, years of confinement in an office.

21. appreciate, estimate.

23. Mincing Lane. In the City, on the south side of Fenchurch Street ; an intentional mystification. The East India Company's office was in Leadenhall Street.

28. doggedly content, *i.e.* not *happily* satisfied, but grimly resigned.

32. unbending. Compare *Mrs. Battle's Opinion on Whist*, page 49, line 16, note.

Page 59, line 14. Those eternal bells, the various Church bells continually ringing. Cf. page 165, line 28. Elsewhere Lamb speaks very differently of them as "the music highest bordering upon heaven," *New Year's Eve*, page 40, line 5, and so also in his poem *The Sabbath Bells*.

6. knacks and gewgaws, elegant trifles, toys and ornaments. In modern English the reduplicated form 'knick-knacks' is used in this sense. Gewgaw is O.E. *ginegoue*, *i.e.* give-gove, a reduplication from the root of A.S. *gifan*, to give, perhaps representing A.S. *gifu* and *geafe*, a gift.

11. the very face, etc., the very appearance of business having an attraction for him, in contrast with his temporary idleness.

13. emancipated 'prentices, shop-boys freed from their drudgery.

15. slaving, etc., working like a slave, has got so unaccustomed to a holiday that she has lost the power to enjoy it.

17. livelyly expressing the hollowness, their vacant or melancholy faces clearly indicating how unsatisfactory was their holiday pursuit of pleasure.

25. durance, captivity ; originally duration ; old French *durance*, from Latin *durans*, lasting.

did the glittering phantom, etc., did experience remain in harmony with the bright expectations, which imagination had formed long beforehand? To 'keep touch with' is to 'maintain sympathy with.' Cf. Johnson, *Rasselas*, Ch. I., "You who pursue with eagerness the phantoms of hope," and Wordsworth, *Yarrow Visited*,

"But thou that didst appear so fair
To fond imagination,"

and *Mackery End*, page 110, line 22.

33. **snatch**, brief interval.

Page 60, line 12. **the wood had entered**, etc., an adaptation of the English Prayer-book version of *Psalms* cv. 18, "The iron entered into his soul"; the sense is, the irksomeness of my captivity in the office had pierced my very soul. Cf. "The dry drudgery at the desk's dead wood," in Lamb's sonnet *Work*.

18. **taxed me with my bad looks**, charged me with looking unwell.

25. **given a handle against myself**, furnished an occasion to be used to my own disadvantage.

30. **received an awful summons**, etc. A clerk would only be summoned to appear before the partners in their private room for some serious cause. Hence "*awful summons*" and "*formidable back parlour*."

32. **my time**, my destined time, my dismissal. So 'time' is used of the hour of death, and of a woman's delivery.

Page 61, line 2. **the deuce**, a colloquial expletive, expressing annoyance or surprise, equivalent to 'the devil'; through old French *Deus*, O God, from Latin *deus*, god. It is an old Norman oath vulgarized (Skeat).

10. **two-thirds of my accustomed salary**. Lamb retired on a pension of £450 a year from which £9 a year were deducted towards an annuity for his sister, should she survive him.

14. **I stammered out a bow**, made a faltering reply, which consisted of little more than a bow.

18. **Boldero**, etc. These fictitious names of an imaginary firm are substituted for the directors of the East India Company.

20. **Esto perpetua**, a Latin motto, the word *domus*, house, being understood: "May the house endure for ever." It is said to have been the dying exclamation of the sixteenth century Venetian historian, Pietro Sarpi, spoken of his native Venice.

23. **taste**, relish, enjoy.

25. **a prisoner in the old Bastille**, etc., the old State prison, destroyed by the populace in the French Revolution, July, 1789,

Compare that powerful picture of a Bastille prisoner, suddenly released after long years of confinement, Dr. Manette, in Dickens's *Tale of Two Cities*.

35. **my estates in Time**, my great wealth in the shape of leisure, which was like some vast landed estate.

Page 62, line 2. by myself, in my own case.

3. **giddy raptures**. Wordsworth, *Tintern Abbey*, line 86, speaks of the "dizzy raptures" of youth, its bewildering or intoxicating joys.

4. **home-feeling**, comfortable, familiar realisation.

7, 10. **walk it away...read it away**. Whenever I felt at a loss what to do, I could pass the time in walking or reading.

16. **that's born**, etc. The quotation, not quite accurate, comes from Middleton's *Mayor of Queensborough*, I. I. 119:

"I know no more the way to temporal rule
Than he that's born and has his years come to him
In a rough desert."

29. **if I stretch so far**. His life did not quite extend to ten years from this date. He died December, 1834.

33. **a vast tract of time**, etc. Compare *Dream Children*, page 145, lines 8-10; and Holmes, *Autocrat*: "A great calamity is as old as the trilobites an hour after it has happened," and "A great... misery puts a new stamp on us in an hour or a moment—as sharp an impression as if it had taken half a lifetime to engrave it."

Page 63, line 4. a Tragedy by Sir Robert Howard. The passage occurs in *The Vestal Virgin or the Roman Ladies*, v. 1, and is accurately quoted. Sir Robert Howard was a seventeenth century historian and poet, and joint author with Dryden of *The Indian Queen*. He was the original of Bayes, in Buckingham's *Rehearsal*, though the character was afterwards altered to satirise Dryden.

10. **Time takes no measure**. Cf. *Psalm* xc. 4. The words perhaps contain an allusion to Aristotle's saying, *Metaphysics* x. 10: "Time is measured by motion."

13. **co-brethren of the quill**, fellow-clerks. Cf. *Oxford in the Vacation*, page 12, line 16-20.

in the state militant, still doing their life-work. The phrase is adapted from the theological expression, 'The Church Militant,' i.e. engaged in warfare against its enemies on earth, as opposed to 'The Church Triumphant' in heaven.

16. **cracked some of our old jokes**, etc. The colloquial expression, 'to crack a joke,' is a metaphor from 'cracking, i.e. opening, a bottle.' Here, however, Lamb uses it punningly, as if the

metaphor were derived from 'crackers,' exploding fireworks. The pun is continued in 'went off,' i.e. either 'succeeded' or 'exploded.'

20. **d**—**I take me**, etc., hang me, if I didn't feel sorry; I should have been a beast if I hadn't, etc.

31. **cronies**, colloquial for 'intimate friends.' Originally 'crony' was an old woman, a diminutive of *crone*; a Celtic word, Welsh and Irish *crion*, dry, withered.

32. **Ch**—, Chambers.

33. **Do**—, Henry Dodwell.

34. **Pl**—, W. D. Plumley.

36. **a Gresham or a Whittington**, a merchant prince. Sir Thomas Gresham, 1519-1579, founded the Royal Exchange and Gresham College. Sir Richard Whittington, about 1360-1425, was three times Lord Mayor of London, and is the hero of legendary song and of the nursery tale, *Dick Whittington and his Cat*.

Page 64, line 3. unhealthy contributor, a source of prosperity, but not of health, foster-mother to me, but not a kindly one. In 'stern fosterer' there is an allusion to 'alma mater'; see note on *Oxford in the Vacation*, page 17, line 6.

5. **my "works."** The books that I have written are really the ledgers and account-books of the office; my literary "works" are trifling in amount by comparison.

8. **Aquinas**. See note on *The Two Races of Men*, p. 38, l. 19.

My mantle I bequeath. I leave the prosecution of my task to you, my fellow-clerks. 'Mantle' symbolizes a man's spirit and power; see 1 *Kings*, XIX. 19, and 2 *Kings*, II. 13, where Elijah bequeaths his mantle to Elisha.

13. **flutter**, agitation, excitement.

15. **my old chains**. See above, page 58, lines 15 and 16.

17. **a Carthusian**. See note on *A Quaker's Meeting*, p. 66, l. 32.

21. **Bond Street**. Compare note on page 52, line 16.

23. **digress**, in the literal sense, 'turn aside.' Soho is a district south of Oxford Street with a large proportion of foreign residents, especially Frenchmen.

27. **Fish Street Hill**, where the Monument stands. Cf. *All Fools' Day*, page 62, line 28.

28. **Mincing Lane**. See page 58, line 23 above.

30. **vocal**, resounding, echoing. "Everlasting flints" comes from *Romeo and Juliet*, II. 6. 17:

"So light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint,"

31. **I indent**, etc., I tread the livelier pavements of Pall Mall. Compare *My Relations*, page 104, line 28.

It is 'Change time, although these are business hours, when merchants and brokers meet at the Royal Exchange, I am idling away my time at the British Museum. For the Elgin marbles, see *The Decay of Beggars*, page 166, line 22, note.

Page 65, line 4. **genius**, individual spirit. See *A Chapter on Ears*, page 60, line 31, "the genius of his religion."

7. **Sabbath**. See note on *My Relations*, page 100, line 31.

8. **washed the Ethiop white**, made Black Monday a pleasant day. The allusion is to *Jeremiah*, XIII. 23, "Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots?"

What is gone of Black Monday? What has become of dismal Monday? "Black," because it brings the resumption of toil, after the Sunday holiday; just as lucky days were formerly called "white days." Originally, Black Monday meant Easter Monday (Cf. *Merchant of Venice*, II. 5. 25), in commemoration, it is said, of the disastrous weather that Edward III.'s army encountered near Paris on April 14, 1360. "Gone of" is a lower-class vulgarity.

14. **huge cantle**, immense slice. An allusion to 1 *Henry IV.* III. 1. 100: "See how this river ... cuts me ... a monstrous cantle out." 'Cantle' is old French *cantel*, corner, piece, from O.F. *cant*, corner; Dutch and Swedish *kant*, edge, border.

19. **Lucretian pleasure**, an Epicurean enjoyment such as the Latin poet Lucretius describes. The allusion is to the well-known lines "Suave mari magno," etc., Lucretius, II. 1., etc.:

"Sweet is it, 'when the stormy winds do blow,'
Ashore to watch another's 'billowy woe';
Not that we gloat on any man's affliction,
But sight of ills escaped is benediction."

20. **carking**, worrying; formed from *cark*, anxiety, a Celtic word; Welsh *carc*, care, anxiety, which is perhaps akin to Breton *karg*, load, burden, and to English 'charge.'

23. **too much Time**. Compare Lamb's sonnet, *Leisure*.

26. **operative**, working. Compare the opening lines of Lamb's sonnet, *Work*.

28. **Take me that lumber**, pray, remove that cumbrous desk. For the enclitic use of 'me' see Abbott's *Grammar*, § 220, also note on *Oxford in the Vacation*, page 17, line 22.

30. **As low as to the fiends**. *Hamlet*, II. 2. 519:

"Bowl the round nave down the hill of heaven,
As low as to the fiends."

32. **Retired Leisure.** I am no longer Mr. So-and-So, clerk to Such-and-Such a firm, but the gentleman at ease. The allusion is to Milton, *Penseroso*, 49 :

“Retired Leisure,
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure.”

33. **vacant**, not in its ordinary sense ‘devoid of expression,’ but ‘free from care,’ ‘holiday.’

35. **about**; **not to and from**. ‘about’ is emphatic. I no longer walk with an object, straight to my work or away from it, but saunter about casually.

Page 66, line 1. **a certain cum dignitate air**. An abbreviation of the Latin *otium cum dignitate*, a phrase which occurs in Cicero’s *Pro P. Sext.*, c. 45. An air of dignified leisure has begun to develop in me.

3. **grow into gentility**. Compare page 8, lines 32, 33.

4. **Opus operatum est** (Latin), my work is finished.

6. **the rest of the day**, the remainder of my life.

THE GENTEEL STYLE IN WRITING.

(*New Monthly Magazine*, March, 1826.)

Page 66, line 7. **Shaftesbury ... Temple**. For Shaftesbury, see note on page 30, line 22. Sir William Temple (1628-1700) was diplomatist, statesman, and man of letters.

10. **inflated finical rhapsodies**, inflated is ‘turgid, grandiose’; finical is ‘superfine, over-fastidious’; rhapsodies, ‘rambling effusions.’

11. **chit-chat**, colloquial for small talk, easy and familiar converse.

16. **undress**. See note on *Imperfect Sympathies*, p. 82, l. 23.

19. **Shene**, near Richmond, Surrey, now spelt ‘Sheen.’

scent of Nimeguen, have an odour of foreign embassies about them. Temple was at The Hague as ambassador to the States-General, 1668-1671, and 1674-1678, and was in Nimeguen in Holland in 1678, when the treaty between France and the States-General was signed.

22. **spent with age and other decays**, worn out with old age and other causes of decay.

31. **piecing out**, enlarging, as in *Merry Wives*, III. 2. 34: “He pieces out his wife’s inclination.” The usual sense is ‘to complete,’ as in *Christ’s Hospital*, p. 31, l. 11.

Page 67, line 1. **the play is not worth the candle**, an old proverb, equivalent to ‘it is not worth while.’ It occurs in the

Jacula Prudentum of George Herbert (1593-1632): "It's a poor sport that is not worth the candle." It seems to be derived from the French proverb, "*Le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle.*"

13. **such a year**, in such-and-such a year, in a certain year.

14. **morrice-dancers**. The Morris, or Morisco, was a Moorish dance brought by the Moors into Spain, and thence said to have been introduced into England by John of Gaunt. The dance appears to have been originally connected with the Robin Hood games on May Day, but was afterwards performed on Holy Thursday, at Whitsuntide, and on many other occasions. The following were the characters usually represented: Robin Hood, Little John, Friar Tuck, Robin Hood's Mistress, Maid Marian, the Queen or Lady of the May, the Fool, the Piper, and several Morris dancers in various costumes. A tabor, or small drum, perhaps of Moorish origin, accompanied the performance, as well as a pipe.

16. **one with another**, all put together, between them.

23. **Nassau**, a German duchy, capital Wiesbaden. Jan Mauritz, Count of Nassau-Siegen, Prince of the German Empire, 1604-1679, was a Dutch general and Governor-General of the Dutch Brazils. He commanded the Netherlands army in 1665, and fought at Seneffe in 1674 under William of Orange against Condé.

27. **the Rhinegrave**, *i.e.* Rheingraf, Count of the Rhine district in Germany. The Palsgraves of the Rhine were rulers of the Lower or Rhine Palatinate (German *Pfalz*). The Count Egmont here mentioned would be Procopius Francis, the last Count. He was General of horse and dragoons to the King of Spain, and Brigadier in the service of the King of France. He died in Spain in 1707.

28. **Maestricht**, in the Limburg district of the Netherlands. It was besieged and taken by Louis XIV. in 1673, and besieged by William of Orange in 1676; but Schomberg's approach compelled him to raise the siege.

24. **In no very ill year**, *i.e.* in a year when the vines and peach trees bore tolerably well.

36. **Fontainebleau**, in Northern France, 40 miles from Paris, near the Seine.

Page 68, line 1. **Gascony**, one of the old French provinces, in the south-west of France.

4. **Frontignac or Muscat grape**, two famous species of grape. Frontignan is in the Department of Hérault, in the south of France, on the sea coast. The Muscat grape derives its name from the Arabian state and town of that name on the Persian Gulf.

7. the Low Countries, the Netherlands.

12. persons of quality, gentlefolk.

14. garden pedantry, assumption of knowing all about gardening.

16. doubts, suspects, fears.

18. Cosevelt, *i.e.* Kösfeld, in Westphalia, Prussia, 20 miles west of Münster, the capital.

21. Garden essay, Temple's *Upon the Gardens of Epicurus*; or *Of Gardening in the year 1685*, which appeared in the second part of his *Miscellanea*, published 1692.

worthy of Cowley. Cowley wrote an essay entitled *The Garden*, which appeared posthumously among his *Essays in Prose and Verse*, 1826. See p. 32, l. 30, note.

24. abroad, *i.e.* outside them.

25. play, move; to watch the progress of affairs in the world, and the current political movements.

33. go his own way and ... pace, do what he likes and as leisurely as he chooses.

34. The measure of choosing well, the test of a good choice.

Page 69, line 6. to town, to London, a common colloquial usage still.

11. with Horace, etc., *Epistles*, i. 18. 104, etc. The Digentia was a little stream which rose near Horace's farm, and after a course of six miles joined the River Anio.

14. so, provided that.

15. unto myself. Cf. p. 62, l. 23.

17. depend upon each doubtful hour, live from hand to mouth.

22. tenderness, sensibility.

23. string of felicitous antitheses, a series of happily contrasted sentences.

28. a white staff, the badge of the Lord High Treasurer of England.

29. a blue riband, the badge of the Order of the Garter, which is suspended by a blue ribbon.

32. eased by wearing a crown. Cf. *Henry IV.* (B.) III. 1. 31 :

“Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.”

34. humour of plainness, natural inclination for simplicity.

36. the controversy. This controversy was started by the publication of Temple's *Four Essays upon Ancient and Modern Learning*, published in the *Miscellanea*. An entertaining account of the controversy is given in Jebb's “Bentley,” *English Men of Letters* series.

Page 70, line 2. **state engagements**, employment in the service of the State.

6. **Gothic humours**, the fierce temper or disposition of the barbarian invaders of the Roman Empire.

8. **the unequal mixture**, ill-balanced composition ; composition in which the constituent parts are not relatively well proportioned. Temple means that modern languages, especially the Teutonic branches, are less homogeneous than Latin and Greek.

12. **such as they are**, *i.e.* inferior as our modern poetry and music are.

17. **dead calm**, unrelieved monotony ; a metaphor from the sea.

24. **affections**, emotions.

25. **pretend to be wise**, claim a reputation for wisdom by affecting an outward seriousness of demeanour.

26. **toys**, frivolities.

27. **But whoever**, etc. An inability to appreciate poetry and music is not a thing to boast of ; rather it suggests want of heart, if not of intelligence.

33. **request**, popularity, frequent demand for.

Page 71, line 2. **a froward child**, etc. Cf. Pope, *Essay on Man*, II. 275, etc. :

“ Behold the child, by nature’s kindly law,
Pleas’d with a rattle, tickled with a straw ;

Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage,
And beads and prayer-books are the toys of age ;
Pleas’d with this bauble still, as that before,
Till tir’d he sleeps, and life’s poor play is o’er.”

BARBARA S—.

(*London Magazine*, April, 1825.)

According to Lamb’s note, the name of the subject of this Essay was Street, and he adds various other fictitious details. It was really the well-known actress, Miss Fanny Kelly, whose childish experience is here narrated ; but all the circumstances are altered according to Lamb’s manner.

Page 71, line 10. **the then Treasurer**. See note on *Christ’s Hospital*, page 25, line 23.

17. **pious**, dutiful ; like Latin *pius*, which is used especially of those who “ honour their father and their mother.”

27. **drawn tears in young Arthur**, moved the spectators to tears in the part of Prince Arthur in Shakespeare's *King John*.

rallied Richard, etc., bantered him with childish impertinence, as the young Duke of York in *King Richard III.* III. 1.

29. **Prince of Wales**, Edward V., the elder of the two young princes whom Richard murdered in the Tower, in the same play and scene.

30. **Morton's pathetic after-piece**. *The Children in the Wood*, 'a musical entertainment,' by Thomas Morton, the dramatist, was first performed at the Haymarket, 1793. An 'after-piece' is a short piece, usually comic, performed after a play. Miss Kelly, the real Barbara S—, played the elder child in this piece in 1793 at Drury Lane theatre.

32. **was not**. Cf. page 35, line 28.

Page 72, line 3. the then prompter. See above, page 71, line 10.

5. **tragedy ladies**, tragic actresses.

9. **Morocco**. See above, page 31, line 14.

10. **gilt-splashed**, with gilt edges to the leaves.

14. **her principia**, **her rudiments**, etc., her first lessons, her alphabet, as it were; the primitive germs of the art of acting.

16. **India-rubber**, or a **pumice-stone**. How could they have been improved by rubbing out or erasure, to make the writing look clean and tidy?

32. **avoiding to instance**. The infinitive after 'avoid' is unusual, the gerundial being the ordinary construction. 'Instance' is used intransitively, 'to give an example in her own personal experience.'

34. **the Little Son to Mrs. Porter's Isabella**. In *Isabella: or, the Fatal Marriage* (1694), a play by Thomas Southern (1660-1746). Canon Ainger quotes from *Crabb Robinson's Diaries* a passage which shows that the great actress was Mrs. Siddons, not Mrs. Porter, and the child Miss Kelly. "She (Miss Kelly) related that when, as Constance (in *King John*), Mrs. Siddons wept over her, her collar was wet with Mrs. Siddons's tears."

Page 73, line 8. kept me out of the pulpit. See Introduction, page x., and *All Fools' Day*, page 62, line 21.

9. **personal disqualifications**. Cf. Preface, page vii. line 3, etc.

13. **Miss Kelly**. Francis Maria Kelly (1790-1882), the celebrated comic actress and singer, was a friend of the Lambs, and the original of Barbara S—. See his sonnet 'To Miss Kelly,' and 'To a celebrated female performer in *The Blind Boy*.'

14. **Mr. Liston**. John Liston, comedian (1777-1846).

15. **Mrs. Charles Kemble.** Marie Thérèse, daughter of George de Camp (1744-1838), a good comic actress and a moderate singer. In 1806 she married Charles Kemble, brother of John Kemble and of Mrs. Siddons.

16. **as friend to friend.** Cf. *Exodus*, xxxiii. 2.

17. **Macready.** William Charles Macready (1793-1873), the celebrated tragic actor.

18. **Player-picture gallery,** gallery of portraits of actors and actresses.

Matthews's. Charles Matthews (1776-1835), comic actor, father of Charles James Matthews, who married Madame Vestris.

22. **Old tones, half-faded, of Dodd, etc.** His imitations have reproduced for me the half-forgotten tones of the old actors' voices. James Dodd is described in the *Essay On Some of the Old Actors*, pages 190-193; Parsons and Baddeley were contemporary comedians, and are mentioned on page 188 in that *Essay*. Edwin is mentioned in the *Essay on The Acting of Munden*, page 207, line 13.

25. **I am growing a coxcomb,** I am boasting of my acquaintances like a conceited fool.

28. **Diamond's.** 'The Old Bath Theatre' was a large room, or cellar, underneath the Assembly Rooms, now the Literary Institution. John Palmer, a wealthy brewer, built a new theatre in Orchard Street, opened in 1767, for which a monopoly was obtained by Act of Parliament in 1768. William Dimond was one of the managers of this theatre. He was author of a number of poems and dramas, among the latter of which was *The Bride of Abydos*, played at Drury Lane in 1818. The Orchard Street theatre became a famous school of dramatic art, and many notable actors, Elliston among them, received their training there.

32. **from causes which, etc., i.e.** owing to his fondness for the bottle, which I cannot censure because I am too keenly aware of my own weakness of the same kind. See Introduction, p. xx.

34. **pure infelicity, sheer bad luck.**

35. **lay at the door of, impute to.**

Page 74, line 11. to sup off a roast fowl. It was in the character of the elder child in *The Children in the Wood* that the incident of the roast fowl and the spilt salt occurred to Miss Kelly. The famished children, just rescued from the wood, are fed by the faithful Walter with a roast chicken, over which he has just before, in his agitation, upset the salt-box (Ainger).

32. **popped,** colloquial for 'put quickly,' 'dropped.'

Page 75, line 6. **Poor men's smoky cabins, etc.** One does not, as a rule, find poverty a good teacher of ethics. 'Smoky cabins' occurs in Wordsworth, *Excursion* iv., and "smoky cribs" in *Henry IV. (B) ii. 1. 15.* But the words are probably a reminiscence of Milton, *Comus*, 324: "In lowly sheds with smoky rafters." 'Portico' is an allusion to the *στέα*, or porch, in Athens, where Zeno, the founder of the Stoic philosophy, taught his disciples; Milton's "painted stoa" (*Paradise Regained*, iv. 253).

22. stood her friend behind the scenes, befriended her by influencing the manager on her behalf.

25. a world, colloquial for 'a large amount.' Cf. page 16, line 10.

27. came staring upon her, in imagination she pictured to herself vividly.

Page 76, line 5. not her own, supernatural, bestowed by God.

6. a reason above reasonings, a moral wisdom superior to human reasoning.

16. brightened up the feet and the prospects, a play upon the literal and metaphorical meanings of 'brighten'; provided them with new shoes and stockings, and made their pecuniary prospects more cheerful.

17. set... upon their legs again, colloquial for 'restored the fortunes of.'

18. discussing moral dogmas, debating questions of right and wrong.

22. the difference, the half guinea which she had been overpaid.

25. Mrs. Crawford, Anne Crawford (1734-1801), an actress of note. Her name is substituted for Miss Kelly's.

30. Lady Randolph, the heroine of *Douglas*, a tragedy by the Scotch minister John Home (1724-1808). The son of her first marriage with Douglas is suspected of being her lover and slain by her second husband, Lord Randolph; and she commits suicide.

31. Mrs. Siddons. See note on *My First Play*, page 107, line 19.

THE TOMBS IN THE ABBEY.

IN A LETTER TO R—— S——, ESQ.

(*London Magazine*, October, 1823.)

This Essay consists of the concluding portion of Lamb's reply to Robert Southey's attack in the *Quarterly Review* for January 1823. See Introduction, pages xvii. and xviii.

Page 77, line 3. historified, recorded in history. Southey was a warm champion of the Church of England, and wrote *The Book of the Church*, and *Vindiciæ Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ*: "Defence of the Church of England." Sir P. Sidney has "meet to be historified."

may the ill time never come, etc., I trust I shall never so far degenerate as to enter her ancient churches and cathedrals without emotion, or at all irreverently.

8. Westminster. Though not musical, Lamb was fond of attending the choral services in Westminster Abbey. Compare *A Chapter on Ears*, page 60, lines 7-19.

13. a jar, a discordant note, a disturbance of devotional feeling.

14. Westminster, Westminster School, founded 1560, stands within the grounds of the Abbey. It is one of the great Public Schools.

15. dim aisles. Cf. "the side aisles of the dim Abbey," in *A Chapter on Ears*, page 60, line 9. Both phrases are due to Milton's "dim religious light" (*Il Penseroso*, 79), describing the effect of light passing through stained-glass windows.

17. your purest mind feeds, George Peele (1552-1598) in his *Polyhymnia* has "feed on prayers."

20. wrecks of splendid mortality, the remains of the "mighty dead," whose tombs are in the Abbey. The phrase may have been suggested by "the wrecks of matter," Addison, *Cato*, v. 1. Lamb has "wrecks of drowned mortality" below, page 81, line 21.

23. establishment, i.e. the Church of England.

24. lessened, lowered in estimation.

28. low-in-purse, a compound of Lamb's own coining for 'poor, but not impecunious.'

29. commit an injury, etc., wrong his family by an extravagance beyond his means.

31. decencies, forms of becoming reverence. Inspection of the Abbey and the tombs during the hours of divine service detracts from the solemnity of worship.

Page 78, line 8. your Journal, *The Quarterly Review*, founded 1809 as a Tory counterblast to the Whig *Edinburgh Review*. William Gifford was the editor from its foundation till 1824; but Southey, at the instance of Sir W. Scott, was a frequent contributor. He wrote 95 articles for it between 1809 and 1839, and exercised an influence over its management.

9. Beautiful Temple. An allusion to *Acts*, III. 2, "the gate of the temple which is called Beautiful."

12. **entrance to so much reflection**, etc., *i.e.* admission to a building which provides material for so much reflection, historical, patriotic, religious.

16. **weighing ... prudence against sentiment**, debating whether we could afford to spend so much money, to indulge our taste.

18. **the adjacent Park**, St. James's.

21. **genius**, pervading spirit, as in *A Chapter on Ears*, page 60, line 31.

24. **anticlimax**, the opposite of a climax, 'great cry and little wool.' When the point, or conclusion, is ludicrously disproportionate to the expectations raised, it is called an anticlimax.

27. **may coexist**, may be combined with a degree of poverty which cannot afford two shillings.

36. **the tomb of Nelson**. Under the dome. The sarcophagus was originally intended to contain the body of Henry VIII. It was designed and executed for Cardinal Wolsey by the famous Torregiano (Hare).

Page 79, line 5. **minims to their sight**, insignificant amounts in their eyes. Minim comes through French from Latin *minimus*, smallest; it is generally used now of a half-note in music, formerly the shortest.

6. **Shame these Sellers out of the Temple**, drive these traffickers in money out of the Abbey by shame, as Christ drove the money-changers out of the temple with a scourge. The allusion is to *St. John*, II. 14 and 15.

19. **that amiable spy, Major André**. A gallant and promising young English officer, of French extraction, who was employed by Sir Henry Clinton in his secret negotiations with the American traitor, Arnold, for the surrender of Westpoint, a strong fortress on the Hudson River. André completed the negotiations, and was captured outside the American lines with a drawing of the betrayed fortress in his possession. He was tried by an American court-martial, and hanged as a spy, October 2, 1780. His remains were interred in the Abbey in 1821. His execution was justifiable; but the circumstances of his arrest, mainly due to the selfishness of Arnold, made it an unusually severe measure.

21. **fired with raw notions**, etc., excited by crude ideas of American freedom.

26. **a new Peter's pence**, a new ecclesiastical tax, as odious as that formerly levied by the Pope of Rome. The Pope claims to be the successor of St. Peter; hence the name. The tax was suppressed in England by Henry VIII. in 1534.

28. **ragged**, rugged, uneven, as in Shakespeare, *Henry IV.* (B.) Induction 35, "hold of ragged stone," and *Richard III.* IV. 1. 102, "rude, ragged nurse" (The Tower of London).

AMICUS REDIVIVUS.

(London Magazine, December, 1823.)

The Latin title, a friend restored to life, refers to Lamb's absent-minded friend, George Dyer, of whom an interesting account is given in *Oxford in the Vacation*. See note on page 16, line 11 in that Essay. The motto is from Milton, *Lycidas*, 50, 51.

Page 80, line 5. my cottage at Islington. In August, 1823, the Lambs took a cottage at Colebrooke Row, Islington, a northern suburb of London. The New River flowed at the foot of their garden.

12. **unreserved motion towards self-destruction**, deliberate attempt to commit suicide.

14. **found my feet**, started to run.

15. **Some spirit, not my own.** I was carried along by an impulse, as it were, of some other mind.

17. **the hand unseen**, a nominative absolute clause.

18. **as feeling**, as though trying to find.

19. **if time was in that time**, if the ordinary language about time applies to that crisis of feeling.

21. **his who bore Anchises.** Æneas, who carried his aged father Anchises on his back out of the burning ruins of Troy. Vergil, *Æneid*, II. 707-723.

28. **stifle of conflicting judgments**, squeezing crowd of persons all at variance with each other in opinion.

31. **to be missed on.** The preposition is added on the analogy of "to hit on." We should now omit it.

Page 81, line 1. as if an Angel had spoken. Cf. *Acts*, XXIII. 9.

4. **Monoculus.** Latin, or rather Græco-Latin hybrid, for 'one-eyed.' See page 81, line 33.

7. **truckled to the pedantry of a diploma**, stooped to submit to that ostentation of learning—a certificate of a medical degree. The sentence is a humorous way of indicating that the man was an ignorant quack and empiric, who derived his knowledge solely from experiments.

10. **the vital spark**, life; the phrase has passed into common use from Pope's "Vital spark of heavenly flame," in *The Dying Christian to his Soul*.

13. **surfeit-suffocation**, apoplexy.

the ignobler obstructions, etc., more disgraceful suffocation produced by attempts to commit suicide by hanging. Cannabis is Latin, from Greek *κάνναβις*, hemp.

16. **drier extinctions**, cases of suicide on dry land.

17. **water-practice**, practice in cases of drowning.

18. **the grand repository**, the great reservoir at the New River Head in Clerkenwell.

20. **Middleton's-Head**. An inn named after the originator of the artificial 'New River,' Sir Hugh Myddelton. He was a London goldsmith, knighted by James II. The water was brought through a course of 48 miles from the combined springs of Chadwell and Amwell in Hertfordshire. The work was completed in 1613. The benefits of the invention were imperfectly realised then, and the inventor died poor.

21. **the wrecks of drowned mortality**, bodies of men who had fallen or thrown themselves into the river. Cf. page 77, line 20.

22. **the liquids**, *i.e.* intoxicating liquors.

27. **finesse**. A French word, delicacy of perception.

30. **sad**, sober-coloured; a common Elizabethan usage. Cf. Milton, *Comus*, 189, "sad votarist, in Palmer's weed."

31. **dinged into a professional sable**, turned into a suit of black suitable for a doctor. 'Dinged' is a verb arbitrarily formed from the adjective 'dingy,' dark, dusky, dirty-coloured.

35. **Cognac**. French brandy, so called from the town on the river Charente.

Page 82, line 1. squeamish. See note on *A Complaint of the Decay of Beggars* page 160, line 7.

12. **press a crown**, prevail upon him to accept five shillings.

16. **absentee**, absent-minded one.

17. **given a shake to memory**, stirred his memory into activity, causing a series of reminiscences.

18. **providential**, divinely over-ruled, due to the protection of God.

20. **furniture**, coverings, hangings—an antique usage.

22. **Valance**, drapery which hangs from a bed or couch to the floor. In Chaucer it is spelt Valence, and is perhaps named from Valence, near Lyons, where the silk is still made.

23. **a state-bed**. See *The Praise of Chimney-Sweepers*, page 157, line 13.

24. **pails of gelid**, etc., pails of cold and kettles of boiling water. Gelid is Latin *gelidus*, cold, freezing.

25. **orchard pranks**, schoolboy raids upon fruit trees.

27. **Trumpington**, a village near Cambridge.

heavier tomes at Pembroke, fall of huge volumes, worse than tiles, in the library at Pembroke College.

28. **studious watchings**, hard study at night, causing terrible sleeplessness.

31. **deliverance hymns**, songs of thanksgiving to God for deliverance from death or the fear of death.

33. **tremor cordis**, Latin for 'palpitation of the heart.' It occurs in *The Winter's Tale*, I. 2. 110.

36. **self-tenderness**, compassionate solicitude for one's self.

Page 83, line 1. in the latter crisis, *i.e.* in a case of impending danger.

2. **Sir Hugh**, etc., Sir Hugh Evans in *Merry Wives of Windsor*, on the eve of the duel, III. 1. 17, etc. :

"To shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals ;

Mercy on me ! I have a great disposition to cry,

When as I sat in Pabylon," etc.

4. **Waters of Sir Hugh Middleton**. See note above, page 81, line 20.

what a spark, how valuable a life.

8. **liquid artifice—wretched conduit**. The New River is opprobriously addressed as a sham, an artificial pretence of a river, a miserable channel, because it had nearly drowned his friend Dyer. Cf. Horace, *Odes*, II. 13. 1-13 ; Milton, *Lycidas*, 100, 101.

10. **smit**, fired with enthusiasm by.

11. **that Abyssinian traveller**, James Bruce (1730-1794), the Scotch traveller, the pioneer of the modern attempts to discover the source of the Nile. His *Travels* were published in 1790.

Amwell, between Hertford and Ware. See note on page 81, line 20.

13. **cultured**, cultivated, fertile. The modern use of the word is metaphorical only. Shenstone has "cultured vales," *Elegies*, 25.

14. **Naiads**, water-nymphs, who were supposed to fall in love with handsome youths and drag them down to be their lovers. Naiad is Greek *naïás*, from *náw*, to flow. Cf. Vergil, *Eclogue*, x. 9, 10.

15. **ye**. As regards 'ye' for 'you,' see Abbott, §212. on the Shakespearian use of 'thee' for 'thou,' which is similarly to be explained on grounds of euphony.

16. **the tutelary genius**, the guardian spirit. Lamb is thinking of Milton, *Lycidas*, 182 :

"Henceforth thou art the genius of the shore,
 . . . and shalt be good
 To all that wander in that perilous flood."

18. **Cam**, the river of Cambridge.

19. **consonancy**, appropriateness; because Dyer was a Cambridge man, and had written a history of the University. Compare *On Some of the Old Actors*, page 189, line 19, note.

willows, the tree associated with mourning, especially with unhappy love. The banks of the Cam are lined with pollarded willows.

20. **moist sepulture**, a paraphrase of "wat'ry bier," Milton, *Lycidas*, 12.

21. **eternal novity**, perpetual newness, in allusion to its name, the *New River*.

24. "And could such spacious virtue," etc., from the contribution of the Cavalier poet, John Cleveland (1613-1659), to the *Elegies* on the death of Edward King, of which *Lycidas* is the most famous. The lines run:

"But can his spacious vertue find a grave
 Within the imposthumed bubble of a wave?"

'Imposthumed' is inflamed, suppurated, from *imposthume*, an abscess. The latter word is a corruption of *aposteme*, Greek ἀπόστημα, the separation of corrupt matter into an ulcer.

29. **till your presence of body**, etc., until we were threatened with the loss of your bodily presence by drowning. Compare *Oxford in the Vacation*, page 18, line 6.

30. **wandering into Euripus with Aristotle**, in allusion to the legend that Aristotle threw himself into the Euripus, the strait that separates Eubœa from the mainland of Greece, because he could not discover the cause of the irregularity of the ebb and flow in its tide.

31. **fie, man, to turn dipper**, etc., shame on you, to become a Baptist at your age. The Baptists practise total immersion in the rite of christening or baptism, whereas the Church of England rite allows sprinkling with water as an alternative; and in practice the latter is the regular custom.

33. **nothing but water in my head**, can think of nothing but water. For 'o' nights,' see Abbott, § 176.

34. **with Clarence in his dream**. *Richard III.* i. 4. 9.

35. **Christian beginning to sink**. Bunyan, *Pilgrim's Progress*.

Page 84, line 1. "I sink in deep waters," etc. Compounded of *Psalm* LXIX. 2: "I am come into deep waters where the floods overflow me"; and *Psalm* XLII. 7: "All thy waves and thy billows are gone over me." 'Selah' is an obscure musical term in

Hebrew, on the meaning of which there is the greatest diversity of opinion.

3. **Palinurus, just letting go the steerage.** Palinurus was the helmsman of Æneas' ship, and fell into the sea in his sleep. Vergil, *Æneid*, v. 854-61.

7. **reluctant gratefulness**, unwilling gratitude, because they had been saved against their own desire.

ropy weeds, etc., sticky sea-weed hanging from their hair. For 'watchet hue,' see page 9, line 30, note.

8. **constrained Lazari**, Lazaruses against their will. The allusion is to the restoration to life of the dead Lazarus, *St. John*, xi.

Pluto's half-subjects, half-dead. Pluto was king of the realms below, in classical mythology.

9. **stolen fees from the grave**, etc., men who have robbed death of its due—their lives—cheating Charon of his fare for crossing the river Styx. See page 23, line 4, note. Charon's fee was an obolus, a little over three halfpence. 'Bilk' is a slang word for 'frustrate, defraud.'

10. **Arion.** See note on *A Chapter on Ears*, page 60, line 25.

in his singing garments, in the robes of a poet. The phrase comes from Milton's *The Reason of Church Government*, Book II.: "A poet soaring in the high reason of his fancies, with his garland and singing robes about him."

11. **votive garland**, a garland of flowers offered to some deity as a thanksgiving and in fulfilment of a vow. See note below on page 84, line 13.

12. **Machaon.** In Greek mythology, son of Æsculapius, the god of healing, and physician to the Greeks before Troy.

Dr. Hawes. William Hawes (1736-1808), a distinguished physician, who attended Goldsmith in his last illness. In coupling the two names, Lamb means 'some great physician, ancient or modern.'

13. **suspend it to the stern God of Sea.** The allusion is to the Roman custom of persons escaped from shipwreck hanging up in the temple of Neptune, or some other sea-god, the clothes they escaped in, and other offerings. Lamb was thinking of Horace, *Odes*, i. 5. 13. "Me tabula sacer votiva," etc.:

"The temple wall with votive picture shows
That I have hanged my dripping garments up
In honour of the god that rules the sea."

Compare also Vergil, *Æneid*, xii. 768, 769.

14. **dismal streams of Lethe.** See note on *Dream Children*, page 146, line 5.

15. by wharfs where Ophelia twice acts her muddy death. Another allusion to

“The fat weed

That roots itself in ease on Lethe wharf” (*Hamlet*, I, 5. 33).

See also *Hamlet*, IV. 7. 182 :

“Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.”

17. notice, information or warning received.

19. inexorable. Homer's "Αἰδης ἀμείλιχος" and Horace's 'illacrimabilem Plutona' are in the epithet.

21. the grim feature, death. The phrase comes from Milton, *Paradise Lost*, x. 279.

22. learnt...to pity Tantalus, i.e. death has been so often tantalized, by having his victims snatched almost from his grasp by medical science, that he must sympathize with the feelings of Tantalus. See note on page 53, line 2, above.

24. A pulse, etc., a thrill of expectation.

Elysian shades, the spirits of Elysium. Above, page 24, line 16, the word has a different sense in "the blessed shades."

26. From their seats of Asphodel arose, etc. Compare the lines in Shelley's *Adonais* :

“The inheritors of unfulfilled renown
Rose from their thrones,” etc.,

stanzas 45 and 46, which may have been in Lamb's mind, as Keats's death occurred only three years before this Essay was written. Asphodel, Greek ἀσφόδελος (whence English daffodil) was the flower of Elysium, a plant of the lily kind.

29. love labours, work done for its own sake. See *Oxford in the Vacation*, page 16, line 31 ; page 17, line 3 ; and page 19, lines 1 to 17.

scholiast, annotator or commentator on the classical authors.

30. Markland. Jeremiah Markland (1693-1776), a classical scholar who edited *Statius* and several plays of Euripides. He was educated at Christ's Hospital.

Tyrwhitt. Thomas Tyrwhitt (1730-1786), critic and commentator on Shakespeare, and editor of Chaucer and Chatterton.

31. the sweet lyrist of Peter House. The poet, Thomas Gray (1716-1771), author of the famous *Elegy*, was at Peter House, Cambridge. Dyer was only sixteen when Gray died. Shelley, *Adonais*, stanza xxx., calls the Irish poet, Moore,

“The sweetest lyrist of her saddest wrong.”

34. **Askew.** Anthony Askew (1722-1772), physician and Greek scholar, was a friend of Dyer when the latter was a boy. Dyer was seventeen when Askew died at the comparatively early age of 50; hence "who should have been his patron through life."

35. **Æsculapian**, physician's; from Æsculapius, son of Apollo, the God of medicine. Cf. Machaon, page 84, line 12, above.

Page 85, line 1. whose tender scions in the boy, etc., whose budding virtues in boyhood he had cherished and fostered. See note on page 84, line 34 above. 'Scion' is here used in its earlier sense, 'shoot, sucker.' The word comes probably from French *scier*, Latin *secare*, to cut; literally 'a cutting.'

SOME SONNETS OF SIR PHILIP SYDNEY.

(*London Magazine*, September, 1823).

Page 85, line 7. the Arcadia. Sir Philip Sidney's pastoral romance, written in "poetic prose" (1590). See *The Old and the New Schoolmaster*, page 75, line 4-8.

8. **after-tune**, musical epilogue, or voluntary.

9. "**vain and amatorious.**" Quoted from Milton's *Eikonoklastes*: "The vain, amatorious poem of Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia*," i.e. "an unedifying love-poem." 'Amatorious' is an obsolete form of 'amatory.'

13. **the Masque at Ludlow Castle.** *Comus* was written for an entertainment given by the Earl of Bridgewater at Ludlow Castle. The 'courtier' is shown in the ideal presentment of the Lady Alice Egerton and her two brothers in the piece. But Milton's masque, with its lofty moral teaching, can hardly be styled 'courtly,' as were the masques of Ben Jonson and others.

14. **the Arcades.** In the opening lines the flattery of the Countess of Derby is quite as extravagant as the incense offered to Queen Elizabeth by Spenser.

16. **if the order of time**, etc. If the agitation against Charles II. had occurred a century earlier.

18. **the same part**, that of champion of the popular cause.

20. **a later Sydney.** Algernon Sidney, condemned for alleged complicity in the Ryehouse plot, and beheaded 1683.

21. **His letter on the French match.** In January, 1580, Sidney sent to Queen Elizabeth an elaborate treatise, in which he boldly condemned the proposed match with François de Valois, Duke of Alençon, youngest brother of the King of France. It was a vehemently worded appeal to the Queen's patriotism and zeal. The Queen "wept when she read the letter, but did not visit the writer with her displeasure, as she would have done in the case

of a less high-minded adviser" (Hume, *The Courtships of Queen Elizabeth*).

22. **did not call him to the scaffold.** The era of Queen Elizabeth required that a patriot should range himself on the side of the Champion of Protestantism, not against her.

26. **the very heyday of his blood,** when his youthful passions were at their strongest. For 'heyday' see note on *The South-Sea House*, p. 5, l. 4. Shakespeare has "the heyday in the blood," for the wildness of youth, in *Hamlet*, III. 4. 69.

28. **conceits, extravagant fancies.**

29. **thinks no labour, etc.,** does not shrink from launching its thoughts like ships on the wide ocean of imagination, and sending them in quest of the most remote fancies and similes, in order to lay its humble tribute of praise before the beloved lady in figures that emblematically represent her virtues. 'More than Indian voyages'—i.e. longer than those to the Indies.

Page 86, line 2. **the circum præcordia frigus,** the chill (of old age) at the heart—an imperfect recollection of Vergil, *Georgic*, II. 484:

'Frigidus obstiterit circum præcordia sanguis.'
(If cooling blood around my heart hath barred me.)

5. **the passion, love.**

6. **lie before our feet,** are obvious; Cf. τὰ πρὸς ποσὶν, Æschylus, *Edipus Tyrannus*, 130.

9. **Tibullus.** Albius Tibullus (about B.C. 54—19), the Roman poet of amatory verse.

the dear Author of the Schoolmistress. William Shenstone (1714-1763). His descriptive poem, *The Schoolmistress*, was published in 1737 and 1742. His lighter verse is rather that of an elegant trifler, than of a poet who 'dips his pen in his heart's blood.'

10. **that creep and whine,** obsequious and unmanly. But 'creep' may be used (like Latin *serpo*, in Horace's *Art of Poetry*, 28, and *repo* in *Epistles*, II. l. 251) of a grovelling and prosy style, as Pope uses it in his *Essay on Criticism*, II. 144:

"Ten low words oft creep in one dull line."

11. **at this rate,** in this half-hearted fashion.

12. **ad Leonoram,** to Leonora—Eleanora Baroni, an Italian singer whom he heard and admired during his tour in Italy.

14. **indecorum,** impropriety.

16. **Angelus unicuique suus,** etc. God himself is Leonora's "guardian angel."

"To every one his own angelic guard,
(Mankind, believe!) is from the heavenly host

Assigned ; to Leonore a greater glory yet,
 No marvel, for her very voice proclaims
 Immanuel. Sure, either God himself,
 Or more than human mind from heaven's void,
 Steals through thy lips with some diviner power ;
 So mortal hearts may be attuned to hear
 Immortal strains. If God is 'all in all,'
 Thou art his voice, dumb in Creation else."

Ainger remarks that Cowper, who translated most of Milton's Latin poems, shrank from the blasphemy of this.

26. **some candour of construction.** Cf. *Dedication*, page 2, line 5, note.

27. **the slight darkening of a dead language**, a certain tinge of obscurity which Latin throws over the sentiment for a modern reader.

30. **the Lover would have been staggered**, etc. Milton, even when a young man and in love, would have been shocked, if he had set about expressing so blasphemous a thought in plain English.

32. **His extravaganzas**, etc. Sidney's extravagances of fancy are not in the direction of blasphemy, though he does make the moon-goddess, Diana, a sympathizer with his human love. Extravaganza, formed on the analogy of Italian *stravaganza*, is (1) a musical caricature, (2) an extravagant conceit or flight. Shakespeare has "the pale-faced moon" (*Henry IV.* (A.) i. 3. 202), and Thurlow, *Sonnet* 24, "The shepherds on pale Dian fondly gaze."

Page 87, line 4. **That busy Archer**, Cupid, the boy god of love. Shakespeare has "Cupid's archery" (*M. N. D.*, III. 2. 103), and, "If we can do this, Cupid is no longer an archer" (*Much Ado*, II. 1. 401). Here there is, perhaps, an allusion also to the constellation, Sagittarius, the Archer,—the inactive archer contrasted with the "busy" one.

7. **languisht**, languishing.

8. **descries**, reveals ; an obsolete usage.

9. **even of fellowship**, at least out of a fellow-feeling (if for no other reason).

18. **the certain knot of peace**, the only form of truce that is binding and trustworthy.

19. **The baiting place of wit**, the inn where genius halts for rest and refreshment. 'Bait' is properly the causal of bite, to make to bite, to feed. Icelandic, *beita*, causal of *bíta*, to bite.

21. **indifferent**, impartial. So in the English Prayer Book, the prayer for judges and magistrates is, "that they may truly and *indifferently* minister justice."

22. of proof, of tried excellence.

prease, archaic form of press, the crowd. So often in Spenser.

24. civil wars, the struggle between contending feelings, such as hope and despair, in my breast.

27. A chamber deaf to noise, etc., a finely descriptive line for absolute quiet and darkness. The poet offers to surrender all the luxuries which wealth prepares in a bedchamber, in return for the gift of sleep.

30. heavy grace, lit. drowsy favour, i.e. induce thee to grant me the favour of drowsiness.

31. Stella's image. As a last inducement, the poet promises that Sleep shall behold the picture of Stella reflected in his eyes more clearly than elsewhere. The lady addressed in these sonnets as Stella (Latin for 'star') was the Lady Penelope Devereux, elder daughter of Walter, first Earl of Essex.

33. Bewray, betray. 'Bewray' is the genuine Saxon word; cf. *Matthew*, xxvi. 73. It is formed, with prefix 'be,' from A.S. *wreġan*, to accuse. 'Betray,' with the same prefix, is from O.F. *trair*, Latin *tradere*, to deliver up.

34. Whence those same fumes, etc., i.e. make a bad guess at the cause of my melancholy.

Page 88, line 1. How my spring I did address. How I prepared my youth for it, by study and reading.

2. my Muse, etc., think that I am writing a poem, or some other literary work.

3. the Prince, Queen Elizabeth. Elizabethan writers often use the masculine 'Prince' of a feminine ruler.

4. think state errors to redress, am meditating the cares of a statesman, how to repair mistakes of public policy.

12. most alone in greatest company, the counterpart of the saying of Scipio, quoted by Cato, in Cicero's *Republic*, i. 17. 27: "Nunquam minus solum . . . , quam cum solus esset," that he was never less alone than when he was alone.

13. quite awry, altogether 'wide of the mark,' as we say; answers that have no relation to the question, as in the child's game of "cross questions and crooked answers."

14. that would make speech of speech arise, who want to elicit remarks from another person by their own remarks, to "make conversation."

15. doom, judgment, opinion.

20. Which looks too oft, etc., practises self-examination too often.

22. overpass, overlook, disregard my friends, so that I neither

see nor hear them. Milton has the same use of 'overpass' in *Paradise Regained*, II. 198.

28. **sweet enemy**, an oxymoron that has been much quoted.

29. **advance**, extol.

31. **sleight**, etc., skill that comes from practice.

32. **lucky wits**, fortunate men of talent; because they owe all their success to mere fortune, they impute mine to it.

33. **because of both sides**, etc. Because both my father and my mother come of famous warrior lines.

36. **shot awry**, made bad guesses. Cf. line 13 above.

38. **my race**, my career as a horseman in the tournament.

Page 89, line 5. **Cupid**, see page 87, line 4, note.

6. **in Mar's livery**, in the dress of a soldier. Mars was the Roman god of war.

7. "**What now, Sir Fool!**" etc., "What are you doing, Fool, masquerading as a knight?" said he: "nothing less will satisfy me; look," etc.

9. **made a window send forth light**, by the brightness of her eyes caused a window to emit light, instead of letting it in.

11. **to rule**, to control my horse.

13. **beat the air for me**, aimed his blows uselessly, as far as I was concerned. So St. Paul, 1 *Corinthians*, ix. 26: "So fight I not as one that beateth the air."

19. **Let clouds**, etc., let sorrow overshadow my face and break in tears, as a cloud in rain.

23. **Aristotle's wit**, the genius of Aristotle, the most famous of Greek philosophers.

24. **Cæsar's bleeding fame**, the renown of murdered Julius Cæsar, as statesman and general.

29. **a wanton**, a spoilt child.

30. **School'd only**, etc., undisciplined, except by the loving frowns of his mother Venus.

32. **When for so soft a rod**, etc., when he attempts the dalliance that he loves at the cost of such gentle punishment. For this sense of 'rod,' see note on *Artificial Comedy*, page 203, line 18.

33. **Star**, playing on the meaning of Latin *Stella*. 'Sugar'd' in the sense of 'sweet, enticing,' is Shakespearian.

35. **lour**, frown. A.S. *hléor*, countenance. 'Lour, chide, threat,' form a climax, culminating in the last word.

Page 90, line 1. **no 'scuse serves**, no excuse avails.

2. **beauty's throne**, the cheeks, which are called 'those scarlet judges,' with reference to the colour of a judge's robes. There is

the same play on 'scarlet' in *Romeo*, II. 5. 73. The cheeks are called "the throne of beauty" in reminiscence of the line in Sophocles, *Antigone*, 784: "Love that sleepest in a maiden's tender cheeks."

4. **kiss-worthy**, one of Sidney's most felicitous mintages.

7. **drank of Aganippe well**, imbibed the inspiration of a poet. The fountain Aganippe, at the foot of Mount Helicon, in Bœotia, was sacred to the Muses. Cf. Vergil, *Eclogue* x. 12.

8. **shade of Tempe**, the famous vale of Tempe in Thessaly was another haunt of the Muses, and sacred to Apollo, god of poetry. Cf. Horace, *Odes*, I. XXI. 9, and III. I. 23, 24.

10. **lay-man**, uninitiated, one of the 'profane crowd' who are not admitted to the religious mysteries of poesy.

11. **fury**, the "divine madness," inspired frenzy.

12. **wot**, knows. See note on *Old Benchers*, page 133, line 32.

13. **blackest brook of hell**, the river Styx, the strongest and most terrible of oaths. Cf. Vergil, *Æneid*, x. 113-115, Homer, *Iliad*, xv. 37, 38.

14. **pick-purse of another's wit**, plagiarist.

18. **what is it thus?** etc. The reader is supposed to be guessing the cause of the poet's success, and to ask, "Is this the reason?" "Shame on you, no," he replies. "Or is it in this way?" "Still less so," he replies.

24. **imp feathers oft on Fame**, strengthen fame with fresh resources. 'Imp' is a term of falconry, to graft a wing with fresh feathers. Shakespeare, *Richard III.* II. 1. 292, has "Imp out our drooping country's broken wing."

25. **frame His sire's revenge**, etc. Young, yet wise, adding valour to wisdom, he could devise revenge for his father's death, combined with the gain of a kingdom. His father, Richard, Duke of York, was slain after the battle of Wakefield, 1460. Edward revenged his father's death by the deposition of Henry VI., and by the defeat of the Lancastrians at Northampton, Mortimer's Cross, and Towton, 1460 and 1461.

27. **And, gain'd by Mars**, etc. And although he gained his kingdom by war, could yet subdue the ferocity of war, so that just rule was established over that which he had won with the sword. 'Gained by Mars' is a rather awkward absolute construction, the kingdom having been gained. 'Balance' has reference to the scales of justice.

29. **made the Floure-de-luce so 'fraid**, inspired the French with a wholesome terror of him. The fleur-de-lys, or lily, is the emblem of the Kings of France.

30. **hedged of**, etc., protected by the warlike might of England. Three lions are borne in the arms of England.

31. **witty Lewis.** The crafty Louis XI., by the Treaty of Picquigny, near Amiens, on the Somme, 1475, bribed Edward to withdraw his army from France by paying 75,000 crowns, and an annual tribute of 50,000 for life.

33. **durst prove To lose his crown,** dared to risk the loss of his crown, rather than desert his love. In 1464, Edward avowed his marriage with Elizabeth Woodville, Lady Grey.

36. **smiling line, sunlit ripple.**

Page 91, line 1. Joy's livery wear, all radiant with delight.

2. **fair planets,** beautiful wanderers, *i.e.* the high-born ladies who were travelling on the Thames. Planet is Greek *πλανητής*, a wanderer.

7. **Æol's youth,** a fanciful name for the winds, as the army of Æolus, god of the winds. 'Youth' is here a collective noun, like Latin *juventus*, a body of youths or warriors. Cf. Vergil, *Æneid*, I. 52-58.

8. **still, perpetually.**

11. **fair disgrace,** an oxymoron; lovely dishabille or disorder.

13. **my chief Parnassus.** Sidney apostrophises the high-road, along which he is riding to Stella, as his chief source of poetical inspiration. Mount Parnassus, in Phocis, was the abode of the Muses.

15. **Tempers her words,** modulates her verse to the rhythmic tramp of horses' feet.

18. **where I my heart...shall meet,** meaning that his heart is in Stella's safe-keeping.

19. **of duty,** as duty requires. See Abbott, § 168.

23. **blam'd for blood,** made infamous by murder committed on it.

24. **And that you know,** etc., and, in order that you may recognise that I do not grudge you the highest good fortune one can wish, etc.

29. **The spirit of "learning and chivalry,"** an allusion to Spenser's anonymous dedication, in 18 short lines, of his *Shepherd's Calendar* to Sidney, who is not named, but only indicated as "the president of noblesse and of chevalree."

32. **"jejeune" or "frigid,"** dry, uninteresting, or spiritless; from Latin *jejunus*, fasting, dry, barren, and *frigidus*, cold. These epithets had been applied to the sonnets in Sidney's *Arcadia* by William Hazlitt, the critic (1778-1830), in a series of lectures on Elizabethan dramatic literature delivered in 1820. Lamb's Essay is, in fact, a reply to the severe strictures of Hazlitt on the *Arcadia*. For Lamb's friendship with him, see *Introduction*, pp. xiv. xv.

Page 92, line 6. unlocalised, indefinite, unconnected with any particular place. Compare lines 13-15 below.

9. **a fever of passion**, etc., a morbid excess of passion wasting away on the unsatisfying nourishment of exquisitely chosen words. The metaphor is that of a patient suffering from fever, and fed only on jellies and other light delicacies.

16. **wantonness**, reckless perversity.

18. **W. H.** See above on page 91, line 32.

20. **Table Talk.** Hazlitt's *Table-Talk*, which appeared in 1821, familiar discourses on a variety of subjects, chiefly literary.

26. **sacrifice a courtier to a patriot.** Hazlitt, says Lamb, had Whig prejudices, and was glad to exalt the republican, Milton, at the expense of the courtier, Sidney.

27. **fine idea**, perhaps an imperfect recollection of *Paradise Lost*, VII. 557:

"To behold this new-created world . . .
 . . . how good, how faire,
 Answering his *great Idea*."

or of Spenser, *Amoretti*, 45:

"Within my hart
 The *fayre idea* of your celestial new . . .
 . . . remains immortally."

30. **stiffness and encumberment**, formality of style and the encumbrances of its form. By 'encumberment' Lamb means the artificial restraints which the pastoral form of romance imposed, in its imitation of Roman and Greek models.

32. **that opprobrious thing**, etc. Lord Oxford is said to have insulted Sidney by calling him "a puppy," i.e. an impertinent fop.

34. **the epitaph made on him.** The anonymous epitaph appended to Spenser's *Astrophel*, which begins:

"To praise thy life or wail thy worthy death."

There is strong evidence that the author of it was Sir Walter Raleigh.

Page 93, line 1. "Friend's Passion for his Astrophel." "Elegie or Friend's Passion for his Astrophill," written by Matthew Roydon (about 1580-1622). It was first published in the *Phoenix Nest*, 1593, and appears in all editions of Spenser subsequent to 1595, appended to his *Astrophel*. Lamb only quotes selected stanzas. 'Passion' is unrestrained grief. 'Astrophill' is Sidney, as the lover of Stella, being compounded of Greek *αστρον*, a star, and *φίλος*, friend.

2. **Elegies of Spenser**, etc. Spenser wrote an elegy entitled *Astrophel*, "Upon the death of the most noble and valorous knight, Sir Philip Sidney."

4. **That I should live**, etc., to think that I should live to speak of him in the past tense, and say, "I knew." Compare "He

was (wo worth the word)," etc., in the elegy, *Silence augmenteth grief*, mentioned below ; also Spenser, *Faery Queene*, II. 1. 50.

6. **renew**, repeat.

9. **Arcady**, Arcadia ; referring to Sidney's romance. Spenser's *Astrophel* begins :

"A gentle shepherd born in Arcady."

11. **Partheny**, Mount Parthenius in Arcadia.

12. Cf. "purest cristall springs," in the elegy entitled *A pastoral Eglogue upon the death of Sir Philip Sidney, Knight*.

15, 16. These lines are an allusion to the account of Moses descending from Mount Sinai, *Exodus*, xxxiv. 29, 30.

18. **eyne**, an old plural for eyen, like kine for kyen.

22. **A full assurance given by looks**. Cf. *New Year's Eve*, page 44, line 30.

24. **The lineaments of Gospel books**, features inspiring as much confidence as the Scriptures. So, colloquially, "Gospel truth" is used for 'absolute truth.'

28. **approved**, demonstrated.

37. **high conceit**, an exalted conception of it ; so "highest conceit" in *Silence augmenteth grief*.

38. **rear'd above her height**, idealised.

Page 94, line 2. rage. Cf. "Silence augmenteth grief, writing increaseth rage," and "Enraged I write, I know not what," in the same elegy.

4. **Lord Brooke's**. See note on *The Two Races of Men*, p. 40, l. 7.

6. **that thing**. See above on page 92, line 32.

NEWSPAPERS THIRTY-FIVE YEARS AGO.

(*Englishman's Magazine*, October, 1831.)

Page 94, line 8. Dan Stuart, Daniel Stuart (1766-1846), an able pamphleteer, journalist, and editor, brother-in-law of the Sir James Mackintosh mentioned below, page 101. He undertook the editorship of the *Morning Post* in 1788, and raised it to the position of the chief Tory newspaper, and was equally successful with the *Courier*, an evening paper which he purchased in 1794. Lamb was a frequent contributor to the *Post* from 1800 to 1803.

9. **the Exhibition at Somerset House**. The Royal Academy, instituted 1768, with Sir Joshua Reynolds as president, held its first exhibition of pictures in Pall Mall. In 1780 the King granted the society rooms in New Somerset House, Strand, whence they removed to the National Gallery in Trafalgar Square in 1838. The Exhibition is now held in Burlington House, Piccadilly.

12. **of his own head**, of his own motion, spontaneously.

15. **that emporium ... Exposure**. Somerset House, where the pictures of academicians were exhibited and exposed for sale.

16. **We sometimes wish, etc.**, I sometimes wish I had exercised the same self-denial as Mr. Stuart, *i.e.* refrained from visiting the exhibition. Lamb has some trenchant criticism on modern English art in the next Essay. In the words, "abstinence with Daniel," there is a playful allusion to the abstemiousness of the prophet Daniel. Cf. *Grace Before Meat*, page 138, line 24.

19. **Perry**, James Perry (1756-1821) purchased the *Morning Chronicle* in 1789. Under his editorship it was the leading organ of the Whig party. It was sold in 1823 for £42,000.

23. **head**, source.

25. **With holy reverence, etc.** From a poem of John Armstrong (1709-1799), *The Art of Preserving Health*, II. 358 :

"With holy reverence I approach the rocks,
Whence glide the streams renowned in ancient song."

27. **the Abyssinian Pilgrim's - Nilus**. See note on page 83, line 11.

30. **sallying forth, etc.** Compare *Christ's Hospital*, page 22.

32. **Middletonian**. See above on page 81, line 20.

Page 95, line 1. scaturient. Latin: *scaturiens*, gushing, bubbling.

6. **Hornsey**, a northern suburb of London.

Hope trained us on, etc. Hope enticed me onward over innumerable bends that frustrated my purpose. So, in *Henry IV.* (A.) v. 2. 21 : "We did train him on."

7. **meanders**, bewildering windings. The word comes from the river Mæander in Asia Minor, whose many windings were proverbial.

8. **dodged**, colloquial for 'eluded.'

13. **that Brucian enterprise**. See note above on page 83, line 11.

17. **fontlet**, diminutive source, a word of Lamb's coinage.

18. **callow flights**, awkward attempts, like those of unfledged nestlings. Callow is A.S. *calu*, bald, akin to German *kahl*, Latin *calvus*, Sanskrit *khalati*.

19. **Gnat which preluded to the Æneid**, the Latin poem entitled *Culex*, formerly supposed to have been a juvenile composition of Vergil, and so "serving as a prelude to" his great epic poem.

20. **the Duck which Samuel Johnson trod on**. The story is given in Boswell's *Life of Johnson*. At the age of three he was said to have trodden accidentally on a duckling, eleventh of a brood, and killed it. Whereupon the child dictated to his mother the following epitaph :

“ Here lies good Master Duck,
Whom Samuel Johnson trod on ;
If it had lived, it had been good luck,
For then we’d had an odd one.”

The verses were really made by his father.

23. **retainer to its establishment**, member of its official staff.

24. **quantum**, or ‘quantum suff.’, an abbreviation of Latin *quantum sufficit* (as much as suffices), a sufficient quantity.

34. “ a capital hand,” colloquial for ‘excellent at the work.’
the conceits which we varied, etc., the various whimsical notions which we propounded on all the different shades of *red*.

36. **flower of Cytherea**, the rose, sacred to Venus. See notes on *Cythera*, page 35, line 14, and on *Mrs. Battle’s Opinions on Whist*, page 48, line 26.

the flaming costume, etc., the scarlet of “the woman arrayed in purple and scarlet,” “the great whore that sitteth upon many waters,” *Revelation*, xvii. 4 and 1 ; often interpreted by Protestants as signifying the corruptions of Popery.

Page 96, line 3. **nice brink**—the exact edge—of modesty, *i.e.* going to the very verge of delicacy, without becoming indelicate.

5. **posture-master**, an acrobat, or rope-dancer, as it were, keeping his balance accurately between propriety and impropriety.

8. **hovering in the confines**. Cf. *Imperfect Sympathies*, page 83, line 15 : “hover with him on the confines of truth.”

9. “**both seem either**,” an allusion to Milton’s description of Death, *Paradise Lost*, II. 670 :

“The other shape,
If shape it might be called that shape had none,
Or substance might be call’d that shadow seem’d,
For each seem’d either.”

10. **Autolycus-like in the Play**, like Shakespeare’s rascally pedlar Autolycus in the *Winter’s Tale*, iv. 4. 199, 200 : “He makes the maid to answer ‘Whoop, do me no harm, good man’ ; puts him off, slights him, with ‘Whoop, do me no harm, good man.’” He disappoints the rustics, who are expecting something indelicate.

12. **arried**. Cf. *Oxford in the Vacation*, page 15, line 29, note.

13. **tickles our midriff**, makes me shake with laughter. The midriff, or diaphragm, is the partition between the chest and the abdomen.

allusively to the flight of Astræa, alluding to the flight of Astræa from earth to heaven. Astræa, goddess of Justice, was the last of the celestials, said the poets, to quit the earth, driven away by men's wickedness. The quotation which follows is from Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, i. 150 :

“Ultima cœlestium terras Astræa reliquit.”

Compare also Ovid, *Fasti*, i. 249, 250 ; *Juvenal*, vi. 19.

17. the tract of the glowing instep, the region of the instep covered with its bright red stocking.

18. crowning, supreme, the last and finest piece of wit. So Cromwell called his victory at Worcester, 1651, the “crowning mercy.”

20. the fashion of jokes ... pass away. A reminiscence of 1 *Corinthians*, viii. 31, “The fashion of this world passeth away.”

23. left us scarcely a leg to stand upon, a play upon the common colloquialism ; left me almost resourceless.

24. pregnant, full of possibilities.

25. more than single meanings, verbal ambiguities, “where more is meant than meets the ear,” French *doubles ententes*.

26. cross-buns, indigestible buns, stamped with a cross, and sold on Good Friday, in memory of the crucifixion.

30. Man goeth ... evening, *Psalms* CIV. 23.

31. a reasonable hour. For Lamb's ideas as to what is ‘a reasonable hour’ for getting up in the morning, see *Popular Fallacies* XIV. lines 4-12.

Page 97, line 2. bread and cheese, a common expression for ‘the bare necessities of life.’

3. No Man's Land, unoccupied territory.

12. with the lamb, *i.e.* at sunset ; a reference to the proverbial wisdom which inculcates ‘lying down with the lamb and rising with the lark.’

14. a parting cup, ‘a last glass of wine or spirits before going to bed’ is probably all that Lamb means ; though a particular compound of new ale, sherry, sugar, etc., was technically known as a ‘parting cup.’

16. constellated under Aquarius, born under the influence of Aquarius (the water-carrier), *i.e.* a water-drinker. Aquarius is the eleventh sign in the Zodiac. Lamb's use of ‘constellated’ is peculiar ; it signifies properly ‘grouped in one constellation,’ or (2) ‘adorned with constellations.’

17. incapable of Bacchus, unable to drink wine, having ‘no head’ for liquor. Bacchus, the wine-god, often signifies wine, as Vulcan fire, Venus love, etc. Livy has ‘*vini capacissimus*,’ able to take in a great deal of wine.

washy, weak, feeble.

18. **Basilian water-sponges**, water-drinkers, like Basil Montagu. See note on the title of *Confessions of a Drunkard*, page 135.

19. **Mount Ague**. 'We had not qualified ourselves for the ague, by abjuring strong liquors.' The name 'Montague,' in some old editions of Shakespeare, is spelt 'Mountague.' His friend Montagu being a water-drinker, Lamb ranges himself with the opposite faction, the Capulets.

right toping Capulets, regular hard-drinkers, like the Capulets—the rival house of the Montagues in Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet*. Right, in the sense, 'truly deserving the name,' 'genuine,' is common in Shakespeare.

22. **a dim vista of ... Bohea**, a distant prospect of tea. Bohea is a coarse kind of tea. From Chinese *Wu-i*, pronounced *Bu-i*, the name of the hills where it is grown.

23. **an old hag of a domestic**, a wretched old housemaid.

25. **chappy knuckles**, like those of the witches in *Macbeth*, I. 3. 44: "Each at once her chappy fingers laying

Upon her skinny lips."

'Chappy' is full of chaps or cracks.

29. "**Facil**" and **sweet**, etc., an allusion to Vergil's 'Facilis descensus Averno,' etc, *Æneid*, vi. 126:

"Easy the slope to Hell,
Its gloomy gate wide open night and day;
But to return and mount to heaven's light,
This is the labour, this the task."

33. **malice prepended**, i.e. 'malice prepense,' premeditated; formed with prefix 'pre,' and French *penser*, to think.

35. **Egyptian taskmaster**, proverbial for a hard and unreasonable master, from the overseers appointed by Pharaoh, King of Egypt, to superintend the labour of his Israelite slaves. See *Exodus*, i. 11-15, v. 6-15.

Page 98, line 1. No fractious operants ... turned out, no unruly workmen went on strike.

3. **bating**, excepting, i.e. Sunday being a holiday. So in *M.N.D.* i. 1. 190: "Demetrius being bated," and often in Shakespeare.

5. **claim no Sabbatical exemptions**, do not ask to be excused from making jokes on Sunday. For 'Sabbatical,' see note on *My Relations*, page 100, line 31.

7. **the head has to go out to them**. It is one thing to make jokes which occur spontaneously, quite another thing to rack one's brains for them.

the mountain must go to Mahomet, an impossibility is expected: an allusion to the story that Mahomet vainly commanded Mount Safa to come to him. Hence the proverb, "If the mountain will not come to Mahomet, Mahomet must go to the mountain."

12. **contorted into the risible**, etc., unnaturally forced to provide food for laughter. Cf. p. 84, l. 21, "the grim Feature."

13. **some flint... distillation**, some hard rock from which no spring of humour could be struck; the allusion is to *Deuteronomy* VIII. 15, "who brought then forth water out of the rock of flint," referring to *Numbers*, xx. 11, where Moses "with his rod smote the rock .. and the water came out abundantly."

15. **appointed tale of brick-making**, etc., fixed amount of labour to be done, whether you had the material for it or not. Another reference to *Exodus*, v. 10-20. 'Tale' is number, as in *Psalms* xc. 9: "We bring our years to an end, as it were a tale that is told."

17. **the craving dragon**, etc., the hungry monster—the British public—must have its literary food provided. The allusion is to the story of Bel and the dragon in the *Apocrypha* or uncanonical books of the Old Testament. The prophet Daniel exposes the fraud by which the priests removed and consumed the enormous daily offerings of food to Bel-Merodach, tutelary god of Babylon, destroys the idol, and kills the sacred serpent, or dragon, which the Babylonians worshipped.

19. **Daniel—bursting him**, Daniel Stuart and I did our best to satisfy without actually surfeiting him. The prophet Daniel is said to have "burst" the serpent by inserting a hot compress of tar and other ingredients in his mouth.

21. **wringing out coy sprightlinesses**, squeezing our brains to produce reluctant witticisms.

23. **Bob Allen**, Lamb's old schoolfellow. See *Christ's Hospital*, page 33, line 29, etc.

quondam, former; properly a Latin adverb meaning formerly. For the adjectival usage see note on *Christ's Hospital*, page 25, line 23.

tapping, a metaphor from tapping a cask of ale.

24. the "**Oracle**," a newspaper started by Daniel's brother, Peter Stuart, about 1788. The proprietor was John Bell (1745-1831), the successful publisher.

27. **nonchalance**, a French word, carelessness, cool indifference.

29. **palmed**, impudently imposed. Cf. *Distant Correspondents*, page 150, line 26.

36. **paragraph-mongers**, newspaper 'hacks,' who write short paragraphs of small talk.

Page 99, line 1. have his fling at, attack him with ridicule.

3. **rencounter**, French *rencontre*, accidental meeting.

9. **a Common Council Man**, a municipal representative.

13. **proper to**, suitable for exciting.

17. the "**True Briton**," the "**Star**," the "**Traveller**." The *True Briton* was started under the editorship of John Heriot in 1793, in the same year as the *Sun*, in support of Pitt; the *Star*, the first regular London evening paper, was started by Peter Stuart in 1788; the *Traveller* was an evening daily edited by Quin, and was the organ of the commercial travellers.

29. **economy**, system of management.

30. **Parson Este and Topham**, Rev. Charles Este, or D'Este, better known as 'Parson Este,' was successively an actor, a clergyman, and a journalist (1753-1829). He was associated with Topham till 1720, when they quarrelled, and Este took to abusing him in the *Oracle*. Edward Topham (1751-1820) was a journalist and play-writer, son of the Topham lampooned by Sterne in the *History of a Warm Watch-Coat*. He started the daily paper called the *World* in 1787, assisted by Este, Andrews, and the proprietor, John Taylor.

31. **set**, fixed, regular.

32. the "**World**." See note on Topham, line 30 above.

Boaden... a reigning paragraphist. James Boaden (1762-1839), journalist and dramatic author. He wrote *Memoirs of Mrs. Inchbald*, *Mrs. Jordan*, *J. P. Kemble*, and *Mrs. Siddons*. Lamb means that he was recognised as the best paragraph writer of the day.

35. the **Biographer of Mrs. Siddons**. Boaden, see last note.

Page 100, line 2. **prelusive delicacies**, introductory elegancies, i.e. witty paragraphs, which form a prelude, as it were, to the solid articles of a journal.

curt "Astræan allusion," the brief allusion to Astræa. See above, page 96, line 14, etc. and note on Astræa.

6. **by change of property.** Daniel Stuart sold the *Morning Post* in 1803 for £25000.

8. **Rackstrow's Museum**, on the north side of Fleet Street, near Chancery Lane. It was a museum of natural curiosities and anatomical figures—including the skeleton of a whale 70 ft. long. The proprietor died in 1772.

12. **dead monsters.** See preceding note.

17. "**Bigod**." See *The Two Races of Men*, pp. 36 to 38.

18. **redoubted**, dreaded—for his propensity to borrowing. The word comes through French from Latin *redubitare*, to fear

21. **on tick**, slang for 'on credit,' an abbreviation of 'on ticket.'

23. **Lovell**. He was editor of the *Statesman*. In 1817 Daniel Stuart obtained a verdict against him for libel.

30. **corollary**, incidental consequence. Originally 'a gratuity.' Latin *corollarium*, a garland of gold or silver flowers, given to an actor, from *corolla*, a garland; the latter is a diminutive of *corona*, a wreath, crown.

32. **daily demands of the Stamp Office**. The stamp duty on newspapers was imposed in 1712, and gradually increased to fourpence for every half sheet in 1815. After the war it was reduced. The compulsory stamp was abolished, except for postal purposes, in 1855, and in 1870 the last restriction was removed.

34. **politer bread**, a more gentlemanly means of livelihood.

Page 101, line 2. **heats**, enthusiasm.

3. **err'd in the company of some**, etc., e.g. Coleridge, Wordsworth, Byron, Shelley.

7. **consonant, in no very undertone, to**, harmonising, in a tolerably pronounced manner, with. Undertone is a soft, subdued tone, what 'Lewis Carroll' called "a soft undercurrent of sound."

8. **cue**, the part which I had to play: a theatrical metaphor.

9. **blocks, axes, Whitehall tribunals**, etc., suggestions of public executions and state trials were made in such artfully indirect and metaphorical language.

11. **Mr. Bayes**. See note on *The Old Benchers*, page 130, line 18.

13. **the lurking snake**, the hidden malice or sedition—a proverbial expression, cf. Vergil's "latet anguis in herba," a snake is lurking in the grass, *Eclogue* III. 93.

20. **an unlucky, or rather lucky epigram**, i.e. unlucky, in that it offended Stanhope, lucky, in that it made an end of an uncomfortable connection for Lamb. The epigram is addressed 'To Sir James Mackintosh,' and runs:

"Though thou'rt like Judas, an apostate black,
In the resemblance one thing dost thou lack;
When he had gotten his ill-purchased pelf,
He went away, and wisely hanged himself:
This thou may do at last; yet much I doubt
If thou hast any bowels to gush out!"

21. **Sir J——s M——h**, ... of his 'apostasy.' Sir James Mackintosh had constituted himself the champion of the principles of the French Revolution by his *Vindiciæ Gallicæ* (1791), an answer to Burke's *Reflections*. Later in life his views changed, the conversion being mainly effected by Burke, and in

1803 he accepted an offer from Addington of the Recordership of Bombay, and was knighted on his appointment. He was violently attacked by the opposition journals for this 'apostasy.'

24. **nice**, delicate, fastidious.

25. **Citizen Stanhope**. Charles, third Earl of Stanhope (1753-1816), a mathematician, a Greek scholar, and an ardent democrat. He was chairman of the English Revolution Society, founded in 1788 to commemorate the Revolution of 1688, and forwarded to Paris the Society's congratulations on the fall of the Bastille. From his constant support of the French Revolutionists he was nick-named "Citizen" Stanhope, and caricatured by Gillray as a sans-culotte.

BARRENNESS OF THE IMAGINATIVE FACULTY IN THE PRODUCTIONS OF MODERN ART.

(*The Athenæum*, January and February, 1833.)

Page 102, line 1. **Hogarth**. See note on *A Chapter on Ears*, page 58, line 17.

2. **humour**, whim, fashion.

10. **individualising property**, the quality which gives to a picture an unique individuality of its own.

17. **Titian**. The great Italian artist, Tiziano Vecellio (1477-1576), a native of Venice.

19. **Ariadne**, one of the artist's masterpieces, Bacchus and Ariadne, in which the wine-god comes to console Ariadne, after she has been deserted by her lover Theseus on the island of Naxos.

Precipitous, etc., with headlong impulse, surrounded by his mob of drunken Satyrs. The Satyrs were inferior woodland deities, half men, half goats.

21. **the waste places**, the desert island of Naxos. Titian has, however, introduced a flourishing town and castle in the background of "the waste places."

drunk with a new fury beyond the grape, intoxicated with the frenzy of passion stronger than drunkenness. So Milton has 'drunk with idolatry' (S.A. 1670), and the metaphorical use is common both in the Old and the New Testament: e.g. *Isaiah*, LI. 17, "Thou hast drunk the cup of his fury."

22. **born in fire**, because his mother, Semele, was consumed by the fiery presence of the god Zeus (Jupiter).

the Cretan, Ariadne was the daughter of Minos, King of Crete.

25. **Guido**, Guido Reni, of Bologna (1575-1642), a great Italian painter. His Bacchus and Ariadne is in the Accademia di S. Luca at Rome.

27. **laid it contributory**, compelled it to contribute.

29. **made lucid with**, illuminated by the shining presence of a god and his fresh offer of love.

Page 103, line 1. heart-silence, desolation.

4. **the Athenian**, Theseus, son of Ægeus, King of Athens.

7. **the accidents of the dull grey dawn**, etc., the untoward events of the early morning (the desertion of Theseus) still retaining their hold upon her memory undiminished.

13. **merged in the insipid accident**, absorbed by the unromantic incident.

15. **not lightly to be pieced up**, not easily to be healed.

18. **Raphael**, Raffaello Sanzio (1483-1520), the greatest of all painters. Some of his finest work is in the Vatican, the palace of the Popes, adjoining St. Peter's, at Rome.

19. **A fairer mother of mankind**, etc. An allusion to Milton, *Paradise Lost*, iv. 323, 324:

"Adam the goodliest man of men since born
His sons, the fairest of her daughters Eve."

24. **tempering**, etc., modifying an expression of the delighted anticipation of a husband in the face of Adam, etc.

25. **the Giver**, God.

29. **bauble**, ornament, toy.

Page 104, line 3. art-fostering walls, Somerset House, as encouraging art by its annual exhibition of pictures. See note on page 94, line 9.

the raptures should be as ninety-nine, etc., the lower emotion might be in the proportion of ninety-nine per cent., to one per cent. of the higher emotion (gratitude to God); or there might be even a hundred of the former to none of the latter.

10. **a moment how abstracted**, a parenthetical exclamation of the writer. 'And what a moment of abstraction in Adam has the painter seized!'

11. **battle for indecorous mastery**, struggle unbecomingly to subdue each other. The 'indecorousness' lies in the struggle of the lower against the higher.

12. **neoteric**, modern artist; Greek νεωτερικὸς, formed from the comparative adjective νεώτερος, newer, younger.

13. **severely**, austere, in classic style.

14. **the gardens of the Hesperides**. See page 53, line 2, note.

16. of which a Polypheme, by Poussin, etc., an orchard which is, whether by accident or design, exactly like the landscape of Poussin's picture representing Polyphemus. Polyphemus was a one-eyed giant, King of the Cyclopes, inhabiting Sicily, according to Greek mythology. Nicolas Poussin (1593-1665) was a French historical painter, famous for his landscapes. The picture to which Lamb refers is probably his "Triumph of Galatea," at the Hermitage, St. Petersburg.

18. a "still-climbing Hercules." From *Love's Labour's Lost*, iv. 3. 340 :

"For valour is not Love a Hercules,
Still climbing trees in the Hesperides."

19. Ternary of Recluses, the solitary Hesperides. Ternary is a triad, or group of three.

20. conventual porter, door-keeper of a convent.

21. custos with the "lidless eyes," sleeplessly watchful guardian. *Custos* is Latin for guardian. "Lidless dragon eyes" is quoted in *Artificial Comedy*, pages 206, line 17, q. v.

23. Hercules aut Diabolus, Hercules or the Devil. (Latin.)

25. Ab extra. Latin : from the outside.

28. a bevy, a company. O.F. *bevée*, perhaps originally a drinking company. From O.F. *bevre*, Latin *bibere*, to drink.

30. etiquette, an Anglicised French word, 'ceremonial observance'; originally 'a small label.' O.F. *estiquette*, Low German *stikke*, peg, pin.

31. fête champêtre, garden-party, rural festivity (French).

33. Watteauish, rather in the manner of Watteau, Jean Antoine Watteau (1684-1721), a famous French landscape painter, who filled his scenes with courtly groups.

34. the daughters three, etc. Milton, *Comus*, 982 :

"All amidst the gardens fair
Of Hesperus, and his daughters three,
That sing around the golden tree."

Page 105, line 6. stagger, shake its credibility.

7. the material sublime, as opposed to that which is spiritually sublime.

8. transcripts, copies.

Assyrian ruins old. Lamb was probably thinking of John Martin's "Fall of Babylon" and "Fall of Nineveh." See note below on line 13.

10. stretched and craving, exaggerated, grandiose, and exacting. Shakespeare, *Sonnet* 17. 12, has "stretched metre of an antique song."

the glories of the antique world. Lamb has in mind the description of Pandemonium, Milton, *Paradise Lost*, l. 716, etc. :

“Not Babylon,
Nor great Alcairo such magnificence
Equalled in all their glories
When Egypt with Assyria strove
In wealth and luxury.”

“The antique world” comes from *As You Like It*, II. 3. 57.

12. **halts**, blunders, fails; a metaphorical application of the sense, to limp, or be lame.

13. the “**Belshazzar’s feast**,” a picture by John Martin (1789-1854), which was exhibited in 1821. In most of this artist’s Scriptural subjects, particularly in his “Christ entering Jerusalem,” the architectural accessories are very striking, and quite bear out Lamb’s eulogy above, lines 3 to 11. See *Daniel*, ch. v.

17. the late King, George IV., who died June, 1830.

the Pavilion, at Brighton, a ‘costly absurdity,’ begun by George IV. in 1784, on which he squandered a good deal of money. It was decorated in the Oriental, especially the Chinese style.

20 **oriental**, lavish.

22. the regalia, the Crown jewels, kept in the Tower of London.

25. **Court Chaplain**, a clergyman officially appointed to minister to the Sovereign and his court.

27. **transparency**, a picture painted on glass, or other transparent material, with a light behind it.

30. the Georges and garters . . . **moulted**, the numerous decorations which the guests dropped like moulting fowls. The George is the medal of the Order of the Garter, a mounted figure of St. George. ‘To moult’ is to change the feathers.

Page 106, line 2, a **pantomime hoax**, a mere trick such as is played in a pantomime—a nondescript piece, in which spectacular effect is agreeably combined with buffoonery. For ‘hoax’ see note on *The South-Sea House*, page 4, line 29.

Mr. Farley, Charles Farley (1771-1859), an actor and dramatist. He superintended the pantomimes at Covent Garden from 1806 to 1834, and was unsurpassed as an inventor of theatrical machinery.

5. the **mutual rallyings**, the banter which the guests exchanged.

6. **galaxy**, splendid assemblage; properly ‘the Milky Way,’ through French and Latin from Greek *γαλαξίας*, the galaxy or milky way.

8. **The huddle, the flutter**, the crowding together, the agitated confusion. 'Huddle' is M.E. *hodren*, to huddle, also to cover. Both are frequentatives of M.E. *huden*, to hide. The original sense was 'to crowd together for shelter or protection.'

10. **the prettinesses heightened by consternation**, the charms of the ladies intensified by the expression of alarm.

15. **the Hall of Belus**, the king's palace. Belus was a mythical king of Babylon, deified after his death.

23. **the finger of God writing judgments**. *Daniel*, v. 5, and 25-29.

24. **withered, seared, blasted by divine wrath**.

27. **When the spirit**, etc., *Job*, iv. 13-16. Eliphaz was one of the three friends who came to comfort Job in his affliction. He is called the Temanite, as an inhabitant of Teman, probably a southern district of the land of Edom.

32-36. **Belshazzar ... wives**. *Daniel*, v. 1-7.

Page 107, line 12. undertakes for, makes herself responsible for the interpretation (by means of Daniel). *Daniel*, v. 10-13.

15. **astonished**, the word used is 'astonied,' i.e. thunderstruck, dismayed. *Daniel* v. 9.

18. **as Joseph**, etc., as Joseph interpreted the dream of Pharaoh, when the king related it to him. *Genesis*, xli. 17-33.

19. **"Then was the part of the hand,"** etc. *Daniel*, v. 24.

20. **phantasm**, apparition, Greek *φάντασμα*.

24. **"thy kingdom is divided."** *Daniel*, v. 28.

26. **neither directly nor grammatically**, neither by mention being made of them, nor by the use of the plural number.

29. **the knees of Belshazzar**, etc. Verse 6.

33. **stupor-fixed**, dazed and rooted to the ground.

36. **the brilliant individualities**.. **Titian**, the magnificent painter of the details in such a picture as the 'Marriage at Cana.' Veronese is Paolo Cagliari, commonly called Paolo Veronese (1528-1588), a Venetian painter. One of his two masterpieces is the 'Marriage at Cana,' in the Louvre gallery at Paris; other pictures of his on the same subject are at Milan, in the Dresden gallery, and in the Madrid Museum. The marriage at Cana of Galilee was the scene of the miraculous conversion of water into wine. *St. John*, II. 1-12.

Page 108, line 5. leisure and luxury, there is time enough to be, and gratification in being.

"day of judgment."

6. **"day of lesser horrors, yet divine."** I have been unable to trace the source of this quotation,

7. **impious feast**, from the headlines of *Daniel*, v., "Belshazzar's impious feast."

8. **agent or patient**, one who takes an active, or a passive part...

9. **only in masses and indistinction**, i.e. would not be capable of seeing very clearly, or in detail, but would only take in general effects, and that dimly.

12. **curiosities of anatomical science** ... **Michael Angelo**. Lamb alludes to his great picture of "The Last Judgment," in the Sistine Chapel of the Vatican at Rome, in which the grandeur of the conception is somewhat marred by the studied cleverness of the postures and the over-nice elaboration of the anatomy in the figures represented. See *Old Benchers*, page 132, line 24.

16. **a wise falsification**, a well-judged misrepresentation of what they saw. The phrase is explained by what follows. Cf. page 107, lines 35, 36.

22. **Pompeii**, which shared the fate of Herculaneum. See *Oxford in the Vacation*, page 16, line 9, note.

27. **eclipsing**. The word here combines the two senses, 'supreme,' and 'extinguishing in darkness.'

28. **upturned from their proprieties**, subverted from their proper functions.

32. **with antiquarian coolness**, with the phlegmatic impassiveness of a student of antiquities. Cf. page 6, line 35.

34. "**Sun, stand thou still**," etc. *Joshua*, x. 12. The allusion is to Martin's picture, "Joshua commanding the sun to stand still" (1816). See note, page 105, line 13.

36. **Hebraism**, Hebrew form of expression.

the heroic son of Nun, Joshua.

Page 109, line 1. the greater and lesser light, the sun and moon. *Genesis*, i. 16.

4. **circumstances**, accompanying incidents. Lamb had in mind *Othello*, III. 3. 354: "Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war."

6. **synchronic**, simultaneous. French *synchronique*, from an imaginary Greek *συγχρονικός*. The ordinary form is *synchronous*, Gk. *σύγχρονος*, from *σύν*, together, and *χρόνος*, time.

10. "**dart through rank and file traverse**," a condensed quotation from Milton, *Paradise Lost*, i. 567, etc.:

"He through the armed files
Darts his experienc't eye, and soon traverse
The whole battalion views."

'Traverse' is 'crosswise.'

13. **where only it is to be found**, in which alone the imaginative faculty can be found, if at all.

16. **Lazarus**. *St. John*, XI. 44.

17. **the great picture at Angerstein's**, the celebrated work, the "Raising of Lazarus," in Angerstein's collection. The artist was Sebastiano Luciano, or Sebastiano del Piombo, a Venetian (1485-1547). The picture is now in the National Gallery. John Julius Angerstein (1735-1823) was a Russian merchant, resident in London. His collection of 38 paintings was purchased for £57,000 in 1824, and formed the nucleus of the National Gallery. It was first exhibited in Pall Mall in May, 1824. The present building in Trafalgar Square was not opened till 1838.

18. **between two beings**, midway between the living and the dead.

28. **the mighty Sebastian**. See above on line 17. Vasari says that the picture was "executed under the superintendence and after the designs of Michael Angelo."

31. **scope**, range.

36. **what associating league**, etc. What association can the imagination find, whereby to connect those who see and those who do not see?

Page 110, line 1. **presential**, present, immediate. Jeremy Taylor has "God's mercy is made presential to us."

3. **a Dryad**, a wood-nymph, from Greek *δρῦς*, an oak.

7. **Disseat**, remove from their place. The word occurs, in the sense 'unthrone,' as a probable conjecture, in *Macbeth*, v. 3. 21: "This push will cheer me ever or disseat me now."

8. **naiad**. See note, page 83, line 14.

9. **after Julio Romano**, in imitation of a picture of Giulio Romano. Giulio Gianuzzi, or Pippi, named Romano from the place of his birth (1492-1546), was Raphael's favourite pupil.

11. **reciprocated characters**, *i.e.* changed places with a naiad.

13. **convolution**, sinuous fold, like the coils of a serpent.

linked to her connatural tree, etc., united to the tree whose nature she shared, intertwining her limbs with its branches, till the tree seemed human and the woman arboreal—the branches seeming alive, the limbs lifeless. Milton has "mix with our connatural dust," *Paradise Lost*, XI. 528. For 'both seemed either,' see note on page 96, line 9.

19. **the delicacies of Ovidian transformations**, the dainty touches in which Ovid describes the metamorphoses. Cf. page 6, line 32.

22. **the Great Masters**, the painters generally recognised as supreme in their art.

22. **fruitfulness, suggestiveness.**

26. **linger about the Vatican,** continue to draw our illustrations from the Vatican galleries.

28. **that scriptural series.** Raphael's frescoes in the Loggie at the Vatican.

31. **the cartoons.** Italian *cartone*, designs drawn on pasteboard. They were purchased by Charles I. from Arras, to which they had originally been sent to be copied in tapestry, and were placed at Hampton Court. They are now in the South Kensington Museum. Of the original eleven four have been lost. Of the remaining seven two subjects are drawn from the gospels, and five from the Acts of the Apostles. They represent: The Miraculous Draught of Fishes, Christ's Charge to Peter, The Death of Ananias, The Beautiful Gate of the Temple, Paul at Lystra, Elymas the Sorcerer, and Paul at Athens.

33. **the Frenchmen .. Rome.** Coleridge, *Biographia Literaria*, XXI. The poet says he was talking to a Prussian artist, a bitter hater of the French, about the statue. 'When two Frenchmen of rank and distinction entered the church, "mark you," whispered the Prussian, "the first thing which those scoundrels will notice ... will be the horns and the beard. And the associations which they will immediately connect with them will be those of a He-goat and a cuckold."' Never did man guess more luckily ... for even as he had said, so it came to pass.'

35. **the Moses of Michael Angelo.** See note on *The Old Benchers*, page 132, line 24.

collected no inferences ... Cornuto, was unable to derive any idea except that of a goat and a horned man. 'Cornuto,' a man with horns, is an Italian word. It is used in *Merry Wives*, III. 5. 71, for 'a cuckold.'

Page 111, line 1. of mere mechanic promise, suggestive only of exercise in draughtsmanship, not of any artistic possibilities.

3. **object derogatory associations.** Shipbuilding would suggest to a modern artist only the dockyards, their degrading associations of the commercial and commonplace raising an objection to the subject.

4. **The dépôt ... intellectual eye,** the military and naval storehouses at Chatham would (for the same reason) prevent him from seeing the great possibilities of the subject. 'The mote' and 'the beam' are the lesser and greater obstacles to clear-sightedness, from *Matthew*, VII. 3-6.

6. **Civita Vecchia,** an Italian seaport and naval base, on the Mediterranean.

8. **conservatory of the wrecks, etc., the Ark,** which was to preserve the poor remnant of the human race, Noah and his family, from the Deluge.

11. **the Patriarch**, Noah.

12. **the solitary ... Three**. His sons, Shem, Ham, and Japhet.

14. **a Demiurgus**, a Creator, and Divine Artificer; the Greek *δημιουργός* is so used by Xenophon in his *Memorabilia*, and by Plato in the *Timæus* and the *Republic*.

14. **under some instinctive .. guidance**. Guided by instinct rather than by instructed skill. Cf. *A Chapter on Ears*, page 57, line 7, etc.

16. **those Vulcanian Three**, etc. The Cyclopes that wrought in Vulcan's forge under Mount Etna, as described by Vergil. *Æneid*, vii. 416-425: "Brontes and Steropes and bare-limbed Pyracmon." Mongibello comes from the Arabic name of Mount Etna, Montgibel. Cf. Spenser, *Faery Queene*, II. 9. 29, "flaming Mongiball."

19. **repair**, renew, by repopulating it.

25. **one time for ninety-nine**, etc., i.e. not once in a hundred times is our attention called to their exteriors.

28. **a Blackamoor ... Plump Jack**. A blackamoor is a derogatory name for a negro. Plump Jack, fat old Jack Falstaff, in allusion to *Henry IV.* (A.) II. 4. 527, where Falstaff cries to Prince Hal:

"Banish plump Jack, and banish all the world."

29. **corporealised**, and **enchained .. externality**, materialised and under the debasing dominion of the senses and of the objects of perception.

32. **Quixote**. Don Quixote de la Mancha, the hero of the famous romance of Cervantes (1547-1616).

the errant Star of Knighthood ... eclipse, that eccentric glory of chivalry, whose character is the more pathetic because chivalry had lost its hold on the world. 'Errant,' literally 'wandering,' is used in allusion to the "Knights Errant," who wandered about the world redressing wrong. Cf. *Don Quixote*, Part II. ch. 59:

"Cynosure and morning star of knight-errantry."

34. **a Sancho ... Rosinante**. Sancho Panza, Don Quixote's squire, a shrewd peasant, short and fat, and half a knave. Rosinante was the name of Quixote's lean and miserable steed. 'Rabblement,' rabble, crowd of riff-raff.

35. **has read his book ... tears**, has only half appreciated the romance. Cervantes wished to show the *pathos* of the situation, not its comedy.

Page 112, line 9. forlorn habiliments, his sorry clothes and equipment.

the "strange bed-fellows," etc., a proverbial expression for chance companions. Cf. *The Tempest*, II. 2. 42, "Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows."

13. **super-chivalrous**, exaggeratedly chivalrous. The passage occurs in *Don Quixote*, Part II. ch. 58.

16. **Actæon**. See page 6, line 33.

30. **fine frenzies**, *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, v. 1. 12:

"The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling," etc.

32. **duennas**, Spanish *duenna*, from Latin *domina*, mistress, is an elderly lady who acts as companion and protectress to a younger lady; also a lady-in-waiting, irrespective of age.

33. **monstered**, treated as a monster, a freak of nature. The word is used somewhat similarly in *Coriolanus*, II. 2. 81: "to hear my nothings monstered."

35. **from within**, from the impulse of his own mind.

Page 113, line 2. **practise upon the humour**, take an unfair advantage of his eccentricity. 'To practise on, upon, or against' is common in Shakespeare, in the sense of plotting, using stratagems against.

4. **Goneril**, Goneril and Regan, the two cruel and ungrateful daughters of King Lear.

5. **she-wolf**. Cf. *Henry VI. (C.)* I. 4. 111, where York calls Queen Margaret "she-wolf of France"; Gray, *The Bard*, II. 1. 57, applies the phrase to Queen Isabella.

6. **fled wits**, departed reason, insanity.

14. **the clown**, Sancho Panza.

a disharmony, a jarring note, something out of keeping with the Master's noble eccentricity.

16. **stung, perhaps ... the man**, annoyed at the delight with which the readers of his own time had received Sancho's fooleries.

19. **in the sequel**, etc., in the Second Part threw off all restraints of art in his writing, and thus lost the true adjustment of the part to the whole, viz. by giving undue prominence to the buffooneries of Sancho.

24. **the Author of "Guzman de Alfarache."** Mateo Aleman, the Spanish novelist, published his romance *Guzman d'Alfarache* in 1599. It is the history of a low-born rogue and his adventures, somewhat in the vein of Thackeray's *Barry Lyndon*.

25. **prevent**, anticipate, forestall.

27. **outbid him in the comicalities**, secure the favour of the public by greater extravagance in the ludicrous portion.

29. **fairly**, thoroughly, completely.

30. **unsealed the eyes of Sancho**, made him become aware of his master's craziness.

twilight, dim, half illumined by reason.

31. **the madness at second-hand**, a reflection of Quixote's madness.

32. **war between ... deference**, the struggle in his mind between his natural shrewdness and his inherited respect for his master.

34. **two for a pair almost**, master and man being almost matched. The form of the phrase is borrowed from the language of scoring at the game of cribbage.

Page 114, line 1. **offering ... to lay ... hands upon him**, Part II. chapter 60. Sancho struggles against his master and overthrows him, though only in self-defence.

3. **treatable**, a case for medical science.

REJOICINGS UPON THE NEW YEAR'S COMING OF AGE.

(*London Magazine*, January, 1823.)

Page 114, line 8. **spark**, gallant.

9. **The Festivals**, annually recurring days of rejoicing, civil and ecclesiastical. The great church festivities are Christmas Day, The Circumcision, Epiphany, Candlemas Day, Lady-Day, All Saints, All Souls, and the Apostles' Days.

13. **have a taste of their own bounty**, partake of the good things to eat and drink which they had lavished on men.

14. **Fasts**, days on which the church enjoins fasting, such as Ash Wednesday and Good Friday.

16. **mortified**, ascetic.

18. **Ash Wednesday**, the first day of Lent, so called because it was the custom on that day for the priests to make the sign of the cross with consecrated ashes on the foreheads of the congregation, as a reminder that they were but dust and ashes. The ashes used were commonly made by burning the palms consecrated on Palm Sunday of the previous year.

19. **the old Domine ... in his cups**. Domine or dominie, from Latin *dominus*, master, was a title formerly given to clergymen of the Reformed Church, and to schoolmasters. The latter is here the meaning, Lent being a period of severe discipline. Cf. *Galatians*, III. 24. 'In his cups,' i.e. when drunk.

20. **the Vigils**, the day and night immediately preceding a feast is called a Vigil, from the devotional watching ordained by the church.

23. to their day, punctually.

Covers were provided, places were laid at table. Cover, like French *couvert*, signifies all that has to be laid on the table for one guest, knives, forks, spoons, plates, glasses, and napkin.

25. an occasional knife and fork, a plate laid for occasional use; because the Twenty-Ninth of February comes only once in four years—in Leap Year.

29. whirlingig, light-footed, circling; an adjectival use of the noun whirlingig, a child's spinning toy; from 'whirl' and 'gig,' a child's top.

31. Shrove Tuesday, the last day before Lent, so called because it was the custom for people to be 'shriven' or 'shrove,' to confess and receive absolution, on this day.

32. Moveables, moveable feasts; those whose date varies from year to year, like Easter Day. Here the suggestion is like that in Dickens's description of Lant Street: "The population was migratory, usually disappearing on the verge of Quarter-day."

Page 115, line 4. Lady Day, the day of the Annunciation of the Virgin Mary, March 25th. See *St. Luke*, i. 26-39. Here 'Lady' is treated as if it were a title of rank, the titled 'Lady Day' looking down on the mere commoners.

5. Twelfth Day, January 6th, the twelfth day after Christmas, also called Epiphany, as the day of the manifestation of Christ to the Gentiles (see *Matthew*, ii. 1-12) from Greek *ἐπιφάνεια*, appearance. Twelfth day was the old Christmas day before the reform of the Calendar, and retained some of its festivities. "The Twelfth Cake is a remnant of the old custom of electing a temporary king of the feast by lot. A bean was inserted in a large cake, which was divided by lot. Whoever drew the piece containing the bean was accepted as 'king of the bean.' The custom was partly an allusion to the three 'kings,' or wise men of the East, partly a survival from the Roman Saturnalia" (*Book of Days*).

cut her out and out, completely eclipsed her.

6. tiffany, a kind of gauze; Low Latin *tiffania*, or *thifania*, a corruption of *theophania*. Thus 'tiffany' is for theophany, equivalent to epiphany, and would mean originally 'epiphany silk,' i.e. 'holiday silk.' Similarly the name 'Theobald' is corrupted into 'Tibbald.'

7. a frost-cake, a cake covered all over with a paste made of sugar and beaten eggs, to resemble hoar frost. See note above on line 15.

Epiphanous, Greek, *ἐπιφανής*, conspicuous, remarkable; unless it is incorrectly used for 'diaphanous,' transparent; the word is coined by Lamb for the sake of the pun on 'Epiphany.'

8. **in green—in white**, *i.e.* in the garb of summer or winter.

Old Lent, etc. The forty days of Lent are fast days, in commemoration of Christ's temptation for forty days in the wilderness. Hence they are dressed in black, the colour of mourning.

10. **change their stockings**, to substitute dry stockings for wet—with a pun on the word 'change,' to *convert* the wet stockings into dry ones.

12. **a little the worse for wear**, worn by frequent use ; because wedding days occur at all periods of the year.

late, as he always does, because those who are expecting to receive money are always impatient. Cf. Horace, *Ep.* i. l. 21, 22.

13. **Doomsday**, the Day of Judgment, the Last Day.

15. **April Fool**, the first of April. See note on *All Fools' Day*, page 61, line 13.

16. **wild work he made it**. Milton, *Paradise Lost*, v. 112 :

"Fancy . . . misjoining shapes,
Wild work produces oft."

17. **posed old Erra Pater**, puzzled so skilful an astrologer as Erra Pater. According to Halliwell's *Dictionary of Archaic Words*, Erra Pater was the name of an eminent Jewish astrologer. Cf. Butler, *Hudibras*, i. l. 119 :

"In mathematics he was greater
Than Tycho Brahe or Erra Pater."

Also Beaumont and Fletcher, *Elder Brother*, i. 2 :

"After six hours' conference with the stars,
Sleeps with old Erra Pater."

18. **to erect a scheme upon**, on which to construct a horoscope, or astrological forecast of a man's life.

20. **horoscopy**, art of casting horoscopes. The word comes from Greek *ώρα*, hour, and *σκοπεῖν*, to observe.

21. **the Twenty-First of June**, popularly considered the longest day in the year.

the Twenty-Second of December. The Twenty-First is usually called the shortest day. As a matter of fact, the actual length of the days remains the same from December 17 to 25 inclusive.

22. **a Maypole siding a marrow-bone**, a tall pole (used in the May-day celebrations) standing beside a six-inch bone. 'Side,' as a transitive verb, occurs in Spenser :

"His blind eye that sided Paridell."

24. **Lord Mayor's Day**, the Ninth of November, on which day the inauguration of the new Lord Mayor of London is celebrated with processions and a grand banquet at the Guildhall.

25. **laid about him**, did execution on the eatables and drinkables.

barons, sides of beef, consisting of two sirloins not separated at the backbone. The word is of unknown origin.

27. **new sackcloth bib and tucker**. Ash Wednesday, who, as a Fast day, is not accustomed to feasting, has a new bib and tucker made for the occasion; they are made of sackcloth as the material worn by penitents. A bib is a pinafore worn over the breast at meals, usually by children. A tucker is a narrow strip of linen or cloth folded across the breast or neck.

29. **wassail**, a Christmas drink made of ale or wine, with sugar, spices, and roasted apples. Originally the word was a salutation used in drinking, A.S. *waes hæl*, be hale, good health to you!

30. **no faith in dried ling**, that fasting was not to be believed in. Salted fish was largely consumed during Lent, meat being forbidden.

commended it to the devil, etc. Compare *New Year's Eve*, page 45, line 17, and note on line 16. The epithets which follow are transferred to the fish from the morose Puritanical persons who eat it. 'Windy' is (1) long-winded or blatant, (2) causing flatulency. The word 'hypocritical' is too much for Ash Wednesday 'in his cups.'

33. **the great custard**. An immense bowl of custard was a feature of Lord Mayors' banquets. Ben Jonson mentions that the Lord Mayor's Fool, or Jester, was expected to

"Skip with a rime o' the table . . .

And take his leap . . . into a custard,"

with all his clothes on; and Pope, *Dunciad*, i. 91, has

"Now Mayors and Shrieves all hush'd and satiate lay,
Yet eat, in dreams, the custard of the day";

and Lamb, in his contributions to *Hone*, No. VI., has: "We shall have Lord Mayor's Day, eating her custard unauthentically in May."

34. **hungry**, starved-looking; probably a transferred epithet, like those above. But compare "his beard grew thin and hungerly," *Taming of the Shrew*, III. 2. 147.

Page 116, line 1. Shrove Tuesday, etc. The cruel sports of cock-throwing (*i.e.* throwing sticks at a cock tied to a stake) and cock-fighting were particularly connected with Shrove Tuesday, so that cock-broth is a natural offering for Shrove Tuesday to make. Boiled hen, with bacon, is mentioned as a dish eaten on

this day. The Second of September returns the courtesy by offering pheasant, shot the day before. At the present day pheasant shooting does not begin till October 1st, though dates have varied at different periods and in different counties. It is quite possible that Lamb, who was no sportsman, confused the dates of the commencement of partridge- and pheasant-shooting, respectively. The former begins September 1st.

4. **there was no love lost**, no waste of courtesy, *i.e.* there was reciprocal good feeling shown. The ordinary sense of the phrase would be "they both disliked each other."

The Last of Lent. Good Friday, the day of the Crucifixion of Jesus Christ.

5. **spunging upon Shrovetide's pancakes.** 'To sponge upon' is to act the parasite for, to obtain meanly something belonging to another. The frying and eating of pancakes, to fortify the inner man against the fasts of Lent, is a custom associated with Shrove Tuesday, which is not yet obsolete.

7. **good fry-day**, a pun on Good Friday, pancakes being cooked in a frying-pan.

8. **the Thirtieth of January.** The day of Charles I.'s execution, 1649. A service in commemoration of the martyred king was celebrated in the English Church from the Restoration until 1859.

11. **a calf's head.** The more extreme Puritans, especially the Anabaptists and Independents, used to celebrate the day with feasting, though, after the Restoration, in secret; hence "smuggled." As late as 1735 a riot was caused in London by the proceedings of the Calves' Head Club. The members of the Club are said to have feasted on a large dish of calves' heads, and other dishes, symbolically representing the king and his friends, to have burnt a copy of the *Ikon Basiliké*, and to have solemnly sworn, on a copy of Milton's *Defence of the English People*, to maintain the principles of his pamphlet.

13. **incontinently, forthwith.**

March manyweathers. As all the other characters in this essay are particular days, or sets of days, the name 'March manyweathers' may perhaps be intended for the three last days of March, popularly said to be borrowed from April. An old Scotch rhyme describes them thus:

"The first of them was wind and weet,
The second o' them was snaw and sleet,
The third o' them was sic a freeze,
It froze the birds' nebs to the trees."

14. **meagrim**s, megrim, French *migraine*, through Low Latin from *ἡμικρανία* (*ἡμι*-half, and *κρανιον*, skull), is a sick headache, usually confined to one side of the head,

16. **Herodias' daughter**, who danced before King Herod, and pleased him so much that he offered to grant her any request. Instigated by her mother, she demanded the head of John the Baptist on a dish, and her demand was granted. See *St. Matthew*, xiv. 6-12.

18. **stomach, appetite.**

a Restorative, a pun on Restoration Day ; see note below.

19. **Oak Apple ... the ... Twenty Ninth of May.** Charles II.'s birthday, and the day of his Restoration, 1660, occurred on the Twenty-Ninth of May. After the battle of Worcester, September 1651, he was conducted by the trusty Richard Penderel to Boscobel House in Shropshire, near which he lay hid for a whole day from the pursuit of the Roundheads in a bushy oak. Royalists commemorated his escape by wearing oak leaves and oak apples on this day.

22. **the Twelfth of August.** George IV.'s birthday, 1762. Both as Heir-apparent and as Prince Regent, George IV. had identified himself with the policy of the Whig party. Hence 'a zealous old Whig gentlewoman.'

23. **the Twenty Third of April.** The martyrdom of St. George, the patron saint of England, about 303 A.D., is celebrated on this day. Tories had begun to celebrate the king's birthday on St. George's Day, instead of the Twelfth of August. In his *Humble Petition of an Unfortunate Day*, Lamb has : "I am the day, Sir, upon which it pleased the course of Nature that your gracious sovereign should be born. As such, before his accession, I was always observed and honoured ... It seems that about that time an impostor crept into Court, who has the effrontery to usurp my honours, and to style herself the King's birthday, upon some shallow pretence, that, being St. George's Day, she must needs be King George's Day also."

new-fangled, innovating, revolutionary ; originally spelt new-fangel, M.E. *newefangel*, catching at new things. Fangel is connected with A.S. *fangen*, p.p. of *fôn*, to seize, with suffix-*el*, expressing the agent.

25. **grew hot**, got angry—with a pun on the literal sense, August being a very hot month.

26. **the prescriptive right to have lain with her**, that she had possessed the right immemorially by prescription, *i.e.* by unbroken custom.

29. **went about in fine clothes**, *i.e.* usurped all the rejoicings and festivities proper to August 12th—"Rejoicings, firings, bonfirings, illuminations," etc, as they are called in *The Humble Petition*.

32. **the appellant**, the challenger, the complainant, viz, August 12th.

34. **rounded**, whispered. Cf. *The Passionate Pilgrim*, 349: "to round me in the ear," and

"How often must I round thee in the ears,
All means are lawful for a lawful end."

—Browning, *The Ring and the Book*. The 'd' is excrescent: M.E. *rounen*, to whisper, A.S. *rūnian*, from *rīn*, a mystery, whisper.

35. **lie**, hold good in law; a legal use of the word.

36. **bi-geny**, double birth, i.e. being born on two days at once; a compound coined by Lamb from the Latin prefix *bi* and *genus*, birth, race, on the analogy of progeny. Of course a pun on 'bigamy' is intended. Cf. *The Humble Petition* quoted above: "I humbly submit that it is not within the prerogatives of Royalty itself to be born twice over. . . . I am the true Birth-day, and the other day is only kept."

Page 117, line 1. **Candlemas**, February 2nd. See note on *The Two Races of Men*, page 35, line 26.

3. **burning daylight**, using candles before it is dark. Cf. Swift, *Polite Conversation*, III.: "No candles yet ... don't let us burn daylight." In Shakespeare, *Romeo*, I. 4. 43, and *Merry Wives*, II. 1. 54, "We burn daylight," is used to mean 'we are wasting time.'

5. **Washing herself**, an allusion to the *Purification*. See note above on *Candlemas*.

6. **sweetness**, punning on the two senses 'amiability' and 'fragrance,' the latter with reference to the scent of the May.

7. **the founder**, the founder of the feast, their host.

crowned her goblet... with garlands, in allusion to the May-day custom of wearing garlands of leaves and flowers, perhaps also to Vergil's 'cratera corona Induit' (crowned the goblet with a garland) *Æn.* III. 525.

15. **Quarter days**. In England these are March 25, June 24, September 29, and December 25. Payments of rent and salary are usually made on these days. Accustomed to the punctual collection of rent, the Quarter Days 'smile' at the notion of any abatement in their demands.

17. "**New Brooms**." The proverb "new brooms sweep clean," indicating that the conduct of a newly-installed official is always better at first than it is afterwards, is found in German, Dutch, Danish, and Italian, as well as in English, in nearly the same form.

19. **the Fifth of November**, celebrated with bonfires and fireworks in memory of the Gunpowder Plot of 1605, by which Guy Faux attempted to blow up the Houses of Parliament, and destroy King, Lords, and Commons. Hence 'a surly old rebel.'

24. **neck and heels**, roughly, unceremoniously.

25. **boutefeu**, a French word, meaning (1) a lintstock, a pointed staff formerly used in firing a cannon, (2) an incendiary.

28. **put beside his oratory**, disconcerted in his speech, 'put out.'

32. **mumchance**, glum and silent; a colloquial usage. Originally the word was the name of a game of cards, at which silence was necessary.

35. **these four years**. Cf. page 114, line 25, note.

Page 118, line 2. the Greek Calends and Latter Lammas, two non-existent days. The Calends, the first day of a month, belonged to the Roman system of reckoning, not to the Greek. Hence in Latin Græcæ Kalendæ, the Greek Calends, meant 'never.' Lammas, August 1st, was one of the four great pagan festivals of Britain, and celebrated the harvest. In Christian times a loaf was offered at the Church, and the day was called 'Hlaf-mæsse,' corrupted into Lammas. There is no 'Latter Lammas.' Gascoigne, in his satire *The Steele Glas* (1576), has "Courtiers thrive at latter Lammas day," i.e. 'never.'

5. **Canary**, wine made in the Canary islands, off the north-west coast of Africa. A butt of Canary was formerly one of the emoluments of the Poet Laureate.

6. **a Carol**, a sacred song, especially in honour of Christmas.

7. **for the nonce**, for the occasion; a corruption of 'for then ones'; in which 'then' is the dative case of the article, representing A.S. *thæm*, later 'than.' 'Ones' is English 'once,' and was first a genitive case, then an adverb, and lastly a substantive, as here. (Skeat.)

8. "**Miserere**," a penitential chant, so called from the first words of the Latin version of *Psalm LI.*, "Miserere mei, deus," 'Have mercy upon me, O God.'

9. **hitting off the mumping notes**, exactly mimicking the whine. For 'mump' see note on *The Two Races of Men*, page 37, line 32.

10. **Old Mortification**. Ash Wednesday. Cf. page 114, line 16.

15. **glee**, a part song for three or more voices.

16. **Which is the properest day to drink?** From *Favourite Catches and Glees sung at Ranelagh*, published 1767.

17. **burden**, refrain, chorus.

18. **quibbles and conundrums**, plays on words, and riddles the answers to which involve puns. The origin of the word 'conundrum' is lost. The earliest example of its use occurs in 1596. It is said to have been an Oxford term, perhaps a parody on some scholastic term.

22. **the Forty Days before Easter.** See above on page 115, line 8.

24. **kept Lent**, a pun on the two senses, 'observed the season of Lent,' and 'continued unpaid.'

25. **Valentine's Day**, February 14. See note on *Valentine's Day*, page 96, line 26.

26. **billets-doux.** A French compound meaning 'love-letters,' literally 'sweet notes.'

27. **Dog Days**, the period of summer commencing with the rising of Canicula, the Dog-Star, during which the greatest heat prevails. Almanacs differ as to its limits. Modern English calendars usually make it extend from July 3 to August 11.

30. **a cousin once removed**, near of kin, the 1st of April being only a month apart from the 1st of May. 'A cousin once removed' is the child of a first cousin.

31. **Clapped and halloo'd them on**, encouraged their attack by applause and shouts, as dogs are hounded on.

32. **the Ember Days.** Periodical fasts, originally instituted, it is said, by Pope Calixtus, in the third century. They are twelve in number, and are kept on the first Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday after the first Sunday in Lent, Whitsunday, Holyrood Day (September 14th), and St. Lucy's Day (December 13th). The word 'Ember' is a corruption of M.E. *ymber*, A.S. *ymbren*, and *ymbryne*, a running round, circuit, course, the days recurring at the four seasons of the year. Lamb puns on the word 'Embers,' ashes.

35. **Madam Septuagesima.** The third Sunday before Lent, so called because it is about seventy days before Easter; Latin *septuagesimus*, seventieth. As the name suggests the age of 70, Lamb makes her the 'Mother of the Days.'

Page 119, line 2. Rogation Day. The Rogation Days are the three days preceding Ascension Day, so called from the Rogations, or Litanies, chanted in the solemn processions held on these days. The fasts were instituted by Claudius Mamercus, Bishop of Vienna, about 452 A.D., on account of numerous earthquakes which had recently occurred.

3. **putting the question**, asking her to marry him; punning on the Latin *rogatio*, asking.

4. **kept him at a distance**, gave him no encouragement, with a pun on the literal sense, there being an interval of three months between Septuagesima and the Rogation Days.

7. **the Flood**, the great Deluge, *Genesis*, vii. Cf. *St. Matthew*, xxiv. 38.

8. **doited**, impaired by old age. The word is of uncertain origin, perhaps akin to 'doted.' Burns, *Brigs of Ayr*, 144, has:

"Fit only for a doited monkish race";

and Sir Walter Scott, in one of his letters, writes: "Old friends, left in the bloom of youth, have ... become ... doited old bodies."

11. **in a Mist ... in a deep black Fog**. November and December are the two worst months for fog in London.

13. **so watchmen are called in Heaven**, a Homeric touch; cf. *Iliad*, xiv. 291.

14. **used to the business**, drunkenness being prevalent at that season.

16. **Eve of St. Christopher**, July 24th, St. Christopher's Day being July 25. St. Christopher is said to have been a native of Lycia, and suffered martyrdom under Decius in the third century. According to the legends, he was of gigantic strength, and earned his living by carrying people across the stream on the banks of which he lived. One evening a child came to be carried across. At first light, the weight gradually increased until the bearer almost sank under his burden, symbolising the burden of the sins of the world which Jesus carried. The legend probably arose from the name, which signifies the 'Christ-bearer,' Greek *Χριστοφόρος*.

17. **little better than he should be**, a colloquial euphemism for 'disgraceful,' i.e. here 'drunken.'

whipt him ... pick-a-back fashion, flung him over his shoulders, so as to carry him on his back like a bundle. Butler, *Hudibras*, i. 2. 72, has "our modern wits ... mounted a pick-back on the old." From 'pick,' in the sense 'to pitch,' and 'back,' lit. 'to fling on the back.'

20. **On the bat's back do I fly**, from Ariel's song in *The Tempest*, v. 91:

"On the bat's back I do fly,
After summer merrily."

21. **snatches**, fragments of song.

22. **Aves or Penitentiaries**, prayers or penitential psalms. 'Ave, Maria,' Hail! Mary, are the first Latin words of the prayer to the Virgin Mary, used in Roman Catholic churches.

24. **crimson and gold**, the colours of a fine summer sunset.

THE WEDDING.

(*London Magazine*, June, 1825.)

Page 120, line 2. a **settlement**, i.e. marriage. For Charles Lamb's own 'youthful disappointment,' see Introduction, page xi., and *Dream Children*.

4. **a reflected honeymoon.** The first month after marriage is called 'the honeymoon,' which Lamb, as a bachelor, says he enjoys vicariously through the marriage of a friend.

7. **inducted into degrees of affinity.** 'To induct' is to introduce to some office or dignity, as to a degree at one of the Universities. Playing on the word 'degrees,' Lamb adds the unexpected conclusion, 'of affinity'; see note on *The Decay of Beggars*, page 168, line 22.

8. **in the participated socialities,** while sharing the social amenities.

22. **abated of none of its ardours,** lost none of its passionate warmth. Lamb had in mind, perhaps, *The Tempest*, iv. 56 :

"The white-cold virgin snow upon my heart
Abates the ardour of my liver."

23. **lingered on,** protracted. The transitive use of 'linger' is not unknown in Shakespeare, e.g. *Othello*, iv. 2. 231 : "Unless his abode be lingered here"; 'linger on' occurs in *Henry V.* ii. chor. 31 : "Linger your patience on."

32. **Admiral.**—Admiral Burney, the companion of Captain Cook, and brother of Madame D'Arblav. His daughter Sarah married her cousin, John Thomas Payne, a bookseller of note, in April, 1821. In the suppressed portion of his "Letter to Robert Southey," Lamb speaks of "that little knot of whist-players that used to assemble weekly, for many years, at the Queen's Gate...and called Admiral Burney friend." Among the uncollected poems of Lamb, printed in Mr. W. C. Hazlitt's *The Lambs* (1897), is one addressed to Miss Burney.

34. **told, reckoned, counted.**

Page 121, line 9. untender. Cf. *King Lear*, i. 1. 108 : "So young and so untender?"

10. **to tear herself—graftings,** to leave her home and entrust herself to an untried stranger, her husband—a metaphor from grafting a slip from one tree upon another.

18. **unparallel subjects,** persons who are not in the position of rivals.

22. **derogation,** a detraction from.

Page 122, line 1. assume his office, take upon myself to preach.

11. **déjeuné,** breakfast, a French word.

17. **shining singly,** looking her best in the absence of any rivals.

20. **candid,** a play on the literal sense, Latin *candidus*, 'shining white,' and the metaphorical, 'ingenuous, guileless.'

a **sacrificial whiteness**, in allusion to the ancient custom of offering white victims to the gods in sacrifice. Cf. Vergil, *Æn.* iv. 61, v. 236.

22. **Diana's nymphs**, etc., the maiden attendants of the huntress goddess—her Foresters in name as well; a play on the name 'Forester,' and the phrase 'Diana's foresters ... minions of the moon,' in *Henry IV.* (A.) i. 2. 29. Cf. *New Year's Eve*, page 48, line 7.

23. **cold virginity**. Cf. *All's Well*, i. 1. 142: "Virginity ... 'tis too cold a companion."

29. a **victim worthy of Iphigenia**, the daughter of Agamemnon, leader of the Greeks before Troy. She was sacrificed to procure a fair wind for the Greek fleet, and thus save her father's renown.

33. **cut out**, intended by nature; a colloquial expression, a metaphor from tailoring.

34. **shaken hands**, said good-bye, parted, *i.e.* I never have anything to do with ceremony. Cf. Browne, *Religio Medici*, i. 3, "Yet have I not so shaken hands with those desperate resolutions ... as to stand in diameter and sword's point with them."

Page 123, line 6. Saint Mildred's in the Poultry. This was one of Wren's churches, but was pulled down some five and twenty years ago, and its site is now occupied by an insurance office. The Poultry, once entirely inhabited by Poulterers, is a street running out of Cheapside.

7. **souring my incipient jest**, etc., destroying the sweetness of the jest which was on my tongue, and converting my mirth into the gloomy gravity of a funeral. For "tristful severities" see note on 'tristis severitas,' *Christ's Hospital*, page 39, line 18.

11. **T—s**, The Misses Thomas, daughters of Leigh Thomas, President of the Royal College of Surgeons.

12. a **solecism**, an anomaly in manners, impropriety. See note on *Mrs. Battle's Opinions on Whist*, page 51, line 26.

21. **got over the omen**, overcame the awkwardness of a bad omen: black, the colour of mourning, suggesting death, and thus being ill-omened.

a **lucky apologue ... out of Pilpay**, an appropriate fable. An apologue is a moral fable, Greek ἀπόλογος, ἀπό, from, and λόγος, speech. Vishnu Sarma, otherwise called Pilpai, or Bidpai, was a Hindu fabulist of unknown date. His collection of fables in Sanskrit is the earliest extant.

30. **worn the nuptial bands**, been a married woman.

32. **archly, roguishly**.

33. at this rate she would have "none left," if she gave away so many kisses, she would have none to spare for her husband.

Page 124, line 2. grey stragglers, thin grey hairs growing at intervals.

5. botargoes, a sort of sausages made from the salted roes of the mullet; Italian *bottarga*, Spanish *botarga*.

12. As when a well-graced actor, etc. *Richard II.* v. 2. 24:

"As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
After a well grac'd actor leaves the stage," etc.

17. none told his tale, none of the men told his stories. In Milton, *L'Allegro*, 67, the phrase has a different sense, "counts his flock."

18. I had anticipated so far. I had been premature hitherto in my effort to amuse—alluding to his ill-timed jest in church. Cf. line 12 below.

25. had ... like to have brought me, was in danger of bringing me, very nearly brought me. In this expression 'like' was a substantive meaning likelihood, probability; it is now becoming a vulgarism.

29. sovereign, supremely efficacious; usually said of a medicine.

31. vacuum, void, listless inactivity.

Page 125, line 6. at cross purposes, in unintentional conflict.

8. pulling one way, making efforts for one object.

10. unsymmetrised, disordered, disarranged.

18. concordia discors, harmony in discord; an oxymoron. Cf. Ovid, *Met.* i. 433, and Horace, *Epistles*, i. 12. 19:

"Quid velit et possit rerum concordia discors."

(The sense and force of the world's 'jarring chime.')

23. appease the warring elements, bring peace upon that troubled scene. Otway, *Orphan*, iii. 1, has:

"And every warring element at peace,"

and Addison, *Cato*, i. 5:

"The war of elements."

Cf. *Paradise Lost*, ii. 905.

24. "make his destiny his choice." From Andrew Marvell's poem *Upon Appleton House*, 744:

"While her glad parents most rejoice,
And make their destiny their choice."

Some earlier lines of the poem are quoted above, page 7, line 33, etc.

THE CHILD ANGEL.

A DREAM.

(London Magazine, June, 1823.)

Page 126, line 3. the "**Loves of the Angels**," a poem by Thomas Moore, published 1823. It was founded on a work entitled 'Aristeas: History of the Seventy-Two Interpreters; to which is added, the History of the Angels, and their gallantry with the daughters of men, written by Enoch, the Patriarch.' The work was written in Greek by Johann Ernst Grabe (1666-1711), German theologian, and translated into English in 1715. It was based upon *Genesis*, vi. 1-5. Moore's sentimental and rather feeble romance suggested the subject to Lamb; but there is no resemblance between the delicately fanciful essay and the poem.

11. **neither**. We should now say 'either'; superfluous negatives have sunk into a vulgarism.

not the downright Bible heaven, etc., not the real heaven, described in the Bible, but only a beautiful imaginary scene.

16. **gossiping**, merry-making, especially at a christening. Cf. *All's Well*, i. 1. 189:

"Adoptious christendoms,
That blinking Cupid gossips"

(i.e. stands sponsor for). 'Gossip' was originally a god-parent, A.S. *godsib*, related in God. 'Sib' is akin to German *Sippe*, affinity, *Sippen*, kinsmen, and to Sanskrit *sabhya*, trusty, from *sabha*, an assembly.

19. **cloudy swaddling bands**, the child-angel is wrapped in clouds, instead of baby-linen. 'Swaddling bands' are clothes wrapped tightly round an infant, like a bandage. 'Swaddle,' earlier 'swadel,' stands for 'swathel,' that which *swathes*, A.S. *swethel*, a swaddling-band.

21. **Sun-threads—filmy-beams**, delicate rays of sunlight like threads.

22. **what seemed**, etc. Cf. Milton, *Paradise Lost*, II. 672.

winged orders. Cf. *Hymn on the Nativity*, 244:

"And all about the courtly stable,
Bright-harnest angels sit in order serviceable."

26. **stained with fear, dim the expanding eyelids**, etc. Reminiscences of *Paradise Lost*, XI. 212:

"And carnal fear that day dimmed Adam's eye,"
and *L'Allegro*, 26: "The opening eyelids of the morn."

27. **explore**. See note on page 66, line 5, on *A Complaint of the Decay of Beggars*.

28. **unhereditary.** The child, being partly human, was an alien in the courts of heaven, not an inmate by inheritance.

inextinguishable titter. From Homer, *Iliad*, i. 599 :

"*Ἀσβεστος δ' ἄρ' ἐνῶρτο γέλως μακάρεσσι θεοῖσιν*

(And laughter inextinguishable rose among the blessed gods).

31. **nectar, divine drink, the wine of Homer's gods.**

32. **which mortals caudle call.** Cf. Shelley, *The Cloud*, iv.:

"That orbéd maiden, with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon";

and Pope, *Rape of the Lock*, i. 78 :

"Tho' Honour is the word with men below."

See note on page 119, line 13, and Introduction, p. xli. (a). Caudle is a cordial composed of wine, eggs, spices, etc.; O.F. *caudel*, Latin *calidum*, a warm drink.

Page 127, line 3. to counterfeit kindly similitudes of earth. The angels reproduced in imitation the natural, familiar accompaniments of a christening on earth.

4. **terrestrial child-rites, ceremonies attending an infant on earth.**

6. **full symphony ... spheres are tutored, full-toned harmony** such as the harp-music by which the spheres are taught their motions. Cf. *Hymn on the Nativity*, 115-133. The notion of 'the music of the spheres' was adopted by Plato from Pythagoras, and has been a commonplace of the poets.

9. **the imperfect-born, mortals.**

11. **Angelet**, a diminutive of 'angel'; in this sense, a word of Lamb's coining.

rudiments of pinions, elementary wings.

14. **a year in dreams is as a day.** Cf. 2 *Peter*, III. 8, *Psalm* xc. 40.

21. **Ge-Urania.** Greek γῆ, earth, and οὐρανία, heavenly.

23. **taste of death, a Scriptural expression.** Cf. *St. Matthew*, xvi. 28.

25. **the shadow of human imbecility, the gloom, the saddening effect of human infirmity.**

30. **Intuitive Essences**, beings that acquire knowledge by intuition. Cf. *New Year's Eve*, page 44, line 26; *Paradise Lost*, v. 487-490.

35. **notices, information.**

Page 128, line 1. the better part, its half-heavenly nature.

4. **even-paced, hand-in-hand.**

5. **Amphibium**, creature of two elements, *i.e.* half earthly, half heavenly; Greek *ἀμφι*, on both sides, and *βίος*, life.

6. **Mature Humanity**, grown-up men of too coarse a nature to breathe that refined atmosphere.

10. **inwards**, inner parts.

11. **purlieus**, outskirts; through Old French, from Latin *perambulationem*, a walking through, originally the disafforested outskirts of a royal forest, through which a right of way had been acquired.

13. **Voluntary Humility**. Cf. *Colossians*, II. 18.

17. **Tutelar Genius**, guardian angel. Cf. page 83, line 16.

19. **the river Pison**, one of the four streams into which the river of Eden divided, *Genesis*, II. 10. 11. Some commentators seek to identify it with the Ganges.

20. **Adah...Nadir**. The names are chosen for their signification, 'Adah' meaning 'happiness,' and 'Nadir' the point of the heavens opposite the zenith, the lowest point, from an Arabic word *nazir*, 'corresponding.'

22. **a correspondency**, etc. From the unhappy union of the angel with a mortal woman were born the child-angel in heaven, and a human infant on earth. The latter is like the former, but with a deeper shade of melancholy upon it.

33. **Birth**, abstract for concrete, infant.

34. **knew him no more**. Cf. *Job*, VII. 10, *Psalms* CIII. 16.

36. **Adah**, the human child, called after her mother's name.

OLD CHINA.

(*London Magazine*, March, 1823.)

Page 129, line 7. **the first play**. See the Essay in the first series, *My First Play*.

11. **lawless, azure-tinctured grotesques**, etc., the quaint figures painted in blue, irrespective of the laws of art, which, purporting to be men and women, seem to float about, without belonging to the creatures of earth or sea or air, in that world where the laws of perspective are still unknown.

15. **whom distance cannot diminish**, who are represented by the artist, in defiance of perspective, as equally large at a distance.

17. **terra firma**, solid earth (Latin).

we must in courtesy, etc., we must, out of politeness to the artist, suppose that the small dab of deeper blue under their feet is meant to represent a portion of the earth, though they appear to our eyes to be up in the air.

23. **Mandarin**, a Chinese official or nobleman; Portuguese *mandarin*, Malay *mantri*, a counsellor, Sanskrit *mantrin*, from *mantra*, text, prayer, counsel.

24. **two miles off**, *i.e.* he *appears*, in the absence of perspective, to be at that distance from her.

how distance seems to set off respect. The same play on the word 'distance,' as on page 119, line 4, above. 'To set off' is 'to show to advantage'; here it is almost equivalent to 'enhance.'

25. **for likeness is identity on tea-cups.** It is impossible to say whether the lady in the second picture is the same lady, or a different person; she is *like* the first lady, and mere resemblance is enough to constitute identity, in this elementary form of art.

27. **on the hither side of**, *i.e.* on the side nearer to the spectator, like Latin *cis* and *citra*, with which it is cognate. This adjectival use of 'hither' is derived from the adverbial sense 'to this place.'

28. **dainty mincing foot**, delicate foot advancing in affectedly short steps. The Chinese carry their admiration of small feet in women to the extent of artificially restricting the growth of young girls' feet. 'To mince' is to walk in an affected manner, especially to take unnecessarily short steps.

in a right angle of incidence, if it followed the true direction which its poise indicates. The 'angle of incidence' in physics is the angle at which a falling body, or ray of light, strikes a surface.

33. **pagodas**, temples for idol worship; through Portuguese from Persian *but-kadah*, idol-habitation.

dancing the hays, an old English country dance. 'To dance the hay' is 'to dance in a ring,' in *Love's Labour's Lost*, v. 1. 161. Hay, A.S. *haga*, enclosure, hedge, meant (1) hedge, fence, (2) a net set round a rabbit-hole, (3) enclosure, (4) a round country dance. The last sense is quite in accord with that of the Teutonic base HAG, to surround. Cf. :

"With their winding hays,
Active and antic dances."

Chapman, *Widow's Tears*, iv. 1.

Page 130, line 1. couchant, and coextensive, recumbent and of equal size. 'Couchant' is a term of heraldry.

so objects show ... Cathay, that is how objects appear, in the bright atmosphere of dainty China—an ironical explanation. The name 'Cathay' is said to be from *Khitai*, the Tartar name for North China.

4. **my cousin**, *i.e.* his sister Mary, who appears as a cousin, Bridget Elia, in these Essays.

5. **Hyson**, strong green tea; Chinese *hi-tshum*, first crop, or blooming spring. It was already customary to mix it with black tea, which is less injurious to the nerves.

6. **of an afternoon**. Cf. *Hamlet*, I. 5. 60; *Abbott*, § 176.

speciosa miracula, beautiful marvels, used of the beauties of Homer in Horace's *Art of Poetry*, 144.

13. **summer clouds**, passing shadow of melancholy; an echo from *Macbeth*, III. 4. 111, "Overcome us like a summer's cloud."

23. **weigh the for and against**, carefully consider the arguments for and against buying it.

25. **felt**, i.e. were pinched, inconvenienced by.

27. **made to hang upon you**, humorously substituted for 'wore,' as if it were a scarecrow, on which old ragged clothes were made to hang.

31. **Barker's in Covent Garden**. A bookseller's at No. 19 Russell Street, Covent Garden, next door to the house between Covent Garden and Drury Lane theatres, which the Lambs occupied from 1817-1823. The Barker family were King's printers from the time of Queen Elizabeth until 1665.

Page 131, line 1. setting bedwards, beginning to retire to rest; literally, moving, tending, like a current or tide *setting* landward; or 'setting' may mean 'sinking,' like the sun. The phrase was suggested by "tapers burn'd to bedward," *Coriolanus*, I. 6. 32.

lighted out, hunted it out with the light.

3. **twice as cumbersome**. Cf. *New-Year's Eve*, page 44, line 24, where he speaks with delight of the "huge armfuls" of his folios.

5. **collating**, examining together; the word properly signifies 'comparing two books or MSS. word by word.'

10. **finical**, superfine, fastidious.

11. **flaunted it about**, swaggered. Cf. page 46, line 1, and see note on page 187, line 9 of the *Essay On Some of the Old Actors*.

12. **corbeau**, black suit, French *corbeau*, crow, raven, Latin *corvus*; probably an allusion to the black suit which he wore at The Wedding, and to his apologue about the raven, page 123, line 25, etc.

20. **print after Lionardo**. See note on *Imperfect Sympathies*, page 83, line 33, and Lamb's *Lines on the Celebrated Picture*, etc.

21. **Lady Blanch**, fair lady; Blanch is from French *blanc*, white. Cf. page 83, line 35 of the *Essay* quoted above.

21. **looked .. and thought**, ... etc., humorously reminiscent of Dryden's :

“Gazed on the fair

Who caused his care,

And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,” etc.

Alexander's Feast, 92-96.

25. **Colnaghi's**. A firm of printsellers founded by Paul Colnaghi (1751-1833), son of a Milanese lawyer. Their house, in 14 Pall Mall East, became a well-known art-centre,—Paul's son, Dominic, being a great connoisseur,—and is still in existence.

a wilderness of, any number ; probably from Shylock's “a wilderness of monkeys,” *Merchant of Venice*, III. 1. 128 ; cf. Titus's “a wilderness of tigers,” *Titus Andronicus*, III. 1. 54, and Milton's “a wilderness of sweets” (*Paradise Lost*, v. 294).

27. **Enfield ... Potter's Bar ... Waltham**. The two former places are in Middlesex, in the northern environs of London, the latter is in Essex.

32. **house**, inn.

33. **must**. They felt obliged to order something ‘for the good of the house,’ in return for the accommodation provided.

36. **Izaak Walton**, in his *Compleat Angler*, a favourite book of Lamb's.

Page 132, line 5, **savourily**, with a relish.

scarcely grudging Piscator his Trout Hall, hardly envying the well-to-do angler (like Piscator in Walton's book) his luxurious accommodation. The allusion is to the *Compleat Angler*, Part I. ch. II., where Piscator says : “For at Trout Hal, not far from this place there is usually an angler that proves good company.” Cf. page 139, line 26 below.

10. **snaps**, hasty meals.

11. **uncertain usage**, because poor travellers, who brought their own food with them, were liable to be treated with incivility.

13. **the pit**. See note on *A Chapter on Ears*, page 58, line 17.

14. **the Battle of Hexham ... Calais**. Historical plays written by George Colman the Younger (1752-1836) in 1789 and 1791, respectively. Hexham was a Yorkist victory in the Wars of the Roses, 1464 ; Calais was taken by Edward III., after a year's siege in 1347.

15. **Bannister**. See page 18, line 26, and the *Essay On Some of the Old Actors*, pages 195 and 197.

Mrs. Bland. Dorothea Bland. See note *On Some of the Old Actors*, page 184, line 17. She took the name Jordan in 1782. For *The Children in the Wood*, see page 71, line 31.

16. **squeezed out**, managed to pay with difficulty.

18. ought not to have brought me, because the society in the gallery of a theatre belongs to the lower classes.

23. with *Rosalind in Arden* ... *Illyria*, with the heroines of *As You Like It* and *Twelfth Night*.

25. socially, sharing the enjoyment of your neighbours.

30. a chasm, etc., because, being illiterate, they did not know anything about the plays which were being acted.

33. accommodation, considerate treatment.

Page 133, line 19. making much of themselves, indulging themselves in a cheap luxury. 'To make much of a person' is to treat with extra attention or fondness.

21. what I mean, in my sense of the phrase 'to make much of.'

26. make all meet, balance our income and our expenditure.

28. exceedings, expenditure in excess of income.

make a long face, colloquial for 'look grave.' Cf. *All Fools' Day*, page 61, line 15.

Page 134, line 1. pocketed up, put up with; as in *King John*, III. 1. 200:

"Well, ruffian, I must pocket up these wrongs."

2. 'lusty brimmers,' etc. See *New Year's Eve*, page 47, line 16, and page 46, line 4.

4. 'coming guest.' In Cotton's verses it is "the New Guest," i.e. the New Year; but Lamb is quoting from Pope's translation of *The Odyssey*, xv. 84: "Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest."

5. no flattering promises, etc. See *New Year's Eve*, page 46, lines 19-33, and 35, 36.

11. a clear income of poor—hundred pounds a year. From Swift's *Imitations of Horace*, II. 6:

"I've often wished that I had clear
For life six hundred pounds a year."

A paltry sum of such and such a number of hundreds. Cf. *As You Like It*, I. 1. 2: "Bequeathed me but poor a thousand crowns." See page 61, line 10, from which it appears that Lamb's salary at the time of his retirement two years later was £675.

14. shake the superflux into the sea, throw away the superfluous portion of our income. From *King Lear*, III. 4. 35:

"Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,
That thou mayst shake the superflux to them."

17. knit our compact closer, united us more closely in the bond of affection.

21. dilations, expansions, *i.e.* courageous rising of the spirits. Cf. *New Year's Eve*, page 44, line 35.

which circumstances cannot straiten, superior to the narrowing influence of poverty.

23. Competence to age is supplementary youth, a sufficient income is to elderly people like an additional supply of youth.

25. lie softer, sleep in more luxurious beds. Cf. *Timon of Athens*, iv. 3. 206 : "Thy flatterers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie soft."

Page 135, line 4. I know not the fathom line, etc. A reminiscence of *The Tempest*, v. 55 :

"I'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And, deeper than did ever plummet sound,
I'll drown my book."

and of 1 *Henry IV.* i. 3. 204 :

"Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom line could never touch the ground."

6. more wealth than Cræsus had. Cræsus, King of Lydia, in Asia Minor, in the sixth century B.C., was overthrown by Cyrus, King of Persia. He was reputed to be the wealthiest man in the world. "As rich as Cræsus" is a proverbial saying.

7. the great Jew R——, Baron Nathan Meyer de Rothschild (1777-1836), Jewish banker and financier, third son of the founder of the great Frankfort house, settled in London. His son, Lionel Nathan, was head of the London house till his death in 1879, and his grandson Nathaniel Meyer succeeded him.

9. a bed-tester, a canopy over the head of a bed. 'Tester' is from Old French *testière*, a head-piece, O.F. *teste*, head, Latin *testa*, skull.

10. half-Madonnaish chit of a lady, little girlish lady, with something of the look of the Virgin Mary. 'Chit' is A.S. *cith*, a sprig, sprout.

CONFESSIONS OF A DRUNKARD.

(*London Magazine*, August, 1822.)

This paper was originally contributed anonymously in 1814 to his friend Basil Montagu's temperance tract on the effect of spirituous liquors. In the *Quarterly Review* for April, 1822, a review of Dr. Reid's work *On Nervous Affections* appeared, in which the writer, Dr. Gooch, spoke of Lamb's contribution as "a fearful picture of the consequences of intemperance, which we happen to know is a true tale." Lamb was exceedingly hurt by this reference, and republished the Essay in the *London*

Magazine under his signature of Elia, with a remonstrance attached to it. See Introduction, page xx.

Page 135, line 12. Dehortations, solemn dissuasions.

14. **water-drinking critics**, a playful allusion to the title of Montagu's tract, "By a Water-Drinker."

15. **But with the patient ... their sound**, etc. From Milton, *Samson Agonistes*, 660:

"But with the afflicted in his pangs their sound
Little prevails."

20. **the hand to pilfer**, etc., the hand and tongue are not naturally inclined to steal and lie, respectively.

23. **itching finger**. The phrase is generally used of a desire to strike, as in *Merry Wives*, II. 3. 48: "If I see a sword out, my finger itches to make one." "An itching palm" occurs in *Julius Cæsar*, IV. 3. 10, of one who takes bribes.

27. **commenced sot**, taken his degree as a drunkard, i.e. become a confirmed drunkard—an academical use of the verb 'commence.' The sentence is an example of the figure termed aposiopesis, breaking off into silence.

30. **ere thy gorge riseth**, before you exhibit disgust. Cf. *Hamlet*, v. 1. 207: "My gorge riseth at it," it makes me sick to think of it.

Page 136, line 5. Lazarus, *St. John*, ch. xi.

14. **engagement**, binding obligation, enthrallment.

25. **puling**, whining, unmanly; O.F. *piuler*, an imitative word, like 'pipe,' 'peep,' and 'pue' (to chirp).

34. **pellucid**, clear, transparent; Latin *per*, through, and *lucidus*, shining.

35. **a weak brother**, a theological expression for 'a fellow-Christian of limited faith or knowledge.' 'Weak,' in this sense, is very common in St. Paul's Epistles. Cf. I *Corinthians*, VIII. 11: "And through thy knowledge shall the weak brother perish?" See also *Grace Before Meat*, page 141, line 7.

Page 137, line 1. agonistic, athletic; Greek, *ἀγωνιστικός*, from *ἀγωνιστής*, a combatant, athletic competitor, *ἀγών*, a contest.

3. **who feel the want ... spirits**, this was frequently the case with Lamb himself, who suffered much from long moods of depression and melancholy.

7. **fly the convivial board**, avoid festive parties.

8. **sell themselves for term of life**, enslave themselves to drink for the rest of their lives. "For the term of your natural life" is the judge's formula in passing sentence of penal servitude or imprisonment for life. For the omission of the article before 'term,' see Abbott's *Grammar*, § 89.

19. **dealt about**, bandied about ; a metaphor from 'dealing,' or distributing, food into portions.

22. **set up for**, made formal pretensions to be ; a metaphor from starting in business.

28. **a tickling relish upon your tongue**, a pleasant enjoyment of witty speech.

35. **play**, vent, scope, outlet for activity.

Page 138, line 9. **squinting**, malignant ; literally 'looking obliquely.' Milton, *Comus*, 413, has "squint suspicion," and Hannah More (1745-1833), in her *Sensibility*, has "The hint malevolent, the look oblique."

10. **distilled ... auditors**, subtly converted into fleeting words to amuse foolish listeners. Cf. "Bred of an airy word" (*Romeo and Juliet*, I. I. 196).

11. **mortgage miserable morrows**, etc. 'Miserable' is proleptic ; to pledge the next morning to misery for the sake of a night of insane revelry.

14. **the wages of ... death**, an echo of *Romans*, VI. 23 : "For the wages of sin is death."

15. **has a sure stroke at**, strikes unerringly in.

16. **no solidier fastening—liquid cement**, friendships that have no stronger bond than mere boon-companionship.

29. **reeking from the steams**, fresh from the drunken orgies which I had indulged in from exaggerated notions of the demands of good fellowship.

31. **feed my old fires into a propensity**, rekindle my former passion into a permanent inclination for drink. Cf. *King John*, v. 2. 85 : "brought in matter that should feed this fire," and *Henry VI.* (B.) III. 1. 303 :

"This spark will prove a raging fire,
If wind and fuel be brought to feed it with."

36. **backsliding**, lapsing, falling back into sin.

Page 139, line 3. **to commute**, to arrange for a substitution.

4. **to set off a new failing**, etc., to make a freshly contracted weakness an equivalent for a more serious one abandoned.

5. **'tis odds but ... two for one**, the chances are in favour of his cheating us by imposing two vices in place of one. Compare *Distant Correspondents*, page 151, line 25.

6. **white**, innocent, harmless.

7. **brought with him ... himself**, an allusion to the parable of the unclean spirit, *St. Matthew*, XII. 45 : "Then goeth he, and taketh with himself seven other spirits more wicked than himself," etc.

10. took my degrees, gradually advanced—'graduated,' as it were.

12. slur, disguise.

15. the secrets of my Tartarus. Cf. *Hamlet*, i. 5. 14 :

"But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house."

See note page 22, line 14.

18. what tobacco has been to me. Lamb was a great smoker. When Dr. Parr asked him how he had acquired his power of smoking at such a rate, he replied, "I toiled after it, sir, as some men toil after virtue." See his 'Farewell to Tobacco,' and the references to his smoking and drinking in his sister's letters. A letter of his to Hazlitt is signed 'Yours fumosissimus' (very smoky).

23. Adams. See note on *All Fools' Day*, page 63, line 4.

25. Piscator ... Piscatoribus sacrum. See note above, page 132, line 5. The Latin words mean 'sacred to Anglers.'

28. path, an echo of *Psalm* cxxxix. 2: "Thou art about my path and about my bed."

31. conversant about, connected with.

33. from a quick solace—relief, from a lively consolation it became a mere relief, without positive attraction.

Page 140, line 3. Bone of my bone, part of my very being; *Genesis*, ii. 23.

7. overcharged, exaggerated.

12. a print after Correggio. Lamb's contribution to Montagu's tract was illustrated by an engraving from the study of Correggio, which is here described. Antonio Allegri, called Correggio, (1494-1534), was one of the greatest Italian painters.

19. imbecility to good, impotence for, incapability of virtue.

sybaritic, voluptuous; from Greek *Συβαριτης*, an inhabitant of Sybaris, a town in southern Italy on the bay of Tarentum, notorious for the effeminacy of its people.

26. The waters have gone over me. *Psalm* lxi. 2., cxxiv. 3.

29. the perilous flood. Milton, *Lycidas*, 185 :

"And shalt be good
To all that wander in that perilous flood."

31. some newly discovered paradise. Cf. Wordsworth, *Ode on the Pleasure arising from Vicissitude*, 53 :

"The common sun, the air, the skies,
To him are opening paradise."

Page 141, line 3. self-ruins, wreck wrought by himself.

5. **the body of the death**, etc. *Romans*, vii. 24: "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?"—where the words should rather be "this body of death," i.e. this corrupt body. Cf. *On Some of the Old Actors*, page 195, line 12.

9. **mantling**, creaming, frothing. So Shelley, *Queen Mab*, viii.:

"The cup of joy

Unmingled mantles to the goblet's brim."

Compare also *Samson Agonistes*, 543-546.

"**clasp his teeth**," and **not undo 'em**, etc. From Act. iii. Sc. 4 of *The Revenger's Tragedy* of Cyril Tourneur, Elizabethan poet and dramatist, written about 1600: 'Vendice, with the skull of his betrothed dressed up in tires,' says:

"Methinks this mouth should make a swearer tremble,
A drunkard clasp his teeth," etc.

"Wet damnation" probably suggested the "distilled damnation" of Robert Hall's saying about brandy.

16. **hinders ... that you do not**, an obsolete construction. We should now say 'hinders you from returning.'

26. **purling**, rippling, murmuring. Cf. *Paradise Regained*, ii. 345: "freshet or purling brook."

Page 142, line 2. **apoplectic sleep**, a heavy sleep like that of apoplexy.

10. **clear daylight ministries**, services rendered to us when our minds are perfectly clear and alert.

15. **Evil is so far his good**, because it is only in intoxication that his intellectual faculties are operative. From Milton, *Paradise Lost*, iv. 100:

"All good to me is lost;
Evil be thou my good."

24. **to ail anything**, to have anything the matter with me.

Page 143, line 2. **I stumble upon dark mountains**, I am like one who has lost his way in the mountains by night. Cf. *Jeremiah*, xiii. 16: "before your feet stumble upon the dark mountains."

9. **conceit**, notion.

12. **the springs of action**. Cf. page 140, line 20.

25. **allied to dotage**, like the tears of old men in their second childhood. Cf. Johnson, *Vanity of Human Wishes*, 317:

"From Marlborough's eyes the streams of dotage flow."

35. **a poor nameless egotist**. See note on the title of the Essay.

POPULAR FALLACIES.

(*The New Monthly Magazine*, January to September, 1826.)

I.

THAT A BULLY IS ALWAYS A COWARD.

Page 144, line 9. **brutality** ... coupled with valour in the same vocabulary. Lamb alludes, probably, to the etymology of such words as 'brave,' which meant originally, according to some etymologists, 'fierce, savage,' incorrectly derived from Latin *barbarus*; or 'hector,' see below, line 12.

10. poetical justice. See note on page 192, line 21 of the *Essay On Some of the Old Actors*.

12. hectoring, swaggering, bullying; a sense of the word derived from a degradation of the name of Hector, son of Priam, the valiant chief of the Trojans.

15. a vapour, a fit of ill-humour, with a play on the ordinary sense of the word.

16. bluster, piece of swagger, or insolence, with a play on the 'blustering' of the wind. This is a common metaphor. Compare *Timon of Athens*, v. 4. 41: "in the bluster of thy wrath."

17. huffing, blustering, storming; originally 'to huff' was to swell, puff up, blow. Cf. Scotch *hauch*, *hech*, to breathe hard; German *hauchen*, to blow.

24. Hickman. Henry Hickman, a seventeenth century English Nonconformist, who was ejected from his fellowship at Magdalen College, Oxford, at the Restoration. He was a prolific writer in defence of Nonconformity, and had a fierce controversy with Thomas Pierce, Dean of Salisbury, and other churchmen.

him of Clarissa, a doctor named Hickman in Richardson's novel, *Clarissa Harlowe*, described by Lovelace as "a precise fop of a fellow, as starched as his ruffles."

26. upon whom ... binding, on account of the name, *poetical justice*.

28. Harapha, the cowardly giant in Milton's *Samson Agonistes*.

Page 145, line 2. **Almanzor**, in Dryden's tragedy, *The Conquest of Granada* (1672), is son of the Duke of Arcos, the King of Spain's general, and is of heroic valour. See Part II., III. 1, "I can with few their gross battalion face," and below:

"Almanzor is victorious without fight,
The foes retreated when he came in sight."

3. Tom Brown, a miscellaneous writer, chiefly of humorous trifles and satires (1663-1704).

6. dimidiate, half-and-half.

"**Bully Dawson**," etc. "Half the world bullied by Captain Dawson, and Captain Dawson bullied by half the world," Tom Brown's *Table Talk*.

II.

THAT ILL-GOTTEN GAIN NEVER PROSPERS.

Page 145, line 11. **the easy dupe**, the fool who is easily cheated.

17. "**Lightly come, lightly go**," i.e. that which is easily acquired is quickly dissipated. Cf. *Male parva male dilabuntur*, ill-gotten is ill-spent, and Plautus's *Male partum male disperit*.

20. **manors**, landed estates which a nobleman kept in his own hands.

chicanery, swindling; French *chicanerie*, pettifogging; earlier, a dispute, especially in the game of mall; originally, the game of mall; through Low Latin from Mediæval Greek *τρυκάνιον*, a polo club, which was borrowed from Persian *chaugán*, a club (Skeat).

21. **as the poets will have it**, the mediæval chronicler, Thomas Walsingham, in his *Historia Anglicana*, quotes a Latin couplet to this effect:

"De male quæsitis vix gaudet tertius hæres,
Non habet eventus sordida præda bonos,"

i.e. an ill-gotten property scarcely descends to the great-grandson, mean rapine does not prosper. Compare also Hesiod, *Works and Days*, 352, "*κακά κέρδεα ἰσ' ἀτρίων*," ill gains are all one with losses.

22. **Church land**, etc. Cf. Walton, *Life of Hooker*: "Church land, added to our ancient and just inheritance, hath proved like a moth fretting a garment, and secretly consumed both."

24. **slippery quality**, a tendency to slip through the fingers of those who had acquired it.

25. **stuck so fast**, were so firmly held by the new proprietors.

III.

THAT A MAN MUST NOT LAUGH AT HIS OWN JEST.

Page 146, line 1. **esurient**, hungry; Latin, *esuriens*, participle of *esurio*, I desire to eat.

2. **upon the absurd strength of it**. The interposition of the adjective 'absurd' gives an odd look to the common 'on the strength of,' i.e. 'on the ground of.'

4. **taste his own joke to his party**, act as 'taster' to them, try the effect of the joke on himself first; a metaphor from the office of 'taster,' whose duty was to guard suspicious monarchs from poison by tasting all their food and drink first.

5. **quirk.** See *The South-Sea House*, page 10, line 15.

6. **is delivered of it**, has uttered it; a metaphor from childbirth. Cf. *On Some of the Old Actors*, page 194, line 32.

7. **racy**, piquantly original.

13. **the humour**, etc., the affectation. Lamb alludes to Bernard de Mandeville's *Fable of the Bees*, Remark (M): "The well-bred gentleman places his greatest pride in the skill he has of covering it with dexterity." Mandeville was a free-thinking poet and philosopher (1670-1733).

IV.

THAT SUCH A ONE SHOWS HIS BREEDING.—THAT IT IS EASY TO PERCEIVE HE IS NO GENTLEMAN.

Page 146, line 23. **ply ... grossly**, attack in coarse language.

24. **He has not a rag.** Cf. page 116, line 30.

27. **glances upon**, misses its aim and hits them—a metaphor from an arrow, or other missile, which strikes the mark obliquely, and 'glances' off upon something else. Cf. *Measure for Measure*, v. 311:

"Glance from him
To the Duke himself, to tax him with injustice."

Page 147, line 1. **kept snug**, a colloquialism for 'kept dark or secret.'

2. **to the order**, etc., to the brotherhood of Poverty.

4. **laughs in his sleeve**, i.e. covertly. Cf. *Distant Correspondents*, page 148, line 24.

V.

THAT THE POOR COPY THE VICES OF THE RICH.

Page 147, line 5. **smooth**, comfortable, agreeable; so "smooth comforts false," *Henry IV.* (B.). Induction 40.

6. **the pews lined with satin**, the seats of rich men in church.

7. **twice sitting upon velvet**, a double luxury.

11. **the originality of sin**, a punning allusion to the doctrine of 'original sin,' inherited by all men from our first parents, Adam and Eve.

12. **implicit sheep**, trustful imitators of others.

15. **discharge them ... score**, relieve them of all scrupulousness on that head, viz., the effect of their examples. See note on *The Praise of Chimney-Sweepers*, page 160, line 7.

19. **trade upon the staple of its own vice**, etc., carry on its business on the basis of its own resources in the way of vice, without borrowing from them.

24. **faculties**, branches of learning; an academical term sarcastically employed.

25. **allow us to be ... no copyists**, permit us to be independent sinners. Lamb means that the rich have so many vices of their own that it is a good thing to be able to find some vices peculiar to the poor only.

27. **take after**, eat the food left by—with a play on the sense 'resemble,' or 'imitate.'

28. **reversionary**, enjoyed in reversion; a legal term applied to an interest or right which is not immediate, but prospective—to be enjoyed after the termination of another's possession.

Page 148, line 10. **liar in grain**, inveterate liar. 'In grain' is dyed of a fast, or permanent, colour; from Latin *granum*, seed, kernel, also purple dye, from the resemblance of the dried body of the coccus insect to seeds. See Marsh's *Lectures on the English Language*, pp. 55-63 for a full account of the word 'grain.'

12. **casuist**. See note on *Artificial Comedy*, page 199, line 3.

13. **essentially deceiving no one**. Because the phrase 'not at home' is conventionally accepted as an intimation that the lady of the house does not wish to receive visitors.

17. **denied**, said to be 'not at home.'

24. **éclat** (French), lustre, distinction.

30. **substantial sponsors**, guarantors of good position.

32. **inclinable**, disposed.

33. **John**, the conventional name for a manservant, as Mary for a maid.

VI.

THAT ENOUGH IS AS GOOD AS A FEAST.

Page 149, line 1. **Guildhall**, the 'town hall' of the City of London.

4. **regale**. Cf. *Christ's Hospital*, page 21, line 11, note.

cold-scragge-of-mutton sophism, a piece of sophistry as odious as a cold scrag. Cf. page 54, line 15, note.

5. **palmed**, imposed by fraud.

7. **superflux**. Cf. page 134, line 14.

12. **gold ... mere muck**. Cf. "The old proverb is true, I see, gold is but muck." Ben Jonson, *The Case is Altered*, iv. 4, "He married her for mucke" (*i.e.* money). Davies, *Scourge of Folly* (1611), and John Heywood's, "The loss of wealth is loss of dirt."

13. traces fine clothing, etc. Cf. *King Lear*, III. 4. 109 : "Thou owest the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool," etc., and Lovelace's song :

"Strive not, vain lover, to be fine,
Thy silk's the silk-worm's, and not thine."

14. the unhandsome excretion of an oyster, low, or indecorous product. Sydney Smith in his essay *The Island of Ceylon* (1803) calls pearl "the morbid concretion of a shell-fish."

15. imputes dirt to acres. Cf. Shirley, *The Ball*, II. 1. 13 : "Had you not land once?" "I had some dirty acres," and *Twelfth Night*, II. 4. 85 : "My love... Prizes not quantity of dirty lands."

18. sage saws, *Twelfth Night*, III. 4. 413.

21. verbal jugglings, sophisms. Cf. *Macbeth*, v. 8. 19, and Milton, *Comus*, 757.

23. metonymy, a figure of speech in which one word is substituted for another that suggests it ; Greek *μετωνυμία*, from *μετά*, expressing change, and *ὄνομα*, a name.

28. scandalise, libel, slander ; its modern sense is to shock the moral sense.

VII.

OF TWO DISPUTANTS THE WARMEST IS GENERALLY IN THE
WRONG.

Page 150, line 9. **Titubus**, a Latin name for an imaginary person, formed by Lamb from Latin *titubo*, stutter, stammer.

10. **Lincoln's Inn**, north of Fleet Street, running out of Chancery Lane ; called after Henry de Lacy, Earl of Lincoln (died 1312), whose town house formerly occupied its site. Lincoln's Inn is one of the London Inns of Court, legal societies.

14. **broken**, interrupted by stammering.

labouring to be delivered of, striving to utter. Cf. page 146, line 6.

16. **knocking at his teeth**, struggling for utterance. Cf. Homer's *ἔρκος ὀδόντων*.

19. **moved our gall**, excited our indignation. Cf. *Love's Labour's Lost*, v. 2. 237 : "Thou grievest my gall."

23. **your**. See note on *Oxford in the Vacation*, page 12, line 22.

24. **carry the argument clean from him**, get completely the best of the argument.

VIII.

THAT VERBAL ALLUSIONS ARE NOT WIT, BECAUSE THEY WILL NOT BEAR A TRANSLATION.

Page 151, line 5. aldermanity, cuckoldry, the portliness and greediness of aldermen, and the fate of husbands unable to preserve the fidelity of their wives, were favourite topics with the wits and satirists. See *Artificial Comedy*, page 200, line 15.

Terentian auditory, a Roman audience in the days of Terence. Publius Terentius Afer (about 194 to 158 B.C.) was one of the two best Roman comic poets. He was a native of Africa, and originally a slave.

7. Senator urbanus, a rough Latin translation of 'alderman,' as Curruca is intended to render 'cuckold.' The latter word *should* be 'eruca,' a caterpillar, a cankerworm, which does not convey anything approaching the required sense. It occurs only (as a false reading probably) in *Juvenal*, vi. 275, and is explained in some old Latin dictionaries as "a small bird which brings up others' young ones as its own; hence used of basely complaisant husbands." This accounts for Lamb's translation.

to boot, in addition.

8. but faintly have done the business, would have been far from satisfactory equivalents in translation.

11. a jingle, a rhyme or assonance.

The Virgilian harmony, the music of Vergil's verse.

14. double endings, two-syllabled rhymes.

15. Hudibras, the famous satire on the Puritans written by Samuel Butler (1612-1680).

16. monkish doggerel, rhymed Latin verses written by monks, like the well-known

Dies Iræ, dies illa
Sæclum solvet in favilla.

Dennis, John Dennis, poet and critic (1657-1734), an inveterate enemy of Pope, pilloried by him in the *Dunciad*.

18. "a stick" chiming to "ecclesiastic," *Hudibras*, i. l. 11 :

"And pulpit, drum ecclesiastick,
Was beat with fist instead of a stick."

IX.

THAT THE WORST PUNS ARE THE BEST.

Page 151, line 22. nicer, more fastidious.

a pistol ... tickle the intellect. It is a sudden and obstreperous form of wit intended to please the ear, not a delicate appeal to intellectual appreciation.

23. **an antic**, a clown.

24. **stand upon**, attach any value to, as in *Winter's Tale*, iv.

4. 164: "We stand upon our manners."

the presence, the presence-chamber, state-room of a sovereign; so often in Shakespeare.

25. **dragged in**, etc., introduced forcibly and irrelevantly.

26. **limp ... in one leg**, be imperfect or defective in one part.

Cf. page 152, line 22.

Page 152, line 2. curious, elaborate.

3. **professors**, adepts in the art of punning.

4. **an old offender in that line**, an incorrigible punster. 'An old offender' is a common colloquial expression. Cf. C. S. Calverley's skit on Tennyson's 'Swallow' song:

"Say, the North's true and tender,
The South an old offender."

ringing a round, etc., a mixed metaphor, derived partly from 'ringing the changes upon bells,' partly from 'firing a round,' in which every man in a body of troops discharges his firearm once.

7. **making a poor word run the gauntlet**, 'to run the gauntlet is to pass down a lane of persons, receiving a shower of blows—sailors', soldiers', and schoolboys' punishment. 'Gauntlet,' in nautical language, is a rope on which clothes are dried. The word, which is being punned on, is compared to a delinquent 'running the gauntlet,' to a hunted animal, and to a cow's udder. Cf. *Hamlet*, i. 3. 108:

"Not to crack the wind of the poor phrase,
Wronging it thus."

9. **ambages**, labyrinthine windings; a Latin word.

12. **'prentice to the trade**, taught the business of punning.

15. **quota**, contribution (Latin).

17. **impossible to be denied**, irresistibly funny.

19. **a Robin Hood's shot**, a 'bull's-eye,' something which cannot be improved upon. Cf. Sidney, *Apology for Poetry*: "They cry out with an open mouth, as if they outshot Robin Hood."

27. **with a sort of stigma**, disparagingly.

31. **thy own hare**, playing on the 'vulgar little boy's' question, "Is that your own hair?"

34. **laughter-proof**, impervious to laughter. So Milton uses 'star-proof' (*Arcades*, 89), and Shakespeare 'ague-proof,' 'pistol-proof,' 'shame-proof.'

Page 153, line 2. vapid, witless, silly.

11. **affrontive**, insulting.

12. **invidiously ... derivative.** The insult of the ordinary question about a man's 'hair,' converted, with malicious reference to the porter, into a question about his 'hare.'

19. **can make nothing of it,** finds it quite unintelligible.

25. **shall cry up for,** will be found extolling us. See note on page 44, line 26.

the cold quibble from Vergil ... Cremona, Dean Swift's clever 'double-barrelled' pun, which Lamb calls 'cold,' *i.e.* incapable of moving the hearer, academical, pedantic. A lady's mantle having knocked over a Cremona violin, Swift quoted Vergil's line, *Eclogue ix.* 28 :

"Mantua vae miseræ nimum vicina Cremonæ."

("Mantua, to poor Cremona ah ! too nigh.")

32. **curious felicity,** a literal translation of the phrase used about Horace by Petronius, 'Horatii curiosa felicitas,' Horace's painstaking felicity, *i.e.* skill in selecting exactly *the* right word to express his meaning.

32. **too good to be true,** *i.e.* so felicitous, that they must have been invented.

34. **bi-verbal allusion,** double pun, viz. on Mantua and Cremona.

Page 154, line 1. **hemistichs,** half-lines, uncompleted lines of Vergil ; Greek *ἡμι*, half, and *στίχος*, a line.

2. **nimum Vicina,** too near a neighbour.

in conscience, more frequently 'in all conscience' ; properly 'in deference to conscience or reason,' *i.e.* reasonably.

4. **superfoetation,** superfluity, excess. See note on *The South-Sea House*, page 4, line 24.

X.

THAT HANDSOME IS THAT HANDSOME DOES.

Page 154, X. A person is to be called 'handsome,' whose conduct is 'handsome,' or generous.

Line 13. **Plotinus.** See note on *Christ's Hospital*, page 33, line 16.

14. **As she partakes...mansion.** Cf. Milton, *Comus*, 459-463. For "informs...the fleshly tenement," see note on page 22, line 9.

19. **was no great judge of architecture,** a quaint way of saying 'was unfortunate in its selection of a body to dwell in.'

21. **platonising,** following the doctrines of Plato.

25. **dight,** adorn.

26. **amiable sight,** lovable appearance.

29. Spenser ... never saw Mrs. Conrady. Cf. *Troilus and Cressida*, III. 1. 39: "It should seem, fellow, that thou hast not seen the lady Cressida."

31. saving clause, exception.

Page 155, line 1. to seek, at fault, undecided.

3. falls, happens.

5. against the course of kind, contrary to the natural course of events.

7. of some stubborn ground, from some unyielding clay.

8. form's. See lines 27 and 28 above.

12. anima, soul (Latin).

13. untoward tabernacles. See line 4 above.

14. rebellious commodity of clay, etc. See line 7 above.

21. hang out, display conspicuously, as if it were the sign-board of an inn or shopkeeper.

23. pull to pieces, analyse; especially 'to find fault with piecemeal.'

25. tout ensemble, general effect (French).

28. as if some Apelles ... frame a model by. It was of Zeuxis, not of Apelles, that the story was told, to which Lamb alludes. In painting his Helen, Zeuxis employed as models five maidens, selected from the most beautiful women of Agrigentum, and combined their several excellences of form and feature in his picture. Cf. Jeremy Taylor, *Holy Living and Dying*, II. § 6: "The Greek that designed to make the most exquisite picture—Art and Nature."

32. parcel, portion. Through French from L.L. *particella*, diminutive of *pars*, a part.

34. true beauty ... the result of harmony. Cf. John Bulwer's "To make up the perfect harmony of a face," *Anthropometamorphosis*, 86 (1653); "Beauty consists of .. unity, variety, and harmony," Barry, *Lectures*, Art. II. 103; and Locke's "Beauty consists of a certain composition of colour and figure."

Page 156, line 4. like Stonehenge, one of Lamb's quaintly unexpected turns. See note on *Imperfect Sympathies*, page 85, line 12.

7. bare, easily seen through.

10. like a bust, as if it had been a solid piece of sculpture, with which you had come into bodily contact.

12. picked it up. "To pick up" is to find accidentally, as at some out-of-the-way shop, and buy at a small cost.

21. juggle our senses, etc., delude us, like a conjuror, into abandoning belief in the truth of what we see and hear.

23. **promised nothing less**, indicated anything rather than this.
detect gentleness ... lurking, etc. We imagine that we perceive hidden signs of a gentle disposition in particular features, such as the lower lip.

30. **more admissive than excusatory**, is rather condemnatory, in the admission which it makes, than in the nature of an excuse.

32. **took it kindly**, had a mild attack of it.

XI.

THAT WE MUST NOT LOOK A GIFT-HORSE IN THE MOUTH.

Page 157, XI. We must not expect a horse that is *given* to us to be a good one—the age of a horse being ascertained by the state of his teeth. The proverb also signifies generally that gifts must not be too critically inspected.

5. **upon the face of it**, etc., turns out to be, at the first glance, a miserable jade, like Don Quixote's steed Rosinante.

8. **Eclipse or Lightfoot**, famous racehorses. Eclipse was bred by the Duke of Cumberland, foaled in the year of the great eclipse, 1764. The horse ran in seventeen great races without a single defeat, and his progeny won £158,000 on the turf. Lightfoot was bred by the Earl of Eglinbourne and foaled in 1747. He won six important races in 1751 and the following years, and was the sire of many good racehorses.

9. **palm his spavined article**, etc., impose upon us a wretched 'screw' as a sound animal. 'Spavin' is a disease of horses which sets up inflammation in the hock, causing lameness.

12. **cheated out of my thanks**, made to give my thanks under false pretences.

13. **a knack**, a trick, a habit.

15. **Mitis**, another Latin name for an imaginary character. The word signifies 'gentle,' 'good-natured.'

16. **humour**, peculiarity.

21. **the worst adapted**, etc., as unsuitable as it can be to his walls.

23. **Vandykes**, pictures by Vandyke (1599-1641). See *Mrs. Battle's Opinions on Whist*, page 51, line 14, note.

24. **daubs**, wretched productions.

26. **finds his account**, finds it to his interest.

30. **obscure aunts**, etc., pictures of unknown female relatives and of cousins to nobody-knows-whom.

32. **frights**, hideous female portraits.

Page 158, line 4. **the flour and bran**, that mingling of what is fine and what is coarse or inferior--modern poetry. Cf. *Coriolanus*, I. 1. 150:

“ All
From me do back receive the floure of all,
And leave me but the bran.”

11. **to ride a metaphor to death**, to persist wearisomely in using a metaphor such as that of the gift-horse. Cf. page 152, line 7, and note.

21. **essential...home made**. It is worth noting, as an example of the decay of the finer sense of delicacy and honour, that no such scruple is now felt about presents of wine.

23. **by proxy**, vicariously, in the form of his substitute. ‘Proxy’ is a contraction of procuracy, an agency, or acting for another.

25. **his “plump corpusculum,”** fat body. ‘Corpusculum’ is a diminutive of Latin *corpus*, body. The words are quoted incorrectly, as usual, from the Introduction of Thomas Randolph’s comedy *Hey for Honesty* (adapted from the *Plutus* of Aristophanes), line 58:

“ While my own fat corpusculum
Was stuffed with dainties.”

27. **concorporate**, incorporate, assimilate; an archaic word used by Jeremy Taylor, and other old divines. Cf. Vines, *Lord’s Supper* (1677): “The meat and drink is concorporated into us.”

30. **unitive**, a bond of union, another theological word of Jeremy Taylor’s. Cf. *His Works*, I. 71 (ed. 1835): “It is in the unitive way of religion.”

31. **certain restrictive regulations**, i.e. the Game Laws.

34. **a hare makes many friends**. A child’s book, *The Hare and many Friends* (1808), is surmised by Mr. W. C. Hazlitt to have been perhaps written by Lamb.

Caius ... Titius, Latin names for imaginary persons.

35. **gout**, taste; a French word.

a leash, a sportsman’s term for a brace and a half, three.

Page 159, line 3. **circum-migration**, tour.

5. **sensible**, perceptible to the senses; but Lamb means ‘capable of being *tasted*.’

6. **taken**, captivated, charmed.

7. **little airy tokens**, a vague reminiscence of *Midsummer-Night’s Dream*, I. 1. 29-34. See Introduction, page xli. (c).

9. **could never away with**, could never like or tolerate. Cf. *Henry IV.* (B.) III. 2. 213: “She could never away with me.” Falstaff: “Never, never; she would always say, she could not

abide Master Shallow." The phrase is explained by Abbott, § 32, "She could not go on her way," *i.e.* "get on with me."

10. **kickshaws and foppery**, idle trifles. 'Kickshaws' is not a plural form, being a corruption of French *quelque chose*, something, a trifle, a delicacy. Cf. *Measure for Measure*, I. 2. 138: 'the foppery of freedom,' *i.e.* idle folly.

XII.

THAT HOME IS HOME THOUGH IT IS NEVER SO HOMELY.

Page 159, XII. The proverb is enshrined in the famous lyric of John Howard Payne, "Home, Sweet Home":

"Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home."

18. **starved**, scantily provided with fuel.

28. **the domestic**, the politics of economy, the great questions of food and clothes for the family.

Page 160, line 9. trivet, an adjustable iron shelf for holding a kettle or saucepan over the fire; through French *tripied*, a three-legged support, from Latin *tripedem*—a doublet of 'tripod.'

20. **conversable**, sociable, pleasant.

22. **the wife of his youth**. *Proverbs*, v. 18.

32. **drag them up**, *i.e.* bring them up in the roughest possible manner.

Page 161, line 2. "a babe is fed with milk and praise." From Charles and Mary Lamb's Poetry for Children, *The First Tooth*: "A child is fed," etc. Cf. Shelley, *Homer's Hymn to Mercury*, stanza LXIX.:

"A little child born yesterday,
A thing on mother's milk and kisses fed."

3. **the return to**, the reward, recompense for.

6. **a coral**, an infant's toy, a piece of coral ornamented with bells.

9. **nonsense (best sense to it)**, etc., an oxymoron, as are the expressions which follow, 'wise impertinencies,' 'wholesome lies.' Babes want endearing nonsense, tender fooleries, salutary fictions, not hard sense and ugly truths, for which they are unfitted.

15. **young dreams**, an allusion to Thomas Moore's poem 'Love's Young Dream':

"There's nothing half so sweet in life,
As love's young dream."

29. **mangling and clear-starching**, operations of the washer-woman's art; smoothing linen by pressure of rollers, and removing starch from muslin or other material by clapping the hands,

Page 162, line 9. droppers in, casual visitors, who 'drop in,' as it is called.

10. **from what sky they fall**, a play on the word 'drop.'

12. **horoscopy**. See note on page 115, line 20.

15. **fewer sands**, etc., less time left to live; a metaphor from the sands of an hour-glass.

17. **impertinences**, inanities, waste of time.

22. **neither much knowledge ... hasten**. Cf. *Ecclesiastes*, ix. 10: "For there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest."

26. **reversions**, expectations. Cf. page 147, line 28, note.

28. **bleed away our moments**, part with them, as if they were precious drops of blood. Cf. Cowper, *The Task*, iv. 508:

"Ten thousand casks ...

Bleed gold for ministers to sport away."

ducats. See note on *The Two Races of Men*, page 38, line 3.

29. **our thin wardrobe**, etc., our scanty stock of time wasted by idlers. Cf. *Psalm*, xxxix. 12, and Spenser, *Faery Queene*, II. 2. 34:

"As doth a hidden moth
The inner garment fret."

Page 163, line 1. The inferior functions, such as digestion.

2. **concoct**, assimilate, digest. Cf. Milton, *Paradise Lost*, v. 412.

6. **sapor**, flavour. Elsewhere he calls Roast Pig "the best of sapsors."

8. **time their calls**, arrange to pay their visits just as you are sitting down to dinner.

18. **with Dante's lover, read no more that day**, like the lovers whose story Dante has told, Paolo and Francesca. When they came to the story of Lancelot and Guinevere and their passionate kiss of love, Francesca says: "That day we read no more therein" (Dante, *Inferno*, cv. 135). Landor has a fine criticism of the passage in his *Imaginary Conversations*.

21. **these scratches**, these apparently trivial annoyances leave a sense of exasperation which remains long.

23. **bravery, grandeur, nobility**. Jeremy Taylor (see page 32, line 23, note) wrote a "Discourse of the nature, offices, and measures of Friendship," etc,

XIII.

THAT YOU MUST LOVE ME AND LOVE MY DOG.

Page 163, line 31. **within the very innermost fold.** Cf. *Hamlet*, III. 2. 78 :

“In my heart’s core, ay, in my heart of heart.”

7. make our single joys, etc. Cf. Robert Pollok’s line in his *Course of Time* (1827), v. 317 :

“My joy in grief, my second bliss in joy.”

Page 164, line 22. **the touchstone ... friend.** Cf. Buckingham, *The Rehearsal*, III. 1 : “I know you have wit, by the judgment you make of this play, for that’s the measure we go by : my play is my touchstone.”

33. canine appendages, accompaniments in the shape of dogs.

Page 165, line 2. **more delicate correspondences**, relations of affection towards the other sex.

4. some third anomaly, etc., some incongruous intruder, a third person who acts as an unwelcome clog, or impediment, upon a free interchange of thought ; in fact, what is meant by the ‘dog’ in the proverb ‘Love me, love my dog.’

7. a task affixed, in allusion to the common practice of giving schoolboys a holiday task, some book or other work to be mastered. The distasteful task is naturally deferred to “the tail,” the last few days of the holidays.

9. to grow with him, to be a physical part of him.

12. the “Athenian Oracle,” a republication of selections from the *Athenian Mercury*, a weekly periodical started by John Dunton, a London bookseller, in 1689, as a sort of ‘Notes and Queries.’ Swift’s verses were contributed in February, 1692.

11. commenced author, began his career as an author.

13. Pindaric odes, lyrical poems in imitation of Pindar, the greatest of the Greek lyrical poets (about 549-435 B.C.). Swift’s Pindaric odes were written after the manner of Cowley’s.

14. Sir William Temple. See note page 66, line 8. Swift was a dependent member of Temple’s family in his younger days.

18. feel his entry, prepare the way for himself, ascertain whether he was welcome by a tentative advance.

20. in the haunch of him, closely following him. Cf. *Henry IV.* (B.), IV. 4. 92 :

“Thou art a summer bird,

Which ever in the haunch of winter sings,” etc.

22. over-peering, looking over the head of. Cf. *Merchant of Venice*, I. 1. 12 :

“Your argosies

Do overpeer the petty traffickers.”

24. **procerity.** Latin *proceritas*, from *procerus*, tall.

25. **dwarfishness of observation**, trivial pettiness of his remarks. Cf. *The Old and the New Schoolmaster*, page 78, line 1-3.

28. **eternal**, a cant use of the word for 'perpetually present, wearisome.' Cf. page 59, line 4.

31. **hand and glove**, a common colloquialism for 'intimate friends.'

32. **ripe**, consummate. In page 166, line 3, it means 'mature, grown-up.'

35. 'tis odds but. See note on *Distant Correspondents*, page 151, line 25.

cast him in, throw in, bestow on him gratis.

36. **superflux.** See page 134, line 14, note.

Page 166, line 1. **vapid**, uninteresting.

4. **staring ... out of countenance**, embarrassing by their rude stares.

10. **canicular probations**, dog tests. See page 164, line 2.

11. **a dog.** Cf. page 165, line 5.

hounds at you her tiger aunt, sets her savage-tempered aunt to attack you.

12. **viper**, malignant.

13. **preposterously taken into her bosom.** Compare Æsop's fable of the countryman and the snake, the type of malignant ingratitude.

try stinging conclusions upon, subject to malicious experiments. So in *Lucrece*, 1160 :

"That mother tries a merciless conclusion," etc.

There is a play on the double sense of 'stinging.'

15. **thin of suitors**, i.e. if few men come to woo them.

Scylla, in Greek mythology a maiden converted by the malice of Circe into a monster, half woman, half fish, with dogs about her waist. Cf. Milton, *Paradise Lost*, II. 650-661 ; Vergil, *Eclogue* VI. 75.

18. **Merry, of Della Cruscan memory.** Robert Merry (1755-1798) was a poetaster of some celebrity in his day. In 1785 he 'commenced author' in the *Florence Miscellany*, a collection of verse by Mrs. Piozzi, Greathead, Parsons, and himself, English residents in Florence, and became a member of the Della Cruscan Academy. He and his school became known as the Della Cruscans. Afterwards he contributed verse to *The World* and *The Oracle* under the pseudonym, 'Della Crusca,' the affectations of which enjoyed considerable popularity, until they

were crushed by the satire of William Gifford, in his *Baviad and Maviad* (1794, 1795).

22. **a native violet**, a naturally sweet and modest girl.

23. **exotic and artificial hotbed**. The unwholesome excitement and the temptations of the stage are compared to a hotbed. See *Artificial Comedy*, page 204, line 31. 'Exotic' is 'foreign, alien.'

25. **He wooed and won**, a common phrase. Cf. Coleridge, *Hymn to the Earth*, 23: "The day that he wooed thee and won thee," and Alexander Ross's *Woo'd and Married and a'*," also *Henry VI. (A.)*, v. 3. 65, 66, *All's Well that Ends Well*, iv. 2. 66.

31. **when the golden shaft ... else**. From *Twelfth Night*, i. 1. 35:

"How will she love, when the rich golden shaft
Hath killed the flock of all affections else
That live in her."

The 'golden shaft' is the golden-tipped arrow of Cupid which attracts love. The sense is: 'When love for her husband should have obliterated all weaker affections.'

33. **the Star and Garter**, a famous hotel at the summit of Richmond Hill, commanding a grand view of the Thames valley.

Page 167, line 1. **A rich muster**, an entertaining assemblage; a colloquial usage of 'rich.'

2. **corps du ballet** (French), set of theatrical dancers.

3. **pirouetter**, skilled dancer; from French *pirouette*, twirling round on the toes.

4. **scraggy, thin, bony**.

the banks of the Seine, Paris.

5. **Prima Donna**, the chief female singer in an opera; Italian, literally, 'first lady.'

6. **Buffa**, comic actors (Italian).

8. **figurantes**, ballet girls, accessory dancers in an opera (French).

15. **her father**. When the father of the bride is dead, or unable to be present, some other relation or friend takes his place, and "gives away" the bride to the bridegroom in the marriage service.

16. **Signor Delphini**. The pantomimist and theatrical manager, Carlo Antonio Delpini, who died in 1828, was doubtless Lamb's 'Signor Delphini.'

24. **Miss Brunton**, daughter of John Brunton, a Drury Lane grocer, and sister of Louisa, Countess of Craven. She was an actress of some reputation. She married Robert Merry in the winter of 1791-1792, and died in America in 1808.

XIV.

THAT WE SHOULD RISE WITH THE LARK.

Page 167, line 26. *doffs his night gear*, humorously substituted for 'leaves his bed.'

27. to tune up his unseasonable matins, warble his painfully early morning hymn. Cf. *The Praise of Chimney-Sweepers*, page 153, line 1-3: "Or liker to the matin lark ... in their aerial ascents not seldom anticipating the sunrise," and Jeremy Taylor's "calls up the lark to matins." For 'matins,' see *My Relations*, page 99, line 28, note.

29. orchestra business, musical engagement.

Page 168, line 1. solstice. The Christmas, or winter solstice, is the time when the sun is farthest from the equator; so called because the sun apparently stands still in his southward motion; Latin *solstitium*, from *sol*, the sun, and *sisto*, to make to stand.

5. gawds, brilliant objects. Cf. *King John*, III. 3. 361:

"The proud day

Is all too wanton and too full of gawds," etc.

7. only for getting up, with no more trouble than that of rising.

11. levees. See note on *Christ's Hospital*, page 22, line 27.

13. Persic. Cf. *New Year's Eve*, page 45, line 7, and *My First Play*, page 115, lines 23, 24.

23. to get the start of a lazy world, an adaptation of *Julius Caesar*, I. 2. 130: "Get the start of the majestic world," i.e. outstrip, leave behind.

conquer death by proxy in his image. See note, page 158, line 23. Cf. *Taming of the Shrew*, Induction I. 35: "Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine image!" where drunken sleep is spoken of.

24. the seeds of sleep and mortality, the elements of weariness and human weakness.

35. curiously, like a connoisseur of wine, artistically.

to chew the cud of, to recall and meditate upon. Cf. *As You Like It*, IV. 2. 102: "Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy."

36. phantasm. See page 107, line 20.

Page 169, line 3. airy, unsubstantial.

6. that Imperial forgetter of his dreams, Nebuchadnezzar. See *Daniel*, II. 5.

11. shaken hands with. Cf. page 122, line 34, note.

13. suit to solicit, petition to make.

14. the drama ... fourth act, the interest of life has closed for me before the end—a theatrical metaphor.

16. dismissal, euphemistic for 'death.'

18. Disappointment, etc., especially in love; see Introduction, page xi.

20. Our spirits showed grey, etc., I had lost the buoyant spirits of youth before my hair turned grey.

21. the vain stuff out of which dramas are composed. An echo of *The Tempest*, iv. 1. 126:

"We are such stuff
As dreams are made on."

27. shadows, things shadowy or unsubstantial.

28. at court, i.e. in the world of spirits.

abstracted media, dreams, the intervening element between life and death, in which the material has no part.

36. to spell in them the alphabet, to learn our first lessons.

Page 170, line 4. attenuated into their meagre essences, as if we had already dwindled away from body into spirit.

XV.

THAT WE SHOULD LIE DOWN WITH THE LAMB.

Page 170, line 14. found out long sixes, invented candles. Long sixes were candles about 8 inches long, weighing six to the pound. Short sixes were about 4 or 5 inches in length. Dickens, *Martin Chuzzlewit*, II., describes a blow on the head as causing "an imaginary general illumination of very bright short-sixes."

Hail candle-light!—a parody of *Paradise Lost*, III. 1: "Hail holy light!"

27. Hesiod or Ossian. Hesiod, a Greek poet of the ninth century B.C., wrote in hexameters an agricultural poem, *Works and Days*, and *Theogony*, the genealogy of the gods. See note on *The South-Sea House*, page 3, line 11.

30. mélange, confusion (French).

Page 171, line 2. right, genuine. Cf. page 97, line 19.

3. in fresco, in the open air (Italian). 'Al fresco' is the commoner expression.

6. The senses give and take reciprocally, each sense assists the others, and receives assistance from them.

8. Sherries, the old form of 'sherry,' wine of 'Xeres,' in Andalusia, Spain. Malaga is in the same province.

12. the olfactories, the sense of smell.

14. **burnishes**, shines, gleams, reflecting the renewed glow of the pipe or cigar. So, elsewhere, Lamb writes: "With Churchill's compliment still burnishing upon her... lips." This is an intransitive use of the verb 'burnish,' brighten, polish. But it is possible that he intended the obsolete verb 'burnish,' to grow fat, to increase in breadth, to expand, which is probably of different etymology, in somewhat the same sense as 'burgeon,' in *New Year's Eve*, page 44, line 35. Cf. Dryden's *Prologue to Davenant's Circe*, line 398:

"A slender poet must have time to grow,
And spread and burnish as his Brothers do."

21. **gay notes in the beam**, Milton, *Il Penseroso*, 8:

"The gay notes that people the sunbeam."

22. **the flame**. Cf. *Timon of Athens*, I. 1. 23: "Our gentle flame" (of poetry).

23. **the influential Phœbus**, the sun-god, Phœbus Apollo, who was also the patron and inspirer of poets.

26. "**Things that were born**," etc. From the 'Apologetical Dialogue' which follows Ben Jonson's comedy *The Poetaster*. "Pinching throes" are the agonising struggles of composition.

29. **true turning and filing**, Ben Jonson *To the Memory of Shakespeare*:

"Even so the race
Of Shakespeare's mind and manners brightly shine
In his well turned and true filed line."

(i.e. 'well rounded and polished,' a metaphor from carpentry.)

33. **starry**, sublime, ethereal.

34. **Milton's morning hymn**, *Paradise Lost*, v. 153.

35. **hold a good wager**, bet a considerable amount; a Shakespearean usage. Cf. *Merchant of Venice*, II. 4. 62:

"I'll hold thee any wager."

Taylor's rich description, Jeremy Taylor *Holy Dying*, ch. I.: "But as when the sun approaching towards the gates of the morning, he first opens a little eye of heaven, and sends away the spirits of darkness, and gives light to a cock, and calls up the lark to matins, and by and by gilds the fringes of a cloud, and peeps over the eastern hills, thrusting out his golden horns, like those which decked the brow of Moses when he was forced to wear a veil, because himself had seen the face of God; and still while a man tells the story, the sun gets up higher, till he shows a fair face and a full light, and then he shines one whole day, under a cloud often, and sometimes weeping great and little showers, and sets quickly: so is a man's reason and his life."

Page 172, line 1. smells ... of the taper, a variation of the phrase 'to smell of the lamp,' said of something elaborate or studied, which suggests much midnight labour. Latin *olere lucernam*. It occurs in Plutarch's *Life of Demosthenes*, ch. 8.

2. lucubrations, literary compositions written by night. Latin *lucubratio*, study by lamp-light, from *lucubro*, to bring in lamps, ultimately from *lux*, light.

tune our best measured cadences ... to, compose our most musical rhythms in harmony with.

3. Prose has her cadences, an echo of "Peace hath her victories," Milton, *Sonnet XIII.* 10. Dryden, in the Preface to his *Fables*, speaks of "verse, or the other harmony of prose."

4. the charm ... blessing the doors, Milton, *Il Penseroso*, 83, 84:

"Or the bellman's drowsy charm,
To bless the doors from nightly harm."

i.e. the slumbrous chant of the watchman, to preserve the doors from violence by night. Coleridge, *To the Nightingale*, 5, has

"Listen to the drowsy cry of watchmen."

5. wild sweeps of wind. Cf. Gray, *The Bard*, II. 2. 8:

"the sweeping whirlwind's sway."

XVI.

THAT A SULKY TEMPER IS A MISFORTUNE.

Page 172, line 12. speak a little to it, bear some testimony on the subject.

14. the sullens, the sulks, a fit of ill-humour.

18. humour ... was ... self-pleasing. See Preface page 1, line 14, note.

31. tickling, piquant.

Page 173, line 4. we sing not to the profane, *i.e.* I speak only to those who know the mysteries of sulkiness. Cf. Horace, *Odes*, III. 1. 1-4, and "the true adept" (in sulkiness), page 175, line 1 below.

9. wear a slight for a bracelet, treat an incivility as something to exhibit with pride, as if it were an ornament.

11. that mysterious book in the Apocalypse. Cf. "That disappointing book in Patmos," *A Chapter on Ears*, page 59, line 9; see *Revelation*, x. 10.

15. balm and honey, *Genesis*, XLIII. 11. Here 'consolation and sweetness' are meant.

18. worse than ambiguously disposed, downright hostile.

26. **a made man**, a happy man, one whose fortune is made; so often in Shakespeare. Cf. *Winter's Tale*, III. 3. 124: "You're a made old man," *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, IV. 2. 18: "We had all been made men."

33. **to clench them**, to confirm or establish them; originally to rivet, fasten firmly. 'Clench' and 'clinch' are the causal forms of 'clink,' and signified 'to make to clink,' to strike smartly. (Skeat.)

Page 174, line 5. weep tears of blood. Cf. *Venus and Adonis*, 1054:

"Purple tears that his wound wept,"

and *Winter's Tale*, v. 2. 97: "My heart wept blood."

7. **allay of sweetness in the bitter waters.** Cf. *Exodus*, xv. 23-25, where the bitter waters of Marah were made sweet.

8. **nor penuriously cheat ... reversions**, do not stint yourself like a miser of the comforts you may expect from sulkiness. See note on page 147, line 28.

9. **on vantage ground**, in a position of superiority.

12. **hollow, false, slippery as water.** The first two epithets come from the character of Belial, *Paradise Lost*, II. 112; the remainder is an echo of *Genesis*, XLIX. 4: "Unstable as water."

13. **the relation itself**, friendship.

18. **the little star of self-love twinkles**, suggested by Dr. Watt's famous "Twinkle, twinkle, little star."

25. **chimeras.** See note page 37, line 27.

26. **naked due**, bare right, the minimum which all have a right to claim.

the very idea of right and fit fled. Cf. page 96, line 14.

28. **swelled yourself ... hemisphere**, pampered your notions of injured self-importance, till you fill half the world in your own eyes.

29. **Arabia Stony**, desert; so called in antithesis to Arabia Felix, the fertile portion of Arabia.

Page 175, line 2. benefit forgot. *As You Like It*, II. 7. 126.

8. **the whole .. neglect**, the mass of self-conceited notions which pride had raised in my mind, because I thought I had been slighted.

10. **in his hand**, i.e. hand-in-hand with him.

12. **convictive**, convincing, a word used chiefly by theologians. Cf. Tillotson, *Rule of Faith*, II. v.: "To shew that the scripture is not convictive of the most obstinate and acute adversaries."

15. **something else**, too much annoyed, or hurt.

16. **the noble patient in Argos**, etc. The allusion is to Horace, *Epistles*, II. 2. 128, where he describes a monomaniac and his one delusion :

“ Who dream’d he heard some tragic actor grand,
And sat contentedly and clapp’d his hands
In empty theatres.”

The late King Ludwig of Bavaria indulged a more methodical mania for having theatrical performances at which he was the sole auditor.

22. **Pol, me occidistis, amici.** Horace, *Epistles*, II. 2. 138 :

“ ‘ Sure, you have marr’d, not made me friends,’ he cried,
‘ Wresting from me my joy, my pet delusion.’ ”

The last three words, ‘ *Mentis gratissimus error*,’ occur in a passage quoted from Burton, in *A Chapter on Ears*, page 59, line 16.

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ERRATA.

Page 174, line 29. *Arabia Stony*. Insert after the word "desert," i.e. "Arabia Petreæa."

Page 25, line 3. *Lovelace*. Add to the note: "Wood, however mentions that a certain haberdasher used to make a weekly payment to Lovelace in his latter days, the man being apparently an intermediary employed by some wealthy friend of the poet. Lamb may have construed the statement into an intimation that Lovelace was in the employ of the haberdasher."

